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OLD KASKASKIA.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART FOURTH.

THE FLOOD.

THE moonlight shone in through both windows and the lantern glimmered. The choking smell of gunpowder spread from room to room. Two of the slave men sprung across the sill to pursue Dr. Dunlap, but they could do nothing. They could see him paddling away from the house, and giving himself up to the current; a desperate man, whose fate was from that hour unknown. Night and the paralysis which the flood laid upon human action favored him. Did a still pitying soul bend above his wild-eyed and reckless plunging through whirls of water, comprehending that he had been startled into assassination; that the deed was, like the result of his marriage, a tragedy he did not foresee? Some men are made for strong domestic ties, yet run with brutal precipitation into the loneliness of evil.

A desire to get out of the flood-bound tavern, an unreasonable impulse to see Angelique Saucier and perhaps be of use to her, a mistakenly silent entering of the house which he hardly knew how to approach, — these were the conditions which put him in the way of his crime. The old journey of Cain was already begun while Angelique was robbing her great-grandaunt's bed of pillows to put under Rice Jones. The aged woman had gone into her shell of sleep, and the muffled shot, the confusion and wailing, did

not wake her. Wachique and another slave lifted the body and laid it on the quickly spread couch of pillows.

Nobody thought of Maria. She lay quite still, and made no sound in that flurry of terror.

"He is badly hurt," said Angelique. "Lizette, bring linen, the first your hand touches; and you, Achille, open his vest and find the wound quickly."

"But it's no use, ma'amselle," whispered the half-breed, lifting his eyes.

"Do not be afraid, poor Achille. I will show you how myself. We cannot wait for any one to help us. What would my father and Colonel Menard say, if they found Monsieur Reece Zhone killed in our house?"

In her panic Angelique tore the vest wide, and found the great stain over the place where the heart should be. She was kneeling, and she turned back to Peggy, who stood behind her.

Death is great or it is a piteous change, like the slaughter of brutes, according as we bear ourselves in its presence. How mighty an experience it is to wait where world overlaps the edge of world, and feel the vastness of eternity around us! A moment ago — or was it many ages? — he spoke. Now he is gone, leaving a strange visible image lying there to awe us. The dead take sudden majesty. They become as gods. We think they hear us when we speak of them, and their good becomes sacred. A dead face

has all human faults wiped from it; and that Shape, that Presence, whose passiveness seems infinite, how it fills the house, the town, the whole world, while it stays!

The hardest problem we have to face here is the waste of our best things, — of hopes, of patience, of love, of days, of agonizing labor, of lives which promise most. Rice's astonishment at the brutal waste of himself had already passed off his countenance. The open eyes saw nothing, but the lips were closed in sublime peace.

"And his sister," wept Angelique. "Look at Mademoiselle Zhone, also."

The dozen negroes, old and young, led by Achille, began to sob in music one of those sweet undertone chants for the dead which no race but theirs can master. They sung the power of the man and the tenderness of the young sister whose soul followed her brother's, and they called from that ark on the waters for saints and angels to come down and bless the beds of the two. The bells intoned with them, and a sinking wind carried a lighter ripple against the house.

"Send them out," spoke Peggy Morrison, with an imperious sweep of the arm; and the half-breed authoritatively hurried the other slaves back to their doorway. The submissive race understood and obeyed, anxiously watching Peggy as she wavered in her erectness and groped with the fingers of both hands.

"Put camphor under Ma'amselle Peggy's nose, Wachique," whispered Achille.

Peggy found Rice's chair, and sat down; but as soon as she returned to a consciousness of the bottle under her nose and an arm around her, she said, —

"Go away. A Morrison never faints."

Angelique was kneeling like a nun. She felt the push of a foot.

"Stop that crying," said Peggy fiercely. "I hate to hear it. What right have you to cry?"

"No right at all. But the whole Territory will weep over this."

"What right has the Territory in him

now? The Territory will soon find another brilliant man."

"And this poor tiny girl, Peggy, so near her death, what had she done to deserve that it should come in this form? Are men gone mad in this flood, that Dr. Dunlap, for a mere political feud, should seek out Monsieur Reece Zhone in my father's house, and shoot him down before our eyes? I am dazed. It is like a nightmare."

Peggy set her mouth and looked abroad into the brightening night.

Angelique dropped her face in her hands and shook with sobbing. The three girlish figures, one rigid on the bed, another rigid in the chair, and the third bending in vicarious suffering between them, were made suddenly clear by an illumination of the moon as it began to find the western window. Wachique had busied herself seeking among piles of furniture for candles, which she considered a necessity for the dead. The house supply of wax tapers was in the submerged cellar. So she took the lantern from its nail and set it on the floor at the head of the two pallets, and it threw scattered spots of lustre on Rice's white forehead and Maria's hair. This humble shrouded torch, impertinent as it looked when the lily-white moonlight lay across it, yet reminded beholders of a stable, and a Child born in a stable who had taught the race to turn every sorrow into glory.

The night sent its quiet through the attic, though the bells which had clamored so over the destruction of verdure and homes appeared now to clamor louder over the destruction of youth.

"Do you understand this, Peggy? They died heretic and unblessed, yet I want to know what they now know until it seems to me I cannot wait. When I have been playing the harp to tante-gra'mère, and thinking so much, long, long afternoons, such a strange homesickness has grown in me. I could not make anybody believe it if I told it.

These two have found out what is beyond. They have found out the great secret. Oh, Peggy, I do want to know it, also. There will be an awful mourning over them; and when they go into their little earthen cellars, people will pity that, and say, 'Poor things.' But they know the mystery of the ages now, and we know nothing. Do you think they are yet very far away? Monsieur Reece? Mademoiselle?"

Angelique's low interrogating call, made while she keenly listened with lifted face, had its only response in a mutter from Wachique, who feared any invocation of spirits. Peggy sat looking straight ahead of her without a word. She could not wash her face, soft with tears, and she felt no reaching out towards disembodiment. What she wanted was love in this world, and pride in her love; long years of glad living on the verdure of earth in the light of the sun. One presence could make the common old world celestial enough for her. She had missed her desire. But Rice had turned his face to her as he died.

Two boats moved to the eaves and rested there, shaken only by a ripple of the quieting water. The overflowed rivers would lie calm when the wind allowed it, excepting where a boiling current drove. The dazed girls yet seemed to dream through the strong indignation and the inquiry and fruitless plans of arriving men. It was a dream when Captain Saucier sat down and stared haggardly at the two who had perished under his roof, and Colonel Menard stood with his hat over his face. It was a dream when the brother and sister were lowered and placed on one pallet in a boat. The hollow of the rafters, the walls on which one might mark with his nail, the waiting black faces, the figures toiling down the roof with those loads, — were any of these sights real?

"Wrap yourselves," said Captain Saucier to Peggy and Angelique. "The other boat is quite ready for you."

"But, papa, are Monsieur Reece and his sister going alone with the rowers?"

"I am myself going with them."

"Papa," urged Angelique, "Mademoiselle Zhone was a young girl. If I were in her place, would you not like to have some young girl sit by my head?"

"But you cannot go."

"No, but Peggy can."

"Peggy would rather go with you."

"I am sure she will do it."

"Will you, Peggy?"

"Yes, I will."

So Angelique wrapped Peggy first, and went with her as far as the window. It was the window through which Dr. Dunlap had stepped.

"Good-by, dear Peggy," whispered Angelique; for the other seemed starting on the main journey of her life.

"Good-by, dear Angelique."

Peggy's eyes were tearless still, but she looked and looked at Angelique, and looked back mutely again when she sat at Rice's head in the boat. She had him to herself. Between the water and the sky, and within the dim horizon band, she could be alone with him. He was her own while the boat felt its way across the waste. The rowers sat on a bench over the foot of the pallet. Captain Saucier was obliged to steer. Peggy sat in the prow, and while they struggled against the rivers, she looked with the proud courage of a Morrison at her dead whom she must never claim again.

The colonel put Angelique first into the waiting boat. Wachique was set in front of her, to receive tante-gra'mère when the potentate's chrysalid should be lowered. For the first time in her life Angelique leaned back, letting slip from herself all responsibility. Colonel Menard could bring her great-grandaunt out. The sense of moving in a picture, of not feeling what she handled, and of being cut off from the realities of life followed Angelique into the boat. She was worn to exhaustion. Her torpid pulses owned the chill upon the waters.

There was room in which a few of the little blacks might be stowed without annoying tante-gra'mère, but their mothers begged to keep them until all could go together.

"Now, my children," said Colonel Menard, "have patience for another hour or two, when the boats shall return and bring you all off. The house is safe; there is no longer a strong wind driving waves over it. A few people in Kaskaskia have had to sit on their roofs since the water rose."

Achille promised to take charge of his master's household. But one of the women pointed to the stain on the floor. The lantern yet burned at the head of Rice's deserted pillows. Superstition began to rise from that spot. They no longer had Angelique among them, with her atmosphere of invisible angels.

"That is the blood of the best man in the Territory," said Colonel Menard. "I would give much more of my own to bring back the man who spilled it. Are you afraid of a mere blood-spot in the gray of the morning? Go into the other room and fasten the door, then. Achille will show you that he can stay here alone."

"If mo'sien' the colonel would let me go into that room, too" —

"Go in, Achille," said the colonel indulgently.

Colonel Menard made short work of embarking tante-gra'mère. In emergencies, he was deft and delicate with his hands. She never knew who caught her in coverlets and did her up like a papoose, with a pillow under her head.

"Pull westward to the next street," he gave orders to his oarsmen. "We found it easy going with the current that way. It will double the distance, but give us less trouble to get into dead water the other side of the Okaw."

Early summer dawn was breaking over that deluged world, a whiter light than moonshine giving increasing distinctness to every object. This hint of

day gave rest to the tired ringers in church tower and convent belfry. The bells died away, and stillness brooded on the water plain. Hoarse roaring of the yellow current became a mere monotonous background for other sounds. A breath stole from the east, bringing the scent of rain-washed earth and foliage and sweet mints. There was no other wind; and the boat shot easily on its course alongside a thicket made by orchard treetops. Some birds, maybe proprietors of drowned nests, were already complaining over these, or toppling experimentally down on branch tips.

Kaskaskia had become a strange half-town, cut off around its middle. It affected one like a man standing on his armpits. The capital of the Territory was composed chiefly of roofs and dormer windows, of squatty wooden islands in a boundless sea. The Church of the Immaculate Conception was a laughable tent of masonry, top-heavy with its square tower. As for cultivated fields and the pastures where the cattle grazed, such vanished realities were forgotten. And what was washing over the marble tombs and slate crosses in the churchyard?

The flood strangely lifted and forced skyward the plane of life, yet lowered all life's functions. An open and liberal sky, dappling with a promise from the east, bent over and mocked paralyzed humanity.

The noble bluffs had become a sunken ridge, water meeting the forests a little below their waists. From their coverts boats could now be seen putting out in every direction, and, though the morning star was paling, each carried a light. They were like a party of belated fireflies escaping from daylight. Faces in dormer windows waited for them. Down by the Jesuit College weak hurrahs arose from people on roofs.

"The governor has come with help for us," said Pierre Menard.

In this dead world of Kaskaskia not

a dog barked; not one of the shortened chimney-stacks smoked. Some of the houses had their casements closed in terrible silence; but out of others neighbors looked and greeted Angelique in the abashed way peculiar to people who have not got used to an amputation, and are sensitive about their new appearance in the world. Heads leaned out, also, firing jokes after the boat, and offering the colonel large shares in the common fields and entire crops for a seat in his conveyance.

Drift of rotten wood stuck to the house sides, and broken trees or stumps, jammed under gallery roofs, resented the current, and broke the surface as they rose and dipped. Strange craft, large and small, rode down the turgid sweep. Straw beehives rolled along like gigantic pine cones, and rustic hencoops of bottom-land settlers kept their balance as they moved. Far off, a cart could be outlined making a hopeless ford. The current was so broad that its sweep extended beyond the reach of sight; and perhaps the strangest object carried by this tremendous force was a small clapboarded house. Its back and front doors stood open, and in the middle of the floor stood a solitary chair. One expected to see a figure emerge from a hidden corner and sit down forlornly in the chair.

The slender voice of a violin stole across the water, — an exorcism of the spell that had fallen on Kaskaskia. As the boat reached the tavern corner, this thread of melody was easily followed to the ballroom on the second floor of the tavern, where the Assembly balls were danced. A slave, who had nothing but his daily bread to lose, and who would be assured of that by the hand of charity when his master could no longer maintain him, might take up the bow and touch the fiddle gayly in such a time of general calamity. But there was also dancing in the ballroom. The boat turned south and shot down a canal bordered by trunkless shade trees, which

had been one of the principal streets of Kaskaskia. At the instant of turning, however, Father Baby could be seen as he whirled, though his skinny head and gray capote need not have added their evidence to the exact sound of his foot which came so distinctly across the water. His little shop, his goods, his secret stocking-leg of coin, — for Father Baby was his own banker, — were buried out of sight. His crop in the common fields and provision for winter lay also under the Mississippi. His late lodger had taken to the river, and was probably drowned. He had no warrant except in the nimbleness of his slave's legs that he even had a slave left. Yet he had never in his life felt so full of dance. The flood mounted to his head like wine. Father Olivier was in the tavern without forbidding it. Doubtless he thought the example an exhilarating one, when a grown-up child could dance over material loss, remembering only the joy of life.

Wachique had felt her bundle squirm from the moment it was given to her. She enlarged on the hint Colonel Menard had given, and held the drapery bound tightly around the prisoner. The boat shot past the church, and over the spot where St. John's bonfire had so recently burnt out, and across that street through which the girls had scampered on their Midsummer Night errand.

"But stop," said Colonel Menard; and he pointed out to the rowers an obstruction which none of them had seen in the night. From the Jesuit College across the true bed of the Okaw a dam had formed, probably having for its base part of the bridge masonry. Whole trees were swept into the barricade. "We cannot now cross diagonally and come back through the dead water at our leisure, for there is that dam to be passed. Pull for the old college."

The boat was therefore turned, and thus took the same course that the girls had taken. The current was at right angles with its advance, though the houses

on the north somewhat broke that force. The roofless building, ridiculously shortened in its height, had more the look of a fortress than when it was used as one. The walls had been washed out above both great entrances, making spacious jagged arches through which larger craft than theirs could pass. Colonel Menard was quick to see this; he steered and directed his men accordingly. The Jesuit College was too well built to crumble on the heads of chance passers, though the wind and the flood had battered it; to row through it would shorten their course.

Angelique did not say a word about the changed aspect of her world. A warmth in the pearly light over the bluffs promised a clear day: and how Kaskaskia would look with the sun shining on her predicament! The boat cut through braiding and twisting water, and shot into the college. Part of the building's upper floor remained; everything else was gone.

The walls threw a shadow upon them, and the green flicker, dancing up and down as they disturbed the inclosure, played curiously on their faces. The stones suddenly echoed a slap. Tante-gra'mère's struggling wrath, which Wachique had tried to keep bound in the coverlet, having found an outlet, was swift as lightning in its reprisal. The stings of the whiplash had exhilaration and dignity compared to this attack. It was the climax of her midget rages. She forgot the breeding of a gentlewoman, and furiously struck her slave in the face.

Wachique started up, her Pottawatomie blood painting her cheek bones. That instant she was an Indian, not a slave. She remembered everything this petted despot had done to her, and, lifting her bundle, threw it as far as her arms could send it across the water floor of the college. The pitiful little weight sunk with a gurgling sound.

"Sit down, woman!" shouted Colonel Menard.

Wachique cowered, and tried to obey. But the motion she had given the boat

was not to be overcome. It careened, and the water rushed over their knees, filled it full, and became a whirlpool of grasping hands and choking heads.

The overturned boat, wedged partially under the flooring, lodged against the eastern wall. Both negro rowers came up from their plunge and climbed like cats upon this platform, smearing a mire of sodden plastering over their homespun trousers as they crawled. One of them reached down and caught the half-breed by the hair, as she rose at the edge of the flooring. Between them they were able to draw her up.

The shock of a cold flood around Angelique's ears sent life as vivid as fire through her brain. The exhaustion and stupor of the night were gone. She felt her body swallowed. It went down to the floor where the girls had walked when they chanted, "Hempseed, I sow thee." It rose, and all the rapturous advantage which there was in continuing to inhabit it took mighty possession of her. She was so healthily, so happily lodged. It was a sin to say she was longing for the mystery hereafter, when all the beautiful mysteries here were unknown to her. Then Colonel Menard was holding her up, and she was dragged to sight and breathing once more, and to a solid support under her melting life. She lay on the floor, seeing the open sky above her, conscious that streams of water poured from her clothes and her hair, ran down her face, and dripped from her ears. A slow terror which had underlain all these physical perceptions now burst from her thoughts like flame. Her great-grandaunt, the infant of the house, was all this time lying at the bottom of the old college. It was really not a minute, but minutes are long to the drowning. Angelique caught her breath, saying, "Tante-gra'mère!" She heard a plunge, and knew that Colonel Menard had stood on the platform only long enough to cast aside his coat and shoes before he dived.

The slaves, supporting themselves on their palms, stretched forward, open-mouthed. There was the rippling surface, carrying the shadow of the walls. Nothing came up. A cow could be heard lowing on the bluffs to her lost calf. The morning twitter of birds became an aggressive and sickening sound.

"Where is he?" demanded Angelique, creeping also to her trembling knees. "Where is monsieur the colonel?"

Both men gave her the silent, frightened testimony of their rolling eyes, but Wachique lay along the floor with hidden face. Not a bubble broke the yellow sheet smothering and keeping him down.

As the driving of steel it went through Angelique that the aching and passion and ferocity which rose in her were love. She loved that man under the water; she so loved him that she must go down after him; for what was life, with him there? She must have loved him when she was a child, and he used to take off his hat to her, saying, "Good-day, mademoiselle." She must have felt a childish jealousy of the woman called Madame Menard, who had once owned him, — had owned the very coloring of his face, the laugh in his eye, the mastery of his presence among men. She loved Colonel Menard — and he was gone.

"Turn over the boat!" screamed Angelique. "He is caught in the cellars of this old house, — the floors are broken. We must find him. He will never come up."

The men, ready to do anything which was suggested to their slow minds, made haste to creep along the weakened flooring, which shook as they moved, and to push the boat from its lodgment. The oars were fast in the rowlocks, and stuck against beams or stones, and made hard work of getting the boat righted.

"Why does he not come up? Does any one stay under water as long as this? Oh, be quick! Turn it, — turn it over!" Angelique reached down with the men to grasp the slippery boat, her vivid will giv-

ing their clumsiness direction and force. They got it free and turned it, dipping a little water as they did so; but she let herself into its wet hollow and bailed that out with her hands. The two dropped directly after her, and with one push of the oars sent the boat over the spot where Colonel Menard had gone down.

"Which of you will go in?"

"Ma'amselle, I can't swim," piteously declared the older negro.

"Neither can I, ma'amselle," pleaded the other.

"Then I shall have to go in myself. I cannot swim, either, and I shall die, but I cannot help it."

The desperate and useless impulse which so often perishes in words returned upon her with its absurdity as she stared down, trying to part the muddy atoms of the Mississippi. The men held the boat in a scarcely visible stream moving from west to east through the gaps in the building. They eyed her, waiting the motions of the Caucasian mind, but dumbly certain it was their duty to seize her if she tried to throw herself in.

They waited until Angelique hid her face upon a bench, shivering in her clinging garments with a chill which was colder than any the river gave. A ghostly shadow of themselves and the boat and the collapsed figure of the girl began to grow upon the water. More stones in the moist walls showed glistening surfaces as the light mounted. The fact that they had lost their master, that his household was without a head, that the calamity of Kaskaskia involved their future, then took possession of both poor fellows, and the great heart of Africa shook the boat with sobs and groans and useless cries for help.

"Come out here, you black rascals!" called a voice from the log dam.

Angelique lifted her head. Colonel Menard was in plain sight, resting his arms across a tree, and propping a sodden bundle on branches. Neither Angelique nor his men had turned a glance through

the eastern gap, or thought of the stream sweeping to the dam. The spot where he sank, the broken floor, the inclosing walls, were their absorbing boundaries as to his fate. As the slaves saw him, a droll and sheepish look came on their faces at having wailed his death in his living ears. They shot through the door vigorously, and brought the boat with care alongside the trunk supporting him.

The colonel let them take tante-gra'mère in. He was exhausted. One arm and his cheek sunk on the side of the boat, and they drew him across it, steadying themselves by the foliage upreared by the tree.

He opened his eyes, and saw rose and pearl streaks in the sky. The sun was mounting behind the bluffs. Then a canopy of leaves intervened, and a whir of bird wings came to his ears. The boat had reached dead water, and was moving over the submerged roadbed, and groping betwixt the stems of great pecan-trees, — the great pecan-trees which stood sentinel on the river borders of his estate. He noticed how the broken limbs flourished in the water, every leaf satisfied with the moisture it drew.

The colonel realized that he was lying flat in a boat which had not been bailed dry, and that his head rested on wet homespun, by its odor belonging to Louis or Jacques; and he saw their black naked arms paddling with the oars. Beyond them he saw Wachique holding her mistress carefully and unrestrained; and the negro in her quailed before him at the deed the Indian had done, scarcely comforted by the twinkle in the colonel's eye. Tante-gra'mère was sitting up meekly, less affected by dampness than anybody else in the boat. She had a fresh and toughened look. Her baptism in the rivers had perhaps renewed her for another century.

"Madame, you are certainly the most remarkable woman in this Territory. You have borne this night marvelously well, and the accident of the boat even better."

"Not at all, monsieur the colonel."

She spoke as children do when effectually punished for ill temper.

"Are you cold?"

"I am wet, monsieur. We are all wet. It is indeed a time of flood."

"We shall soon see a blazing fire and a hot breakfast, and all the garments in the country will be ours without asking."

The colonel raised himself on his elbow and looked around. Angelique sat beside his head; so close that they both blushed.

They were not wet nor chilled nor hungry. They had not looked on death nor felt the shadow of eternity. The sweet mystery of continued life was before them. The flood, like a sea of glass, spread itself to the thousand footsteps of the sun.

Tante-gra'mère kept her eyes upon them. But it is not easy to hear what people say when you are riding among treetops and bird's-nests in the early morning.

"Mademoiselle, we are nearly home."

"Yes, monsieur."

"It has been to me a great night."

"I can understand that, monsieur."

"The children will be dancing when they see you. Odile and Pierre were awake, and they both cried when the first boat came home last night without you."

"Monsieur the colonel, you are too good to us."

"Angelique, do you love me?"

"It is true, monsieur."

"But it must be owned I am a dozen years older than you, and I have loved before."

"I never have."

"Does it not seem a pity, then, that you who have had the pick of the Territory should become the second wife of Pierre Menard?"

"I should rather be the second choice with you, monsieur, than the first choice of any other man in the Territory."

"Mademoiselle, I adore you."

"That remains to be seen, monsieur."

"What did you think when I was under water?"

"I did not think, monsieur. I perished. It was then you conquered me."

"Good. I will take to the water whenever any little difference arises between us. It is a lucky thing for me that I am a practiced river man."

"I do not say it could be done again. Never will there be such another night and morning."

"Now see how it is with nature, Angelique. Life is always rising out of death. This affair of ours, — I call it a lily growing out of the water. Does it trouble you that your old home is out there standing almost to its eaves in the Mississippi?"

"Papa cannot now give me so good a dower." The girl's lowered eyes laughed into his.

"We will not have any settlements or any dower. We will be married in this new American way. Everything I have left from this flood will be yours and the children's, anyhow. But while there is game in the woods, or bacon in the cellar, or flour in the bin, or wine to be tapped, or a cup of milk left, not a child or woman or man shall go hungry. I was not unprepared for this. My fur storehouse there on the bank of the Okaw is empty. At the first rumor of high water I had the skins carried to the strong-house on the hill."

Angelique's wet hair still clung to her forehead, but her warmth had returned with a glow. The colonel was a compact man, who had passed through water as his own element. To be dripping was no hindrance to his courtship.

"When may we celebrate the marriage?"

"Is it a time to speak of marriage when two are lying dead in the house?"

His countenance changed at the rebuke, and, as all fortunate people do when they have passed the selfish fury of youth, he apologized for success.

"It is true. And Reece Zhone was the

only man in the Territory whom I feared as a rival. As soon as he is laid low I forget him. He would not so soon forget me. Yet I do not forget him. The whole Illinois Territory will remember him. But Reece Zhone himself would not blame me, when I am bringing you home to my house, for hinting that I hope to keep you there."

"To keep me there, monsieur the colonel! No, I am not to be married in a hurry."

"But I made my proposals months ago, Angelique. The children and I have long had our secrets about bringing you home. Two of them sit on my knee and two of them climb my back, and we talk it over. They will not let you leave the house alive, mademoiselle. Father Olivier will still celebrate the sacraments among us. Kaskaskia will have the consolations of religion for this flood; but I may not have the consolation of knowing my own wedding-day."

"The church is now half full of water."

"Must I first bail out the church?"

"I draw the line there, monsieur the colonel. You are a prevailing man. You will doubtless wind me around your thumb as you do the Indians. But when I am married, I will be married in church, and sign the register in the old way. What, monsieur, do you think the water will never go down?"

"It will go down, yes, and the common fields will be the better for it. But it is hard a man should have to watch a river-gauge to find out the date of his own wedding."

"Yet one would rather do that than never have a wedding at all."

"I kiss your hand on that, mademoiselle."

"What are those little rings around the base of the trees, monsieur the colonel?"

"They are marks which show that the water is already falling. It must be two inches lower than last night on

the Church of the Immaculate Conception. I am one sixth of a foot on my way toward matrimony."

A tent like a white blossom showed through the woods; then many more. The bluffs all about Pierre Menard's house were dotted with them. Boats could be seen coming back from the town, full of people. Two or three sails were tacking northward on that smooth and glistening fresh-water sea. Music came across it, meeting the rising sun; the nuns sang their matin service as they were rowed.

Angelique closed her eyes over tears. It seemed to her like floating into the next world, — in music, in soft shadow, in keen rapture, — seeing the light on the hills beyond while her beloved held her by the hand.

All day boats passed back and forth between the tented bluffs and the roofs of Kaskaskia, carrying the goods of a temporarily houseless people. At dusk, some jaded men came back — among them Captain Saucier and Colonel Menard — from searching overflow and uplands for Dr. Dunlap.

At dusk, also, the fireflies again scattered over the lake, without waiting for a belated moon. Jean Lozier stood at the top of the bluff, on his old mount of vision, and watched these boats finishing the work of the day. They carried the only lights now to be seen in Kaskaskia.

He was not excited by the swarming life just below him. His idea of Kaskaskia was not a buzzing encampment around a glittering seignior house, with the governor's presence giving it grandeur, and Rice Jones and his sister, waiting their temporary burial on the uplands, giving it awe. Old Kaskaskia had been over yonder, the place of his desires, his love. The glamour and beauty and story were on the smothered valley, and for him they could never be anywhere else.

Father Olivier came out on the bluff, and Jean at once pulled his cap off, and looked at the ground instead of at the

pale green and wild-rose tints at the farther side of the world. They heard the soft wash of the flood. The priest bared his head to the evening air.

"My son, I am sorry your grandfather died last night, while I was unable to reach him."

"Yes, father."

"You have been a good son. Your conscience acquits you. And now the time has come when you are free to go anywhere you please."

Jean looked over the flood.

"But there's no place to go to now, father. I was waiting for Kaskaskia, and Kaskaskia is gone."

"Not gone, my son. The water will soon recede. The people will return to their homes. Kaskaskia will be the capital of the new State yet."

"Yes, father," said Jean dejectedly. He waited until the priest sauntered away. It was not for him to contradict a priest. But watching humid darkness grow over the place where Kaskaskia had been, he told himself in repeated whispers, —

"It'll never be the same again. Old Kaskaskia is gone. Just when I am ready to go there, there is no Kaskaskia to go to."

Jean sat down, and propped his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, as tender a spirit as ever brooded over ruin. He thought he could bear the bereavement better if battle and fire had swept it away; but to see it lying drowned before him made his heart a clod.

Singly and in bunches the lantern-bearing boats came home to their shelter in the pecan-trees, leaving the engulfed plain to starlight. No lamp was seen, no music tinkled there; in the water streets the evening wind made tiny tracks, and then it also deserted the town, leaving the liquid sheet drawn and fitted smoothly to place. Nothing but water, north, west, and south; a vast plain reflecting stars, and here and there showing spots like burnished shields.

The grotesque halves of buildings in its foreground became as insignificant as flecks of shadow. The sky was a clear blue dome, the vaporous folds of the Milky Way seeming to drift across it in indistinct light.

Now, above the flowing whisper of the inland sea Jean Lozier could hear other sounds. Thunder began in the north, and rolled with its cloud toward the point where Okaw and Mississippi met; shaggy lowered heads and flying tails and a thousand hoofs swept past him; and after them fleet naked men, who made themselves one with the horses they rode. The buffalo herds were flying before their hunters. He heard bow-strings twang, and saw great creatures stagger and fall headlong, and lie panting in the long grass.

Then pale blue wood smoke unfolded itself upward, and the lodges were spread, and there was Cascasquia of the Illinois. Black gowns came down the northern trail, and a cross was set up.

The lodges passed into wide dormered homesteads, and bowers of foliage promised the fruits of Europe among old forest trees. Jean heard the drum, and saw white uniforms moving back and forth, and gun barrels glistening, and the lilies of France floating over expeditions which

put out to the south. This was Kaskaskia. The traffic of the West gathered to it. Men and women crossed the wilderness to find the charm of life there; the waterways and a north trail as firm as a Roman road bringing them easily in. Neyon de Villiers lifted the hat from his fine gray head and saluted society there; and the sulky figure of Pontiac stalked abroad. Fort Gage, and the scarlet uniform of Great Britain, and a new flag bearing thirteen stripes swam past Jean's eyes. The old French days were gone, but the new American days, blending the gathered races into one, were better still. Kaskaskia was a seat of government, a Western republic, rich and merry and generous and eloquent, with the great river and the world at her feet. The hum of traffic came up to Jean. He saw the beautiful children of gently nurtured mothers; he saw the men who moulded public opinion; he saw brawny white-clothed slaves; he saw the crowded wharf, the bridge with long rays of motes stretching across it from the low-lying sun.

Now it disappeared. The weird, lonesome flood spread where that city of his desires had been.

"Kaskaskia is gone. 'But the glory remains when the light fades away.'"

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THE peculiar rarity of letters, and even notes, in the handwriting of Hazlitt, the essayist and critic (1778-1830), seems to have arisen from his repugnance to put pen to paper in the absence of an absolute necessity. In the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the publication of the *Memoirs* by his grandson, barely twenty examples, including several of no special moment, have presented themselves in the market, and,

with one or two exceptions, these are all in the hands of the editor of the present article, who has acquired them by purchase or gift. At the time when the *Memoirs* were in preparation, every effort was made to obtain additions to the early correspondence preserved in the *Literary Remains*, 1836, but with the most limited success; and there is very slight ground for the hope that the store will be appreciably or importantly augmented

in the future. Many of the communications are merely brief business notes; one is a long juvenile letter, of some interest as illustrating Hazlitt's boyish nature; but those of most concern to the student of literature are such as relate to Hazlitt's connection with Leigh Hunt and to his affair with Blackwood. Before presenting these, however, we introduce two which have reference to his literary work and friends in London in 1806. The first is addressed to Johnson, the publisher of the abridgment of Tucker, or Search, from Great Russell Street, to which John Hazlitt had removed in 1804 from Rathbone Place.

I.

DEAR SIR, — I have sent you the abridgement I have made of the two first volumes. The proportion in quantity is, as near as I can guess, about 210 pages to 790, that is, considerably less than a third. I imagine the 3 last volumes, though much larger, will not take more than the 2 first, and that the 3^d & 4th will be about 400 pages, or perhaps more. If you should think this too much in quantity, the sooner you let me know the better. I find that going on in the way I have done, I can insert almost every thing that is worth remembering in the book. I give the amusing passages almost entire. In fact I have done little more than leave out repetitions, & other things that might as well never have been in the book. But whether I have done it properly, or no, you will be able to determine better than I. If the first manuscript should be awkward to print from being written both ways, I could easily have it transcribed.

I am with great respect
your ob^t servant
W. HAZLITT.

August 30th [1806].
109 GREAT RUSSELL ST.

The second letter, which is of greater importance, was evidently written from his own lodgings in Southampton Build-

ings, a locality which he selected at this early date for the sake of its convenient position. He gives a remarkably full and gossiping account (for him) of his doings. He alludes to his painting, and we note how he was in touch with his brother's circle, and even with others, such as Hume, of the Pipe Office, whom he knew through Lamb. The criticisms on Fox, Pitt, and others were for the *Eloquence of the British Senate*, then in preparation, but some of them had previously appeared in *Free Thoughts on Public Affairs*.

II.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I have just seen Tom Loftus, who told me to my surprize that he left you last Friday. He called last night but I was out. I was rather surprized because though I knew of his going into Wales, I did not think of his going your way. He seems much pleased with his reception & with his journey altogether. He has brought home some Welch mutton with him, which I am going to eat a part of to-night. He stopped a whole day at Oxford, which he thinks a finer place than Wem or even Shrewsbury. I have just finished the cheeks which I had dressed last Friday for my dinner after I had taken a walk round Hampstead & Highgate. I never made a better dinner in my life. T. Loftus came to help me off with them on Saturday, and we attacked them again at night, after going to the Opera, where I went for the first time & probably for the last. The fowls I took to Lamb's the night I received them & the pickled pork. They were very good. But I found only one tongue in the basket, whereas you seem to speak of two.

The book I took to John's yesterday. The preface to *Search*¹ is finished and printed to my great comfort. It is very long, & for what I know very tiresome. I am going on with my criticisms, & have

¹ *The Light of Nature Pursued*, by Abraham Tucker, was published under the *nom de plume* of Edward Search.

very nearly done Burke. I do not think I have done it so well as Chatham's. I showed the one I did of him to Anth. Robinson¹ who I understand since was quite delighted with it, & thinks it a very fine piece of composition. I have only Fox's to do of any consequence. Pitt's I shall take out of my pamphlet which will be no trouble. I am to settle with Budd² tomorrow, but I doubt my profits will be small. These four viz. Burke, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, with Sir R. Walpole's will be the chief articles of the work, & if I am not mistaken confounded good ones. I am only afraid they will be too good, that is, that they will contain more good things than are exactly proper for the occasion. Have you seen it in any of the papers? It was in the *M. Chronicle*. It is a pretty good one. I might if I was lazy take it, and save myself the trouble of writing one myself. I supped at Godwin's on New Years day, & at Holcroft's on Sunday.

I am going to dinner at Hume's tomorrow where I also was on Christmas day, & had a pleasant time enough. It was much such a day as it was two years ago, when I was painting your picture. *Tempus preterlabitur*. I am afraid I shall never do such another. But all in good time: I have done what I wanted in writing & I hope I may in painting.

My mother I suppose was much pleased to see T. Loftus. He said that he intended returning the same day having no time to spare, but that you pressed him so much to stop. Did not you think him a good deal like me? He intends calling on John to say that he has seen you.

I can think of nothing more but my best love to my mother & Peggy, and that I am

Your affectionate son

W. HAZLITT.

Tuesday.

[Endorsed] Revd. Mr. Hazlitt,
Wem, Salop. Single.

¹ The brother of H. Crabb Robinson.

² The publisher.

Whatever Hazlitt might think or say about his abridgment of Tucker, Dr. Parr thought highly of the work, while Sir James Mackintosh extolled the preface. This, the essay, and the characters of Pitt and the rest in the *Eloquence of the British Senate* deservedly tended to bring the author into notice among the members of the press, as well as with an enlarged circle of literary admirers. His critical acumen was manifest, and he was at this time beginning to feel an interest in the theatre. The preface to the *British Senate* contains a reference to some of the old actors, with whom Holcroft and Lamb must have assisted in familiarizing him.

It has been already stated very fully in my *Memoirs* of my grandfather how the difference between Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt arose out of the strictures by the latter on Shelley, and the alleged attitude toward his political and literary friends. The feeling on the part of Hunt seems to have gradually intensified, and to have sought relief, like the pent-up resentment of Lamb against Southey, in a formal epistolary attainer, of which the ink was scarcely dry when, on the receipt of an elaborate defense of himself by the subject of his remarks, his anger melted away, — like Lamb's again, — and led to the preparation and dispatch of a second letter, couched in a gentler strain.

The original letter to Hazlitt of 1821 constitutes perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Hunt correspondence. But it is only a recent discovery that Hunt wrote two letters, both of which are before us, and of which the final text — the only one seen by Hazlitt — was softened by some rumor that his friend projected a concession. The variations are mainly verbal, but we have no space to enter more at large on this part of the matter, for the composition occupies nearly six quarto pages.

The letter of Hazlitt to Hunt, which extends to five folio pages, and which has never seen the light since it reached

his hands, seventy years ago, is undoubtedly by far the most vital and interesting of all the surviving correspondence of the writer. It is impossible to refrain from feeling sorry for the isolated position which such a man as Hazlitt held in every respect at this time, after having been recognized by his contemporaries as one of the foremost intellects of the age; but regarding the question judicially, we cannot shut our eyes to the natural umbrage arising from his policy of carrying his genius for portraiture, when he relinquished art as a profession, into another sphere, and painting his friends on paper instead of on canvas. There is something very apposite to this in the account of the Fight, where he says, "It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it's sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me."

It was a situation of complicated difficulty in which Hazlitt stood all his life. The trial to his sensitive and enthusiastic temper offered by the fruit of his political opinions, which closed against him the avenue to official patronage or power, reacted on his private relationships, and rendered a man who, under somewhat brighter auspices in a social and pecuniary respect, would have been habitually, what Lamb described him as being in happier moments, the most delightful of companions, — and, we may be allowed to add, the most liberal and just of men, — moody, misanthropic, and combative.

It necessarily militated against Hazlitt that he carried with him into the political and literary arena that stubborn and ineradicable persistence in proclaiming at all costs his view of truth and right which proved so fatal a bar to success and fortune in his father's case; and assuredly, if we estimate the powerful agencies which were kept in motion during so many years to crush his spirit and his efforts, we must grant that, altogether,

his intellectual force and prestige must have been great indeed to enable him to withstand even as long and as courageously as he did the malignant combination against him, and the scurrilous and cowardly attacks on his writings and character.

Here is the letter to Hunt: —

III.

Saturday night [April 21, 1821].

MY DEAR HUNT, — I have no quarrel with you, nor can I have. You are one of those people that I like, do what they will: there are others that I do not like, do what they may. I have always spoken well of you to friend or foe, *viz.* I have said you were one of the pleasantest & cleverest persons I ever knew; but that you teased any one you had to deal with out of their lives. I am fond of a theory, as you know; but I will give up even that to a friend, if he shews that he has any regard to my personal feelings. You provoke me to think hard things of you, & then you wonder that I hitch them into an Essay, as if that made any difference. I pique myself on doing what I can for others; but I cannot say that I have found any suitable returns for this, & hence perhaps my outrageousness of stomach! For instance, I praised you in the *Edinburgh Review*, and when in a case of life & death I tried to lecture, you refused to go near the place, & gave this as a reason, saying it would seem a collusion, if you said anything in my favour after what I had said of you. 2. I got Reynolds to write in the *Edinburgh Review*, at a time when I had a great reluctance to ask any favour of Jeffrey, & from that time I never set eyes on him for a year & a half after. 3. I wrote a book in defence of Godwin some years ago, one half of which he has since stolen without acknowledgment, without even mentioning my name, & yet he comes to me to review the very work & I write to Jeffrey to ask his consent, thinking

myself, which you do not, the most magnanimous person in the world in the defence of a cause. 4. I have taken all opportunities of praising Lamb, & I never got a good word from him in return, big or little, till the other day. He seemed struck all of a heap, if I ever hinted at the possibility of his giving me a lift at any time. 5. It was but the other day that two friends did all they could to intercept an article about me from appearing in the said E. R. saying 'it would be too late,' 'that the Editor had been sounded at a distance, & was averse,' with twenty other excuses, & at last I was obliged to send it myself, *graciously* & by main force, as it were, when it appeared just in time to save me from drowning. Co[u]lson had been backwards & forwards between my house & Bentham's for between 3 & four years, & when the latter philosophically put an execution in my house, the plea was he had never heard of my name;¹ & when I theorized on this the other day as bad policy, & *felo de se* on the part of the Radicals, your nephew² & that set said: 'Oh, it was an understood thing — the execution, you know!' My God, it is enough to drive one mad. I have not a soul to stand by me, & yet I am to give up my only resource & revenge, a theory — I won't do it, that's flat. Montagu³ is, I fancy, cut at my putting him among people with one idea, & yet when the Blackwoods (together with your) shirking out of that business put me nearly underground, he took every opportunity to discourage me, & one evening, when I talked of going there, I was given to understand that there was 'a party expected.' Yet after this I am not to look at him a little *in abstracto*. This is what has soured me, & made me sick of friendship & acquaintanceship. When did I

speak ill of your brother John? He never played me any tricks. I was in a cursed ill humour with you for two or three things when I wrote the article you find fault with (I grant not without reason). If I had complained to you, you would only have laughed; you would have played me the very same tricks the very next time; you would not have cared one farthing about annoying me; & yet you complain that I draw a logical conclusion from all this, & publish it to the world without your name. As to Shelley, I do not hold myself responsible to him. You say I want imagination. If you mean invention or fancy, I say so too; but if you mean a disposition to sympathise with the claims or merits of others, I deny it. I have been too much disposed to waive my own pretensions in deference to those of others. I am tired with playing at rackets all day, & you will be tired with this epistle. It has little to do with you; for I see no use in raising up a parcel of small, old grievances. But I think the general ground of defence is good.

W. H.

I have given Hogg's papers to Baldwin, and wish you would write a character of me for the next number. I want to know why everybody has such a dislike to me.

A somewhat new light is cast on the origin of the connection of Hazlitt with the London Magazine by an unpublished letter of January 20, 1820, from John Scott, its first editor, to the proprietors. It seems that Scott had met Hazlitt at the house of a common friend, and, the conversation probably turning upon literary matters and the new venture of Baldwin, Cradock & Co., Hazlitt placed in the hands of his acquaintance, by way

¹ Could Bentham have been ignorant? I have heard that he would make his visitors do obeisance to the tablet in honor of Milton, let by my grandfather into the garden wall of the

house, — the earliest example of a practice now become common in London.

² Mr. Henry Leigh Hunt, of the firm of Hunt and Clarke.

³ Mr. Basil Montagu.

of sample, something which he had by him. The specimen struck Scott as displaying talent, but as not suited, as it stood, to the columns of the magazine. Scott writes to his principals as follows on this subject: —

“I am sorry to say that I cannot honestly tell you that Mr. Hazlitt’s MS. is likely to suit us in the Mag. It falls into all those errors which I know are his besetting ones, but which I hope to keep him clear of, when he is directed to particular topics, such as the Drama, &c. His talent is undoubted, — & his wish to serve us I believe at present very sincere. Since I last saw you, the friend at whose house I met Hazlitt on Sunday has called upon me to make a sort of semi-authorized communication from that Gentleman. The fact is, as you surmized, that Mr. H. is in want of a certain sum of money, & he says that, this sum in his power, he would be very free in every respect, & would devote the whole power of his mind to the preparation of the dramatic [articles] or any thing else we might suggest. If so, he would be a very valuable Contributor. What the sum is, I do not know, but I apprehend the terms he asked for the Volume (of which I am ignorant) reach the mark. If I could have told you that the Essays, of which a specimen has been forwarded, would surely suit us, the difficulty probably would be small: but altho very anxious to find it so, I would not act fairly by you, were I to give this as my opinion. At the same time, I will engage for the gentleman, from what I know of his character, that he would be most ready to listen to suggestions, & to strain every nerve for us, in return for a service. He is naturally grateful, & though an original, is an honest one. I have not spoken to him for several years until Sunday last, but I see that in a very short time I shall be able to influence him to proper subjects & to a proper manner of handling them — I mean *proper* in regard to the Magazine, as, generally

speaking, I should have little claim to be his judge or guide. — Would it therefore suit you to say to him, that wth regard to the Essays, of which one has been sent, you beg leave to think a little farther over the matter, & claim the privilege of suggesting what may occur to you, but that on the general score of Dramatic Articles, & such other Contributions as might hereafter be arranged between himself and you, on mutual agreement, you have no objection to treat, as for the volume, *immediately*. — I do not know what he has asked for the vol. Of course my recommendation must have a reference to the reasonableness of his demand, of which you will judge & decide as seems to you proper.

“But I think him a desirable man to secure, & will be responsible for his fully meriting any service you may deem it right to render him.

“He wished me to ask of you to write Elliston a note, enclosing the Magazine, & stating in dry official language that if it falls within the usual arrangements of his theatre to furnish the common ticket of admission to your Dramatic Correspond^t, you would be glad to have it for his use. He says if he does not get this (as he has from Cov^t Garden) he is afraid he will find 20 reasons (*independent of expense*) for keeping away from Drury Lane — for such, he says, is human nature. I think you may do this for him without conceding dignity.”

In a letter from John Keats to C. W. Dilke, September 21, 1818, the writer observes: “I suppose you will have heard that Hazlitt has on foot a prosecution against Blackwood. I dined with him a few days since at Hessey’s — there was not a word said about it, though I understand he is excessively vexed.” And in a note the editor of the Letters calls attention to the gross and indecent attacks on Hazlitt. As we learn from Smiles’s recent Life of John Murray, the action really proceeded, Patmore

acting for the plaintiff; but it was finally compromised by the defendants, who agreed to pay all the expenses incurred on both sides. The affair, however, was the proximate cause of the secession of Murray from the London agency of the magazine, and its transfer to Cadell and Davies.

Blackwood, under the auspices of Wilson, Lockhart, and Croker, did not abandon the personalities which Murray had so wisely deprecated and censured. In a letter from Hazlitt to John Scott of April 12, 1820, there is a reference to the growing friction between Blackwood and the London Magazine, and we see that Hazlitt was not for making any concessions.

IV.

DEAR SIR, — I return the proof which I prefer to the philippic against Bentham. Do you keep the Past & Future? You see Lamb argues the same view of the subject. That 'young master' will anticipate all my discoveries, if I don't mind. The last N^o was a very good one. The Living Authors was spirited & fine. Don't hold out your hand to the Blackwoods yet, after having knocked those blackguards down. My address after you receive this will be Winterslow Hut, near Salisbury. Send me the article on Past & Future, if you can spare it. Ask Baldwins, if they would like the articles on Modern Philosophy, 8 in number, at 5 guineas apiece.

W. H.

We judge from a letter directed by them to Hazlitt on the 5th of March, 1821, that the proprietors of the London Magazine, after the death of Scott, entertained some idea of proposing to the former the vacant editorial chair. This communication, written only six days after the loss of their able and lamented friend, marks the rapid growth of Hazlitt's influence on the concern, and of his employers' sense of the value of his services. Mr. Baldwin suggested that he should proceed with the series of Living

Poets, and hoped to see him personally in a day or so respecting the choice of an editor. And that there was at one time a current idea that he might succeed Scott a note to him from John Landseer, soliciting information as to the insertion of something sent by him, seems pretty clearly to show. But Hazlitt did not, at all events, undertake the work, for which he was, indeed, indifferently qualified by his temper and habits, though so long as he remained on the staff his papers were gladly accepted; and he is credited with having further enriched and strengthened the magazine by introducing Lamb.

Hazlitt has been charged with having been almost an accessory before the fact to the catastrophe of which poor Scott was the victim. He had been, in 1818, the central and prominent figure in the prosecution against Blackwood which led to the magazine losing Murray as its London agent; but the attacks on him and his friends were not discontinued, and five years later there came to the new representative of the Tory organ in the metropolis a communication foreshadowing a renewal of hostilities.

V.

April 19, 1823.

SIR, — Unless you agree to give up the publication of Blackwood's Magazine, I shall feel myself compelled to commence an action against you for damages sustained from repeated slanderous & false imputations in that work on me.

W. HAZLITT.

4 Chapel Street West,
Curzon Street.

[Endorsed] Mr. Thomas Cadell, Bookseller,
Strand.

The complaint here made is general, and does not specifically refer to any article in the magazine as having been the immediate ground for the menace. Whether Cadell sent any reply to Hazlitt, or whether the Blackwoods took any cognizance of the representation, it is so far out of our power to state; but with

the peremptory summons to Cadell there fell into our hands his letter to the Edinburgh firm, forwarding a copy of Hazlitt's communication, and rather anxiously soliciting instructions. The cartel which had been sent to him could not be said to be either intemperate or redundant; but the recipient, from what had occurred on a previous occasion, clearly apprehended the possibility of mischief, while at the same time he signified his dislike even to indirect implication in such charges. Here is what he wrote to his employers:—

STRAND, Saturday, 3 o'clock,
April 18, 1823.

DEAR SIR, — Annexed is a copy of a letter I have just received, the contents of which certainly make me feel somewhat uncomfortable. This is the first appeal to me accompanied with a threat, as publisher of your Magazine, and though Mr. H. may be considered deserving of censure upon most occasions, my feelings would not be of the most agreeable nature, were my name brought before the publick by him as disseminator of slanderous & false imputations. I shall therefore be glad if you will now suggest the mode best calculated to avert the impending storm, & I will take care to act accordingly.

Yours in haste

[Signed] T. CADELL.

Mr. W. Blackwood, Bookseller,
Edinburgh.

The curtain falls at this point. The terms of the incisive little note lead one to surmise that it was written after consultation with Montagu, Talfourd, or Procter. It breathes the air of a lawyer's chambers.

The subjoined correspondence, relating to the ill-fated Life of Napoleon, from which we perceive that the author anticipated, as he certainly deserved, a very different issue, was addressed to Hunt and Clarke, the publishers of the

work, while Hazlitt was exerting his utmost efforts to complete it at Winterville. He was, as we know from a letter already printed in the Memoirs, in a very indifferent state of health, and had gone down into the country to combine the effects of change of air and of freedom from interruption. His distance from books explains his request to Henry Hunt, in the first communication, to verify certain points; the second letter is to Cowden Clarke. It might almost be augured from the latter, if not from both, that there was no adequate precaution taken to secure the coöperation of the press.

It is highly curious that in writing to Clarke, in 1828, he reverts to the subject matter of his notable letter, in 1821, to Leigh Hunt, and reproduces what we find there as to Hunt's refusal to attend or notice his lectures almost *totidem verbis*.

VI.

DEAR SIR, — I am obliged by the £2 & am glad the account is no more against me. The Appendix, Nos 4 & 5, must be given at the end of vol. 4 (to be said so in a note). No. 6, Character of Marat by Brissot, will be found infallibly at the end of one of Miss Williams's volumes from France, year 1794, which can be had at any library, Saunders & Ottley's certainly. Also, I sent it up to Clarke some time ago. Tell him, I received the letter, & am much gratified by it, vanity apart. I am not surprised at what you tell me; but drowning men catch at Buckinghams. Still so far, so good. What follows is important, not a drowning, but a shooting matter. You *must* give me one cancel at p. 209, vol. ii. & alter the word *Buccaneer* to *cruiser*. An Erratum won't do. Second, do learn the width of the valley of the Nile from some authentic person (*for* *san* Travels in Mesopotamia), and if it be more than five leagues (which I suspect it must be), cancel & change to fifteen, fifty, or whatever be the actual

number. It is *five* in Napoleon's *Memoirs* followed by Thibaudeau *in vitâ*. Is the Preface to go? You'll see I can bear it out, and perhaps play the devil with some people. Don't you think an account in the *Examiner* would tell in just now, after the *London Review & Athenæum*, & give us a kind of prepossession of the ground? Tell St. John I wrote to thank him last week; but I find I directed the letter wrong to 150 instead of 159. Have the kindness (if you have room) to insert the inclosed paragraph. I see your leader of Sunday confirms my theory of good-natured statesmen.

Yours ever very truly,

W. H.

P. S. I won't send Clarke any more of my *Georgics*. — Buckingham *had* an article the day before, which I dare say he has yet, unless he has given it to Colburn to keep. Pray send me down the second vol. corrected in a day or two. I won't send any more to B. unless he *remits*, which he does not seem inclined to do. I think this book will put your uncle's head above water, & I hope he will keep it there — *to vex the rogues*. I wish he had not spoken so of Hook, but Colburn *has a way with him!*

Jan^y 16, 1828.

In spite of Hazlitt's determination to write no more to Cowden Clarke on this point, we find that his irresistible persuasion that nothing adequate was being done to bring the forthcoming work, on which he had lavished so vast an amount of thought and manual labor, before the world in such a manner as to make it answer the purpose of all concerned forced his hand a fortnight later, and elicited the annexed categorical appeal to Hunt's partner.

VII.

[February 1, 1828.]

DEAR CLARKE, — 'To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief' in the following queries.

1. Is it unworthy of our dignity & injurious to our interest to have the *Life* noticed favourably in a journal that is not the pink of classical elegance?

2. Are we to do nothing to secure (beforehand) a favourable hearing to it, lest we should be suspected or charged with being accomplices in the success of our own work by the Charing-Cross Gang who would ruin you and me out of their sheer dogmatism & indignity?

3. Must we wait for Mr. Southern to give his opinion, before we dare come before the public even in an extract? Or be first hung up by our enemies, in order to be cast down by our zealous Whig & Reform friends?

4. When the house is beset by robbers, are we to leave the doors open, to shew our innocence & immaculateness of intention?

5. Were you not pleased to see the extracts from Hunt's book in the *Athenæum*? And do you not think they were of service? Why then judge differently of mine?

6. There is a puff of Haydon in the *Examiner*, like blue ruin, *out of pure generosity*. But with respect to ourselves we shut our mouths up like a maidenhood, lest it should look like partiality. So Hunt said he could not notice my lectures, or give me a good word, because I had praised him in the *Edinburgh*, & it would be thought a collusion.

7. You sent me L. H.'s letter in the *Chronicle*, which I was glad to see, particularly that part relating to a literary cut-throat; but why, my dear Clarke, did you not send me the puff of myself in the *London Review*, which I was perhaps — perhaps not — more pleased to see?

If you continue to use me so ill, I shall complain to your sister. Think of that, Master Brook. I like the *Companion*¹ very well. Do not suppose I am vexed; I am only frightened.

Yours ever very truly,

W. H.

¹ Leigh Hunt's work, so called.

It is evident that Hazlitt felt a good deal of solicitude about the success of the *Life*. Much depended on it, and coming in the wake of the one by Scott, which, whatever its relative merit may appear to us at the present moment to be, enjoyed the double advantage of his prestige and of chronological precedence, every exertion seemed desirable to secure a favorable reception by the public.

In a further appeal to Clarke, which has survived in a mere fragment, the

author asks, "Do you think it would be amiss to give Buckingham the first vol. for next week's *Athenæum*, though Hunt, &c. do not write in it? The public are to be won like a widow, —

'With brisk attacks & urging,

Not slow approaches, like a virgin.'"

The failure of the publishers of the *Life* involved that of their undertaking, and the disappointment and worry accelerated and embittered the death of Hazlitt in the autumn of 1830.

William Carew Hazlitt.

THE AMERICAN OUT OF DOORS.

WE are too prone to look at modern life as cut off from the past by a great gulf: it is so much more important to us. A Greek, a mediæval Italian, seems spectral, impossible. We cannot realize that Athenians and Florentines loved and hated, bought and sold, jested, wept, talked scandal, suffered and died, quite as men do nowadays. The world is so old, and yet so new. These same commonplaces I am writing have been written so many times before and seemed just as commonplace. Yet we forget them.

Notwithstanding, certain differences, marked differences, do separate the nineteenth century from the past. Great forces have worked to mould our civilization, some of them external and material, yet even these reacting on the internal and spiritual, as the external, to a greater or less degree, always must. To go some way back, there is printing, a force that made itself felt long ago; but the development of printing in the daily press is something absolutely modern, and who can estimate its importance? Then there is democracy, closely connected with the preceding; the belief that the numerical majority of mankind is not only entitled to equal consideration

by government, but competent to control that government, almost, if not quite directly. Again, we have the great mechanical discoveries, which fall within the last hundred years: steam, the breaker-down of barriers, the annihilator of nationality, the agent that has tripled man's control of nature and drawn tighter the girdle of the world; electricity, which already regards telegraph and telephone as trifles, and looks forward to producing in another century a locomotive power that will make us cast steam into a corner, forgotten.

There are spiritual influences, too, subtler and harder to investigate, which may be considered either as cause or as effect. For instance, there is the extraordinary development of music, which in the modern sense can scarcely be said to be three hundred years old: music, so different from all the other arts in its combination of sensuous appeal with supersensual suggestion; so quick to profit by mechanics, yet so far above them; so capable of expressing all moods and all passions; so various in its methods and styles; in a word, so preëminently modern. Another influence, quite as modern and even more powerful, is the love of nature. Perhaps I should say, the scien-

tific study and comprehension of nature. Neither expression by itself is sufficient.

All literature and history prove that the character of a people is largely modified by the topography of the region it inhabits; and the extremes to which a theory based on this is carried by M. Taine and critics of his school are well known. Most nations have been conscious of the part thus taken by their surroundings in their moral development, and have recognized it in one way or another. This is, however, quite different from scientific study. Observation, the patient search after facts, seems to be a late fruit of civilization, a fruit that was very long in ripening. Socrates, at least in Xenophon's report of him, anticipated Pope in proclaiming that "the proper study of mankind is man." Aristotle, with his immense curiosity, discovered and recorded many things; but the natural history of the ancients is largely fabulous and *a priori*, as in the elaborate work of Pliny; and the mass of deduction and hearsay transmitted by that industrious personage influenced the science of the Middle Ages to an astonishing degree. Those who are familiar with Elizabethan writers are well aware of this. The extravagant zoölogy and botany which formed an important element in the style of Lyly and the Euphuists have been frequently ridiculed. Even Shakespeare is by no means free, as in his

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

But patient scientific study had not been wanting in the Renaissance, amid all the riot of the imagination. The great voyagers and explorers, although they brought home new fictions of their own, yet destroyed many of the old. Copernicus had revolutionized astronomy, and even among the Elizabethans his discoveries were beginning to have their effect on the literary world. Bacon laid the foundation of modern scientific methods, and the temper developed rapidly,

as we see in Browne's book on *Vulgar Errors*, which admits some extraordinary conclusions, but shows a true spirit of curiosity, of critical research, and of respect, at least, for thorough experiment.

In the eighteenth century such a spirit spread everywhere, as reason began to supplant imagination, and poetry to give way to prose. The eighteenth century was, however, too busy with political and social problems to concern itself seriously with great scientific movements. Philosophy and political economy, the study of man, took precedence of the study of nature. With the nineteenth century the latter pursuit finally asserted itself. The great mechanical inventions and practical applications of science increased the facilities for theoretical investigation, and made it more attractive. The theories elaborated by Darwin were, as is well known, in the air some time before he formulated them. He is but the representative of his age, at least in that direction; nor would it be possible to find a better example of the ideal scientist than he. Patient, spending years in the accumulation of facts, never hastening, never fretting, putting results as far as possible out of sight that they may not tempt him from severe and unprejudiced investigation, working for no end of practical utility, and for fame only carelessly and as a secondary object, such a man personifies the best that nature has to teach us. We learn from him respect for details that seem insignificant; we learn not to jump at conclusions; we learn once more the lesson — alas, so often forgotten — of Newton "picking up a shell here and there on the beach, while the vast ocean of truth lay open before him." Darwin is perhaps too favorable an example of the naturalist's modesty and simplicity, but familiarity with nature appears to breed these qualities more than some studies peculiarly associated with man.

What could be more important than the change produced in our view of

the external world by the theories which are generally connected with Darwin's name? A French critic writes: "Is it preposterous to say that posterity will draw a line, a deep line, in the history of human thought, between the men who lived before and those who lived after Darwin? It is somewhat as the change that was formerly brought about by the discovery of America and of Copernican cosmology." Whether this feeling be true or false, it would be foolish to deny the immense hold it has taken on men's minds. We may not formally accept the principle of evolution, but we are all of us inclined to put man in a very different position in nature from the one he occupied a hundred years ago. He is no longer a little god, with the rest of the universe prostrate at his feet, but takes his place among other beings, an essential element, — the most essential, possibly, but still only an element in the vast play of the organic and inorganic world. Nor is this view contrary to philosophy as distinguished from science, though the conclusion may be reached along a different line. To the Hegelian, as to the Darwinian, man has ceased to be cut off and dissociated from nature; she has no reality but in him, yet neither has he reality but in her. It is evident that to a man who has accepted these doctrines the external world assumes a new aspect: it is no longer something indifferent, or an enemy to be kept under and controlled; it is an inexhaustible store of facts, each bound up with others and bearing upon them, each pregnant with its own teaching, and perhaps with a lesson that no man can afford to overlook or neglect.

I believe this new growth of interest in nature is nowhere so widespread as among the people of the United States. The Teutonic and Celtic races seem to take to it more readily than the Latin, and even than the Greek. Greek poetry is full of allusions to natural objects, but these are almost always referred to in

illustration of human passions. The gift of painting in clear lines and with imaginative feeling, as we see it, for instance, in Theocritus, which is characteristic of the divine Greek genius in everything, must not be confused with the love of description which has become conspicuous in modern literature. Occasional touches of outdoor life with an exquisite charm are to be found in Lucretius, in Catullus, in Vergil; but here, too, everything is subordinated to man. It has been observed that to the Romans Switzerland was merely desolate and repulsive, which is enough to show that they had not the modern sense of the picturesque. A somewhat careful study of the Italian poet Leopardi has convinced me that he had nothing of the peculiar sentiment of nature-worship so striking in his contemporaries, English, French, and German. Nor do we find it in the great poets of Spain, if a conclusion on the subject be permitted to one who has only entered the skirts of the great forest of seventeenth-century drama. The plays of Calderon are full of roses and waves and winds and nightingales. It would be hard to surpass the melancholy and Vergilian grace of his flowers, —

"Durmiendo en brazos de la noche fria; "

but one does not find in him that subtle observation combined with imaginative color which abounds in Shakespeare: —

"A mole cinq-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip."

"Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

The love of the Celts for nature, and their method of interpreting her as compared with the methods of other races, are admirably analyzed in Matthew Arnold's *Lectures on Celtic Literature*, one of his most charming books. Whether it be indeed owing to a difference of race instinct, or to the close contact with the material world induced by the necessity

of combat with it, the northern nations of Europe are certainly more familiar with that world than those of the south.

Familiarity with nature takes two forms, one exoteric, the other esoteric: either nature is viewed in detail, as an object of endless interest and amusement, or she is deified with a passionate and religious adoration. The first of these forms is probably more general in the United States than it has ever before been anywhere. No other people read as we do the current literature of the day, newspapers, magazines. But that literature is kept full of scientific speculation in every form. It is in the air all about us. We imbibe the chief fact of evolution from our infancy, and look upon monkeys with a weird interest and a superstitious eye for ancestral traits. The discussion of these matters is not confined to scholars and professors; one hears it every day among men of business, even among mechanics.

We are a nation of travelers. We are not rooted and moss-grown, like Europeans. Moving house and home is the excitement of life, and a man who dies where he was born is a curiosity. Men and women work hard all their lives, and at sixty set out to see the world. They go to California or Mexico or Alaska for six weeks, like it, and make a journey to India. In one sense, this perpetual locomotion cuts us off from nature. It interferes with the forming of associations. It abolishes the peculiar kinship that knits up some fact of the past with every tree and stone, making old houses seem like old faces well beloved. I do not think any of our people have the attachment which, it is said, in some European countries binds the peasant to the soil; nor indeed have we a peasantry, in the European sense, anywhere within our borders.

Yet if our acquaintance with nature is not intimate, it is extensive. In almost every company you will find people who are familiar with the swamps of

Florida and the prairies of Kansas, the Rocky Mountains and the Yosemite Valley. It is important to note that in our American journeying, at any rate, we look especially at such natural objects because nothing else is new. From Boston to San Francisco man is substantially the same. Variety must be sought in nature. Curiosity can spend itself no longer on manners and customs. If we look from the car windows, we have no eyes for the eternal John Smith; he stands for insignificance in the foreground of the picture. The feeling thus fostered is, indeed, often shallow and idle. These universal sight-seers have no reverence, not even a spirit of thoughtful and sober inquiry. The scenery they are whirled through becomes a panorama, a theatrical spectacle, and their only impulse is a longing for some higher mountain, or broader river, or wilder valley, to rouse dull eyes once more into a languid enthusiasm. They have a catalogue, a collection of objects of interest, and compare notes: "Have you been there?" "Oh, you ought to see that!" Yet an effect remains. Petty prejudices and provincial notions are partially obliterated. You cannot come in contact with nature even in this superficial way without gaining something of her largeness and her calm. There is a gain of sympathy, also. Perhaps we are not naturally a sporting people, like our English cousins. If we are so, we have lost the taste to a great degree, and acquired a dislike for shooting, even for fishing. We prefer to live and let live, with beast as well as man. A simple walk is enough for us; the sight of birds and animals pleases us more than the destruction of them. We love the open air for itself, and are contented with it. How many of us revel in that joyous cry of Emerson, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous"!

This sweet, fresh renewal that comes from contact with nature is felt even by

people who have little imagination or sensibility, who abhor solitude, and certainly would not choose the country as an abiding-place. In summer the whole population flock to the mountains and salt water, and they are not quite the same there as at home. Mr. Bradford Torrey, in his charming *A Rambler's Lease*, says: "I hope I am not lacking in a wholesome disrespect for sentimentality and affectation; for artificial ecstasies over sunsets and landscapes, birds and flowers; the fashionable cant of nature-worship, which is enough almost to seal a true worshiper's lips under a vow of everlasting silence." Certainly there is a great deal of such cant, and the canter is only too apt to go away and forget what manner of man he was. Yet even the lightest, the most frivolous, the most hardened, get something from these things. The very existence of the fashion shows a tendency.

A large class of people do, however, take the matter more seriously. The scientific views I have referred to above give the study of nature an interest which strikes deeper than a mere desultory curiosity. There are many men and women who have picked up a smattering of botany or ornithology in childhood, and find it afterwards a never-failing occupation, opening new vistas and revealing deep secrets, always within reach and always fascinating. Careful study of this kind sometimes breeds a contempt for large effects, keeps the eyes near earth on microscopic beauty; but how close it brings one to the intricate mystery of life!

Science, too, has the great advantage of being accessible in fragments, and not requiring lifelong familiarity for the appreciation of its pleasures. It is different from literature, which demands a patient apprenticeship, and is not open to the first comer. A busy man can see a great deal out of doors to interest him at odd moments; but he is not likely to make close friends of Homer and Dante.

I have not, I think, exaggerated the importance of what external nature has done and is doing for Americans; but it may be exaggerated by confusing the two forms of familiarity with natural objects that I have noted above. One hears a good deal of talk about the religion of nature, about a worship which will put aside churches and go into the woods, about a reverence which will associate itself more deeply and truly with trees and flowers and stars than with buildings fashioned by the hand of man, about a devotion bred by quiet in the fields rather than by liturgies or outgrown creeds or dim cathedrals. We must distinguish here. At the opening of this century, in the passionate reaction against the social and religious conventions of the last, poets and men of letters were strongly moved to substitute for certain traditional theories of religion a deeper, ampler, and vaguer sentiment. Beginning with Rousseau, this tendency spread to many men of a quite different stamp. The poets of England, France, and Germany poured forth upon natural objects all the ecstasies of lovers. The beauty of color, sound, motion, filled them, mastered them. They lost themselves in the sway of great winds, in the slow majesty of midday clouds, in the undulation of grass floating in the summer light. English poetry will show us this better than any other. Let us take Cowper, still timid, still Christian in the sense that made Sainte-Beuve say, "The great Pan has naught to do with the great Crucified One," yet striking again and again notes passionate as this:—

"Lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the haw-
thorn root,
Deceive no student;"

or Keats crying to the Nightingale:—

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy;"

or Wordsworth:—

"The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion ;"

or Byron : —

"I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me ; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling ;"

or, above all, Shelley, who drank more
 deeply than any at the spring of

"that sustaining love,
 Which, through the web of being blindly
 wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and
 sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst."

These poets, each in his own way, threw
 themselves into nature. They were
 ready to say with Keats's Uranus, —

"My voice is but the voice of winds and tides."

This feeling was to them, indeed, a religion. Yet in one form or another they all looked "through nature up to nature's God." They felt everywhere the presence of some divine mystery which was open to them in the sweet language of the natural world. Some kind of union with this they sought passionately ; and the imperfection of what they were able to attain filled them with sadness, with the delicate melancholy which is an important feature of their work. The religion they cherished was a high and mystical pantheism ; only it is essential to bear in mind the profound saying of Goethe, which should never be forgotten when pantheism is in question : "Everything Spinozistic in poetry becomes in philosophy Machiavelism." That is to say, the contumely which universally attaches to pantheism soberly maintained as an intellectual theory is quite out of place in judging poetry, where the same thing is present as a desire, not as a creed.

Now, this element of passion, of intense religious emotion, does not, I think, belong to our American love of nature. Even in England there has been a change in the last half-century, a change not enough insisted on. The difference

between the poetry of Shakespeare and that of Dryden is not greater than the difference between the poetry of Byron and Shelley and that of Tennyson and Browning. With the former, intense, absorbing personal feeling is everything. With the latter, there is a complete effacement of personality. Different as are Tennyson and Browning in other respects, in this they are alike ; and though it would be a mistake to say that passion is never found without the intrusion of the poet's own personality, the lack of passion is unquestionably the most marked defect of both these great poets. Certainly it is the defect in their rendering of nature. With Tennyson, external nature becomes a mere means of elaborate ornamentation ; with Browning, it is generally subordinated to the analysis of humanity : in neither poet have we the peculiar charm of the generation before.

In America, have we ever had passion in any branch of literature or art ? It must not be forgotten that most of our great writers have come from Puritan stock ; that is, from just that portion of the English race which had the least imagination, the least sensibility ; which was the most profoundly penetrated with the moral view of things ; which mistrusted most profoundly any self-abandonment, any compromise with the devil. A hundred years hence, the mixture of German, French, Irish blood will have changed all this. The change is going on ; but up to this time Puritan rationalism has predominated in the view of nature as in most other things. Take, for instance, Thoreau. No one could be a more devoted observer of nature ; no one could record more carefully her subtlest changes, her moods serene or stormy, her infinite variety. His knowledge of natural history was, I suppose, ten times wider and more accurate than that of Shelley or Keats. But where in Thoreau do you find touch or trace of the passion we have seen in them,

the enthralling, absorbing worship — call it pantheism, or what you will — that pants and burns in Keats's Nightingale or Shelley's West Wind? Without any assumption of pessimism, it may be said, as I have hinted above, that one of the greatest charms of nature in these poets is the subtle and inexplicable melancholy that attends her; the vast and fleeting storm of intangible suggestions and associations that wait on a single simple sound or odor, and vanish before we can half imagine what they mean, as when Obermann writes, "The jonquil or the jessamine would be enough to make me say that such as we are we might sojourn in a better world." Penetrated with feelings like these, one comes to Thoreau and finds him proclaiming, "The voice of nature is always encouraging."

The truth is, that for Thoreau, as for his master, Emerson, Puritanical stoicism has set up a barrier that cuts him off from half of life. His creed is not a conceited or presumptuous one, — it is too dignified; but it sets the man on a pinnacle of self-satisfaction, which inclines him rather to identify nature with himself than himself with nature. One hears Thoreau constantly saying, "Nature is delightful, delightful to me, Henry

Thoreau." He patronizes her. Now, this is inconsistent with passion of any kind. To a man of that temperament the study of nature may be an amusement, even an interesting and absorbing occupation; a religion — never! This is precisely the state of the case not only with Thoreau, but with most of our American poets, and with the greater number of the men and women who are to-day engaged in ransacking the fields and woods for facts of natural history.

With the love of nature as with so many other things, the saying is profoundly true, "Unto every one that hath shall be given." We get back only what we give. As a humanizing influence, as teaching patience, tolerance, sympathy, the scientific appreciation of the natural world, the intimate and daily contact with it, cannot be overestimated. But to think that these things will ever replace religion or poetry; to believe that the senses of the average man, though backed with all the botanies and ornithologies ever written, will perceive as do those of the poet, will create for themselves the energy and intensity of feeling, the glow of imaginative color, the throng of associations, which he can call forth in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, is to be profoundly mistaken.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

MY COLLEGE DAYS.

II.

I HAVE intimated that the greater part of the instruction given in the four years when I was in Cambridge was by recitation. Each section was of about twenty persons, seldom more, and you had a regular lesson assigned, in which you were expected to recite, precisely as a boy is at school. According as the section was larger or smaller, the larger or

smaller proportion of men present were called upon. I say "men present," because we called ourselves "men," though in fact the greater part of us were boys.

If you had run for luck, and had not learned the lesson, you said, "Not prepared." You sat at recitation, which was a great surprise to us, who had always been expected to stand in the school-room. You were seldom called upon alphabetically; generally the teacher

took you by surprise, for fear you should have been reading up in advance the sentences which were to come to you. I should say that nine tenths of the time which we spent with the teachers was spent in this way ; as nearly profitless as any exercise can be, unless the teacher tries to give interest to it. It merely exposes a person who has learned the lesson to the annoyance of sitting, for an hour, to hear the blunders of others who have not. If you have not learned the lesson, it is true that it is a way of learning it ; but it is a very poor way, and I should not suppose that people would make a system for the benefit of those who do not study.

Instruction by lectures was not unknown, and there were traditions of very remarkable courses of lectures in college. Of such lectures we did not have many, but we had some. I always remember with great pleasure Professor Lovering's lectures in natural philosophy. They made good entirely the traditions of John Farrar's, which were fresh in the Cambridge mind. For myself, I had heard John Farrar, who was an excellent lecturer, in the various lecture courses in Boston, such as have been alluded to.¹ Professor Lovering had worked and studied under him, and was quite competent to fill his place. We went over a wide range in what was called natural philosophy in those days, so that every one of us, to this hour, who cares anything for such things, has a slight smattering of scientific information with regard to it. The apparatus of the college was not large, but what there was was well handled. In the same line, Daniel Treadwell, a very distinguished student of mechanics, and of the sciences connected with practical mechanics, gave admirable lectures. He was on the Rumford foundation. Count Rumford was a Massachusetts man, who unfortunately proved to be a Tory in the Revolution ;

¹ A New England Boyhood, in *The Atlantic* for November, 1892.

but, in the service of the elector, afterwards the king, of Bavaria, he achieved a good deal in the scientific way. When he died, he left to Harvard College a sum of money for instruction in the sciences which are of use to human life ; and this chair has been filled successively by Jacob Bigelow, by Daniel Treadwell, by Eben Norton Horsford, who has just now died, by Wolcott Gibbs, and is now held by Mr. Trowbridge. Treadwell had such interesting subjects as Railways to lecture on, in the very infancy of railroad business, and his lectures supplemented admirably the lectures which we had heard, and I may say had seen, from Mr. Lovering.

While I was in college, Mr. Sparks came as professor of history ; he was afterwards president. He was an old and very intimate friend of my father's, and had been a great deal at our house, so that I do not remember when I did not know him. He was of a most lovely personal character, and in the early days of children's life, sitting round the table in the parlor, we were always delighted if Mr. Sparks came in. It may readily be imagined that, busy as we were of evenings, we generally detested the presence of any visitor ; the great exceptions were Mr. and Mrs. Palfrey, Dr. Jacob Bigelow and his charming wife, and Mr. Sparks. So, when Mr. Sparks came to lecture to us on the history of the American Revolution, I felt as if I were welcoming an old friend, and almost as if I ought to do the honors of the lecture-room to him. A good many of our fellows knew him, because he engaged those who wanted to earn money in copying the documents of which he had to use so large a number in his historical books. I owe to these lectures with him, and to my conversations with him afterwards, two or three of the personal anecdotes which keep me in touch with Revolutionary times. He had himself seen ever so many of the Revolutionary people, and had inter-

viewed them to great purpose ; his recollections of Lafayette, for instance, were very interesting.

Our dear Channing had some lectures which he had to deliver, as Boylston Professor, on subjects immediately connected with rhetoric and oratory. That chair had originally been filled by John Quincy Adams. His lectures when he was in that chair are in print, and I observe in his grandson's history that, when Jefferson or any of that crew wanted to speak contemptuously of John Quincy Adams, they called him "Professor Adams," as if a professor in college of course knew nothing of statecraft. But either we were too young, or Channing's lectures were too recondite ; we got no good out of them.

A line of instruction more amusing, to say the least, was the instruction in music. The exercises in chapel on Sunday required, according to the old Puritan traditions, three hymns. Two hymns before the sermon and one after are a regular part of the Congregational ritual. In the gallery, reserved for the choir, was a wheezy little organ, which had formerly belonged to Mrs. Craigie. Somebody was appointed to play the organ, and he was considered responsible for getting enough men who could sing into the choir to sing the hymns. But on one fatal Sunday, I think in the year 1837, the singing broke down. Mr. Quincy was as used to doing things by word of command as Napoleon was, and the next morning he sent round for the organist, and asked him what the matter was. The organist replied that nobody in college knew how to sing, and this was the reason that there was no singing. So the president went to the corporation, and got leave to engage a teacher who should teach the boys how to sing, and he supposed that all would be well. This was just the time when, under the guidance of Mr. Samuel Atkins Eliot, father of the present president, and other gentlemen of his public

spirit, music in Boston began to receive some consideration. The great teachers of vocal music for the public at large were Lowell Mason and George J. Webb, names not known to this generation excepting as they still linger in connection with certain hymn tunes.

Accordingly Mr. Webb was engaged, and we were told that everybody might learn to sing. It was to be a volunteer exercise, and to be attended from twelve o'clock to one, an hour which was free, because, under the old traditions to which I have alluded, it was not in what were called "study hours." When the day came, half college proceeded to the dining-room assigned to Mr. Webb, and, with a blackboard, he told us the difference between *do* and *re* and *mi* and *fa*, and how a quaver differed from a semi-quaver. He gave some additional elementary instruction, with which we were more or less familiar, and then he started us all on singing by ear together. I remember we sang, "O County Guy, the hour is nigh." All this answered very well for two or three days. After a few such exercises, however, he said it was desirable to separate the voices, and that he would like to have gentlemen come down to him and try their voices one by one, so that he might separate his basses from his tenors, and get somebody to sing the alto. I imagine he did not dare to say that some of us could still sing soprano, or treble, as he would have called it. He spoke in a sort of "meaching" way, as if he were rather apologetic, — in just the way which does not impress youngsters at all, soliciting us instead of ordering us. And he said he hoped some gentleman would be first.

Now, it was a characteristic of mine, is now, perhaps, if I can get out of a room without incivility, to get out of it. Consequently I rose first, and, to the admiration of a hundred and fifty other undergraduates, sang up the scale and back, with tolerable success. Then Webb smiled with a wise grin upon me, thanked

me for being the first, when it was so disagreeable to be first, and said, "Your voice is what is called a baritone voice: you will sing with the bass."

I bowed, and retired to my room. Soon the other fellows of my set joined me, to tell where they had been assigned, and to ask what had come to me. I said that mine was a baritone voice, and I was to sing with the bass. But so utterly ignorant were even intelligent people then of the most familiar terms in music that there was not one of us who had ever heard the word "baritone" applied to any subject but the accentuation of a Greek word of three syllables. So we looked out "baritone" in Walker's Johnson's dictionary, and found the definition, "A voice ranging higher than the bass, and lower than the tenor." We all agreed that this was Webb's civil method of telling me that I could not sing bass, and that I could not sing tenor; and I never darkened his doors again. If I had only known what brilliant positions in the world the great baritone singers have gained, if I had even so much as heard the title which belongs to them, there is no saying but at this moment I might be in some dingy theatre rehearsing for my part in Meyerbeer's Prophet.

Something came to pass, however, from Mr. Webb's teaching, and the singing recovered itself after a fashion. The choir in the college chapel is now, in my judgment, the best choir for a religious service with which I have ever had the satisfaction of joining. For the men's parts, you have the pick of a couple of thousand students; and for the boys', the pick of the Cambridge public schools, who send sixteen nice little fellows to sing the soprano and alto parts of the music. For many years of my later life I was in very pleasant relations with these boys, some of whom were as old as I was when I was a freshman.

The general atmosphere of undergraduate life was literary, — very much

more so than it is now. It is rather difficult to say what is now the drift or fashion at Cambridge, but of this I am sure, that athletics is more talked of among the young fellows than any other one subject which occupies their lives. Social science is quite a fashion at Cambridge, and all lectures bearing upon that are well attended. Of course, with this belongs politics, and to a certain extent history. These occupied us very little as students, though we read Jean Baptiste Say's Political Economy with Mr. Bowen; and Paley's Moral Philosophy dabbles a little in the science of government. After these, I think I should say now that physical science, including chemistry, botany, many other studies of natural history, makes perhaps a good third, in comparison with the first and second subjects which I have noted.

But in my day literature and matters connected with belles-lettres were decidedly ahead of all other things that engaged us. In lectures, in societies, or in discussions, literary subjects took a very large place. We were, as perhaps I have said, enthusiasts about Byron; Moore's Life of Byron was a familiar book to everybody. The poems of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats had just been republished here in one great volume, and we were quite familiar with them. While we were in college, Mr. Emerson returned from Europe with the first volume of Tennyson. We recognized the king at once. We passed that volume, which Lowell had borrowed from him, from hand to hand; and, because we could not have the book, we copied it, and had the verses in manuscript. It was a very fine instance, it seems to me, of the prompt prescience of young people in knowing where the light was to break forth. By the same token, I always like to say that we knew just as well that James Lowell was to be one of the living poets of his time as we know now that he has been one.

Out of such an enthusiasm for literature *Harvardiana* grew, and the last three years of *Harvardiana* cover exactly the first three years of my college life. With the second volume men were at work on the editorial staff whom we knew; and when we were sophomores we knew a good many of the seniors. Charles Hayward was the brother of our George Hayward. Hildreth, the poet, who died too young for the rest of us, — younger brother of the historian Hildreth, and uncle of the distinguished teacher of to-day, — Hildreth was always kind to us younger fellows. So we began then to watch *Harvardiana* with especial interest.

It is a good enough illustration of the life of the time that, when we were freshmen, Baker, who was afterwards governor of New Hampshire, had the courage to write to John Quincy Adams to ask him for his autograph. I think it was the first letter I ever heard of in which one person asked another for his autograph. It was by no means so commonplace an affair as it is now. To the delight of the rest of us, but to the terror of Baker, Mr. Adams sent the autograph in the shape of a translation of the first half of the thirteenth ode of the first book of Horace, and told Baker he should be glad to have him send back to him the translation of the other half. Granted that Baker could translate the ode decently, this was certain, that he had never, to anybody's knowledge, attempted poetry; and horror ran along the lines to think of the disgrace which the class would sustain if Mr. Adams should learn that we could not comply with his request. But Baker was quite equal to the emergency: he went round to Hildreth's room, showed him the letter, and Hildreth kindly translated the verses. I thought then, and I think I thought rightly, that his verses were much better than Mr. Adams's were. Well, Hildreth was one of the editors of the second year of *Harvardiana*.

In the fourth year, *Harvardiana* fell into the hands of five men with whom I happened to be entirely familiar, because my brother was one of them. Lowell was another, and some of his verses in *Harvardiana* have recently been reprinted, as all of us were going back to the earlier omens of his fame. The other three editors were Rufus King, afterwards distinguished as a judge in Ohio, Charles Scates, and Francis Lippitt, who was so long in the diplomatic service of the United States in Vienna. Of all this I speak more at length, because it was really in the council chambers of *Harvardiana* that the Cambridge branch of Alpha Delta Phi was formed.

Alpha Delta Phi is one of the best known of the college affiliated literary societies. There are one or two rather queer things about its history which I have speculated a good deal about, and some questions which I have asked which nobody has ever answered. The first of such societies, made up of "scions" affiliated with each other, and in theory springing from a common stock, is that of Phi Beta Kappa. It was founded in William and Mary College in 1776, before the formation of any union among the colonies. So soon as Elisha Parmelee, a young man who had studied both at Harvard and Yale, appeared at William and Mary, the Virginia Phi Beta made him its representative, probably at his own request, to introduce Phi Beta Kappa in both of those colleges. Parmelee was a young fellow with weak lungs, who had gone South for a winter. Phi Beta Kappa, as it happened, was in the habit of giving charters to branches outside itself in the State of Virginia; apparently, when its members graduated, giving them the authority to make branches on their own responsibility. The union of William and Mary, Harvard, and Yale in these three chapters precedes the actual "confederacy" of the United States. As it happened, however, the Virginia society died in 1781.

William and Mary College was then broken up by the advance of Cornwallis upon Virginia; and it is traditional that when the secretary of the society charged with his troop of cavalry, at Guilford, against Tarleton's men, the seal of Phi Beta Kappa was in his pocket. The branches of Harvard and Yale, however, still lived; they established a branch at Dartmouth, and from this beginning several branches were chartered in different parts of the country. These subsisted as the representation of the best scholarship in each college, and they exist to this time.

But in the year 1831, when the excitement with regard to Masonry broke out, it swept so far as into these literary circles. John Quincy Adams was a great anti-Mason, and he was at the same time very closely connected with the administration of Phi Beta Kappa. The Cambridge chapter was, by this time, the oldest chapter, and under his lead many meetings were called, to determine whether the secrets of Phi Beta Kappa should or should not be revealed. I have somewhere a long account of these discussions, which were just before my day. They ended in a vote, very closely contested, which threw open the secrets of the society to the world; and the world has them now, if it wants them.

Now, the queer thing is that, at the very time when Phi Beta Kappa thus abandoned its affectation of secrecy, there were founded, both in the State of New York, I think, the society of Alpha Delta Phi and the society of Psi Upsilon, proposing to affiliate the different colleges in precisely the same way, for purpose of literature and good-fellowship; and these two establishments have had great success, and have suggested the foundation of countless other Greek-letter societies, in the same spirit and for the same purpose.

What I do not know, and what nobody has ever been able to tell me, is, whether the abandonment of the secrecy

of Phi Beta Kappa gave the signal for the establishment of two other secret societies; or whether those societies were established by undergraduate enthusiasm, without any reference to the fact that Phi Beta Kappa existed or did not exist in the world.

Another curious thing is this: that at the moment when Alpha Delta Phi was established, by a young man named Eells, in Hamilton College, the plan which it proposed for coöperative life and work among sister societies was as absolutely impossible as a similar society would be now to unite us to the moon and the planet Venus. But Eells laid his foundations in faith, and within ten years the different parts of the country were so linked together by railways that his plan could be carried out. With every year since this union has grown more and more perfect, and at this moment I could travel from Boston to the Mississippi, and back by another route, and, if I chose, I could sleep every night in some chapter-house of Alpha Delta Phi, welcomed with really brotherly hospitality. When the annual convention of Alpha Delta Phi takes place, you may always meet at it men who have traveled several hundred miles, perhaps more than a thousand miles, to be present as delegates, without any material interruption of their work in their respective colleges. What Mr. Quincy or Dr. Kirkland would have said if they had been told that four or five of their best scholars expected to leave Cambridge and attend a convention of a college society in the heart of Michigan, to be absent there for three days, and to return to Cambridge without having been missed by any of their professors, I am sure I do not know. Mr. Eells is thus one of the extraordinary instances of a man who built a great deal better than he knew.

The editors of *Harvardiana*, by a little enlargement of their number, created the Cambridge branch of Alpha Delta Phi. They did not ask for any per-

mission from the college government, for they knew perfectly well that it would not be granted. It was absolutely in the face of all college authority that they formed the society. This required a pretty severe assessment, because it was necessary that they should hire rooms outside the college. They did hire such rooms, and they were very near, if not on the spot, where the pretty Alpha Delta Phi club-house now stands. It was an honor of the first grade to be chosen to join these men, and the work which was done in those early days in Alpha Delta Phi was work of the first value to all of us. We were expected to read carefully in the classics or in modern writers, and to give the best results of our reading in what we wrote for the society. Lowell's first work on the old English dramatists was done in Alpha Delta Phi. I rather think most of the members of our time would be able to tell some similar stories about their own literary experience. In all this, we were unconsciously led by the subjects which had been given to us in our themes, and occasionally, indeed, in the discussions which were called "forensics."

As to the general drift of all this literary enthusiasm, it was in one direction. Dr. Bellows, who graduated three years before I entered college, used to say that Wordsworth made all the better men of his time. Wordsworth was a revelation to them, when they were in college. In our time Carlyle wrought similar work, and it goes without saying that all the men of the last generation who have used the English language, who have been good for much, have been very largely under the influence of Carlyle. Mr. Emerson was just coming forward as a rising star. It seems absurd now to say that the old-fashioned people always said he was crazy. The year I was admitted into Phi Beta Kappa, — that is, in 1837, — he delivered his first Phi Beta Kappa oration. A few

years ago, I was three quarters of the way up the Rocky Mountains, and in one of the most elegant houses in the world I fell in with a new edition of this address, celebrated even when it was delivered. I had not read it since the year it was written, and I read it again with great curiosity. It seems impossible now that statements as simple, even as commonplace, one might say, as are the statements of this address should have seemed to anybody then to be in the least out of the common. But while everybody listened with curiosity, many listened with scorn. At the dinner party of Phi Beta, afterwards, Mr. Everett, who was then the governor, and was one of the guests, alluded to the "new philosophy," as he called it, in Emerson's presence, by comparing it with the thunderbolts which Vulcan forged for Jupiter: —

"Three parts were whelming fire, and three
were wasting wave,
But three were thirsty cloud, and three were
empty wind."

The sublime scorn with which he said "three were empty wind" seemed to us sophomores perfectly magnificent. The toast was itself very happy, and I have had the pleasure of using it myself on full twenty occasions since. It adapts itself very easily to any subject of immediate discussion. The same address of Mr. Everett contained a most charming reference to Charles Emerson, the brother of Waldo Emerson, who died so young. And I may say, in passing, that Waldo Emerson never lost the regard, I might say the enthusiasm, with which he spoke of Edward Everett, whom he had known as professor of Greek literature at Cambridge, when really he revived the enthusiasm of the college for classical literature. To the good-natured criticism in the quotation from Virgil, Emerson made no reply. It is clear enough that if he had needed a reply he could have said that, whatever the bolts were made of, the result was lightning.

One of the breaks in college life, in those days, came with the exhibitions. In later days they have been abandoned, dying out in the face of the pressure of modern life, I think from the difficulty that it proved impossible to secure an audience. Probably the great festivity of Class Day takes the place of all such minor entertainments. But in these prehistoric times of which I write the minor festivities held their own, and at the three exhibitions and at Commencement there were large parties of ladies and gentlemen who visited the college, and who were entertained with more or less success.

Exhibitions were known as "junior exhibitions" or "senior exhibitions." This meant that the highest part in the junior exhibition was taken by the highest junior; while in the senior exhibition the highest parts were taken by the second and third seniors. You knew who was the first scholar in the junior class when the junior exhibition parts were given out; at the same time, you knew who were the first eight sophomores, for they had minor parts in the same exhibition. The October exhibition gave the second senior his part, the first having had his as a junior; and the April exhibition gave the third senior his part. At the October exhibition you knew who were the second eight in the junior class, and at the April exhibition who were the third eight. The theory was that twenty-four pupils had such honors before Commencement; at Commencement one or two more were added to the list.

If you had had one of these subordinate parts, as belonging to the first twenty-four, and did not lose ground, you had, at your second exhibition, an original part, a disquisition or dissertation or an oration. What I have called the subordinate parts were translations. So, if you were in the upper twenty-four of your class, you spoke at two exhibitions before Commencement. At Commencement you had another part,

an oration, a dissertation, a disquisition, or a Latin or Greek part, according to your rank. So much was matter of college regulations, but the custom was that men who spoke invited their friends out to hear them; and as there were sixteen speakers at each exhibition, this generally made a company of two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen, who came out to "see the colleges" on those particular days.

On those days there were no other college exercises; generally the Pierians were in attendance, and thus they made pretty fêtes for us on a small scale, as Class Day makes one of the most charming fêtes of the year now. If you had a part, you of course rehearsed for it with the teacher of elocution. What was quite as important, you went down to see Ma'am Hyde, who had a little shop on Dunster Street, and you hired your silk gown. You paid her fifty cents for a day's use of it. She had enough of these gowns to answer for the whole class; and unless a boy was the son of a clergyman, or otherwise connected with a good silk gown, he hired one for use. They were very sleazy silk, and certainly would not stand alone, but they answered their purpose.

The exhibition itself began with a Latin salutatory, in which you said civil things about the pretty girls, and thanked the professors and president for their kindness to you. Then went on discussions of the character of Napoleon or Alexander the Great, or speculations why there were or were not literary men in America, with a Latin or Greek dialogue, translated backward from some modern poet; and after every four or five numbers "music by the Pierian Sodality." While the music went on, you walked round and talked with your pretty friends, or your uncles or your aunts, and invited them to the spread at your own room, — but the word "spread" was not then invented. So the sixteen numbers pulled through, every speaker

bowing to the president and then to the audience, making his speech, bowing again, and retiring.

There were certain "silent parts," as they were called, because the mathematical and chemical departments wanted to show who were their best men, irrespective of general college rank. These were assigned to three or four men, who wrote them out, and tied them up in rolls with highly colored ribbon. When their time came, they marched across the stage, made their bows to the presiding officer of the overseers, gave the roll to him, made another bow to the president, and retired.

This will be as good a place as any to tell the varying fortunes of Class Day itself, of which I happen to remember one of the most important crises. Class Day seems to have originated as early as the beginning of the century. The class itself chose a favorite speaker as orator, and some one who could write a poem, and thus had its own exercises of farewell. There grew up, side by side with these farewell exercises, a custom by which the class "treated" all the rest of the college, and eventually "treated" every loafer in Cambridge. As I remember the first Class Days which I ever saw, they were the occasions of the worst drunkenness which I ever saw. On the night before Class Day, some of the seniors, I do not know but what all, went out to the lower part of the college grounds, where there was still a grove of trees, and "consecrated the grove," as the phrase was, — which meant, drank all the brandy, whiskey, rum, and other spirits that they liked. Then, on the afternoon of Class Day, the class met at the same tree which is now the centre of dancing. There were pails of punch there, and every loafer in Cambridge and the neighborhood drank what he pleased. It really was a very bad debauch, not so much for the students as for the hangers-on.

With such memories of Class Day,

President Quincy, in 1838, sent for my brother and one or two others of the class of that year, in whom he had confidence, to ask what could be done to break up such orgies. He knew he could rely on the class for an improvement in the customs. They told him that if he would give them for the day the use of the Brigade Band, which was then the best band we had in Boston, and which they had engaged for the morning, they felt sure that they could improve the fête. The conditions, observe, were a lovely June day, the presence in the morning at the chapel, to hear the addresses, of the nicest and prettiest girls of Boston and neighborhood, with their mammas, and the chances of keeping them there through the afternoon. Mr. Quincy gladly promised the band. And when the day came, it became the birthday of our Class Day. Word was given to the girls that they must come to spend the day. In the chapel, Coolidge delivered a farewell oration. Lowell, alas, was at Concord, not permitted to come to Cambridge to recite his poem; it had to be printed instead. When the ode had been sung, the assembly moved up to that shaded corner between Stoughton and Holworthy, the band people stationed themselves in the entry of Stoughton between 21 and 24, with the windows open, and the "dancing on the green," of which there still linger traditions, began. The wind-instrument men said afterwards that they had never played for dancing before, and that their throats were worn dry; and I suppose there was no girl there who had ever before danced to the music of a trombone. When our class came along, in 1839, we had the honor of introducing fiddles. I shall send this paper to the charming lady, the belle of her time, with whom I danced in the silk gown in which I had been clad in delivering the Class Poem of my year. For we marched from the chapel to the dance. Does she remember it as well as I do?

Commencement was a function far more important than the exhibitions or than Class Day, which, to speak profanely, were side shows. No audience can now be persuaded to sit six hours, or more, to hear perhaps thirty addresses. So now, while a certain theory is maintained that certain of the best scholars in the large graduating classes prepare addresses, by far the larger number of them are excused, and only four or five speakers, representing four or five branches of the university, actually address the audience. No one has to be in the Theatre more than two hours.

But in the first half of the century the function consumed the day. People had more time, and, with a certain ebb and flow of the assembly of auditors, the First Church was kept full. Originally there was a recess in the middle of the day, for dinner, I think; but of this I am not sure. In our day, about twenty-five of the graduating class spoke, and there were one or two addresses by speakers who represented the "masters;" that is, those who took their second degree three years after they graduated. A "master" might have fifteen minutes for his address, I believe. The three seniors who had "orations"—that is, the highest scholars in the graduating class—had ten minutes. In order of rank, there followed dissertations, disquisitions, and, if anybody could write verse, a poem. A dissertation was eight minutes long, and a disquisition four. Of all this you were notified when you were appointed. Now, if the reader will imagine that, after every group of five parts, there was an interlude of music, and people got up and walked about, and those of us who could not stand it any longer went off, so that seats were changed, he will see that a good deal of time ebbed away before the different addresses and all the music were finished.

Then came the distribution of degrees, very much according to the forms which are still in use. The whole function lasted six or seven hours even then.

All this was hard enough on the audience; but if a person spoke at Commencement, he was pretty sure to have some members of his family, and perhaps a large group of friends, to hear him; so that you were more sure of the numbers of your audience than you are now. The galleries, in particular, were always crowded with ladies,—mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the combatants. There was a Latin salutatory; but very little Latin or Greek was left in the performances in my time. There were traditions of Hebrew addresses, but I never heard Hebrew spoken from the college stage.

The president and his guests went to dine at Harvard Hall after the Commencement; but it was not until later years, under the auspices of the Alumni Association, that the Commencement dinner was made an occasion for good speaking, and became a festivity which any one cared to attend. All the same, a regular charge was made in the last term bill for "the expenses of the Commencement dinner," up to the year 1833. This involved a contract that the graduate should receive his Commencement dinner free as long as he lived. That contract is still faithfully kept up, and at every Commencement dinner at Harvard you see a body of gentlemen, now becoming smaller and smaller, appear, who paid for their tickets sixty or more years ago.

And thus we launch the schoolboy upon life. Commencement meant commencement; it was the beginning of responsibility. He had to make his own chance now. If the bell rang, he obeyed or not, as he pleased. All this means that his boyhood was over.

Edward E. Hale.

A THOUGHT

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF FANNY KEMBLE.

THE soul of Man, evolving more and more
 Life's deeper meaning, slights the outer round
 Of mere display. The thrill that tells the ground
 Spring is above and Winter's bondage o'er,
 The melodies that ripple on the shore,
 Awake emotions stormy and profound
 As in the savage breast the thunderous sound
 Of avalanches, or the earthquake's roar.
 Thus she in whom men's memories rejoice
 Forsook the mimic stage, nor could endure
 The noisy mockeries that so arouse
 The raptures of the mob. — In that one voice
 More sweetly sang the birds on Arden's boughs,
 More fiercely raged the madness of the Moor.

John Hall Ingham.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

THE history of the great family of Colonna for the century which followed the death of Petrarch, in 1374, has little of striking interest. It may be summed up in a succession of petty wars with the rival Roman houses of the Orsini and Savelli, and a catalogue of fiefs bestowed by one pontiff and withdrawn by his successor, only to be restored by the next Pope.

Martin V., who occupied the chair of Peter from 1417 to 1431, was born Oddo Colonna, and the pressure of his pontifical duties, though great, did not make him forget the claims of his own kindred: neither those of the Colonna di Palestrina nor those of Paliano, the branch to which the Pope himself belonged, and on whose members he bestowed titles and estates with a lavish hand. When, in 1427, he arranged for the distribution of the vast Colonna lands among his nephews, we note, in

the imposing list of fiefs assigned them, Genazzano, Olevano, Paliano, Carpine-to, Castro, Nettuno, Vico, Ardea, Frascati, Albano Marino, Rocca di Papa, and Celano. At this time, then, a single family possessed the whole of that range of enchanted country, which even now, in its semi-desolation, comprises more of natural beauty and of thrilling association than any other tract of similar dimensions upon the surface of the earth; and a glance at a map of the environs of Rome will suffice to show that the possession of this series of strongholds gave to the Colonnaesi an easy preponderance of power in the Roman territory.

But what Martin V. had done, his successor, Eugenius IV., a declared partisan of the Orsini, began at once to undo; and although, in the war which ensued between the Colonnaesi and the Pope, the former had the advantage,

upon the whole, still the contest was terribly costly, and, after many fluctuations of fortune during the fifty years which followed the death of Martin V., the Colonna family, at the close of this period, found itself decidedly reduced both in possessions and in prestige.

Prospero Colonna, created cardinal by his uncle, Martin V., had himself come near being made Pope on the death of Eugenius IV., in 1447; having in fact received, on several ballots of the Conclave, ten votes out of a possible eighteen. A rumor spread through Rome that he was actually elected, and, "agreeably to the custom of the time," says the ingenuous Coppi, "a crowd rushed to the palace of Cardinal Colonna and sacked it." Prospero died in 1463, and Pius II., who was then pontiff, notes in his memoirs that he was universally lamented. "Pius," he says (that is, himself), "always loved the man, and for his sake treated his brothers, nephews, and the whole Colonna tribe with especial favor."

Of the brothers in question, the elder, Antonio, espoused one of his cousins of Palestrina, and was great-grandfather to that Isabella, Princess of Sulmona, who figures, rather disagreeably, in the correspondence of Vittoria Colonna; the other, Odoardo, died in 1485, leaving one son, Fabrizio, who married Agnese, second daughter of the renowned Federico di Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, and sister to Guidobaldo, the last Montefeltro duke of that territory. Of this union were born three children: Federico, who died unmarried; another son, Ascanio; and a daughter, who received the family name of Vittoria. The year of Vittoria's birth is usually given as 1490; the place was Marino, in the Alban hills, still one of the principal possessions of the Colonna family, to whom it passed early in the fifteenth century. Marino had been the scene of Giordano Orsini's gallant defense against Cola di Rienzo in 1347. During the struggle between the Colonnese and Eugenius IV.

the property changed hands repeatedly; but it finally remained with Vittoria's grandfather, who surrounded the town by the picturesque towered wall still in existence. The huge pile of the castle itself has little of architectural beauty, but it is eminently *signorile*, and without doubt it reckoned, five centuries ago, as a stately residence; while the matchless view which its windows command would console almost any one with the modern feeling about landscape for a good many petty discomforts.

Of the early years of Vittoria Colonna we know little. In the almost incessant wars between the papal see and the kingdom of Naples, her branch of the family habitually took the part of the latter; and they also upheld the claims of the house of Aragon against those of France to the Neapolitan throne. Alexander VI., on the other hand, warmly espoused the pretensions of Louis XII., and many of his official acts were further embittered by an intense family jealousy of the Colonnese. In 1501, the latter found themselves obliged to abandon all their strongholds except Rocca di Papa and Amelia, and only Alexander's death saved them from complete ruin. As it was, there ensued for them an interval of prosperity. For the time being, Colonnese and Orsini even composed their family feud, and the warlike sons of either house found ample field for their military prowess in the service of France or of Spain.

Already in 1495 Vittoria had been betrothed. The bridegroom, who, as Giovio says, "became Marquis of Pescara while still wailing in his cradle," was very near her own age, probably a little younger. Ferrante Francesco d'Avalos was grandson and heir of Inigo d'Avalos, whose father, a Grand Constable of Castile, had followed King Alfonso from Aragon to Naples, where his descendants remained in high favor at the Neapolitan court. The father of this illustrious infant died in 1495, and his aunt, Costanza d'Avalos, the child-

less Duchess of Francavilla, had the charge of bringing him up, a duty which she is understood to have performed in the most admirable manner. Vittoria's education, also, had certainly made good progress when, about a dozen years later, in 1507, the betrothal of the two young people was formally ratified at Marino. The contract drawn up on this occasion still exists, — a long and very minute document, composed in a barbarous polyglot, of which a little specimen may be found amusing. First, Fabrizio Colonna "promette proprio nomine assignare in Marino ad casa sua la dieta ill. domicella Victoria al dicto Ill. sig. Marchese, o ad suo legitimo mandato pro ipso traducendo matrimonialiter et honorifice ut decet ad sua casa infra uno anno incomenzando dal primo di del mes. di Jennaro proximo futuro anni 1508." ¹

It was provided that the dowry bestowed by Vittoria's father should be returned by the Marchese di Pescara if the marriage were broken off, and that in any case there should be secured to the bride her "thirds" (*terciaria*), "according to the fashion of noble barons and magnates in this kingdom of Sicily." The union was, however, not ratified within the time prescribed; for the marriage contract itself, another elaborate document, is dated at Ischia, December 27, 1510. An earnest effort appears to have been made to draw up this instrument in proper Latin, but the vocabulary of the notaries evidently failed when it became necessary to make out the inventory of Vittoria's possessions, and they are forced to chronicle in the vernacular that she brought with her to her husband's house "a bed *à la Française*, with curtains and hangings all of crimson satin lined with blue taffeta, with a broad border wrought in

gold thread, and gold fringe; also three mattresses, and a coverlid likewise of crimson satin with the same embroidery, and four crimson satin pillows with border and tufts of gold thread." ² Vittoria also received from her father three state costumes, a diamond cross, and a set of elegant trappings for the "white mule she rode with round the terrace." Meanwhile, the bridegroom bestowed on her a great many fine gowns, petticoats, and pelisses, which probably had belonged to his mother, and three articles of jewelry, thus described: "A small diamond cross with a gold chain, worth 1000 ducats; a ruby, a diamond, and an emerald set in gold, worth 400 ducats;" and a mysterious something called a gold "*desciorgh*," and appraised at 100 ducats.

The D'Avalos possessed a villa at Naples, on the heights above the town, near the Certosa; and the first months of Vittoria's married life were passed there and at Ischia, where the Duchess of Francavilla held a sort of little court, much frequented by the clever men of the day. But the honeymoon was brief, for in the summer of 1511 the Marchese di Pescara left his wife under his aunt's care, and, joining his father-in-law in the field, made under him the campaigns of this and the following years. Fabrizio Colonna was now second in command over the allied papal and Spanish forces, sent to meet the French army under Gaston de Foix; and he and Pescara were both made prisoners in that memorable battle near Ravenna, in which Gaston was killed. Their captivity was neither severe nor of long duration. Both were taken at first to Ferrara, and here Fabrizio remained in official confinement, which, however, was made as agreeable

¹ That is, he promises in his own name to assign at his own residence in Marino the aforesaid noble damsel Vittoria to the aforesaid noble marquis, or to his authorized representative, to be taken matrimonially and honorably, as behooves, to his residence, within one year of the January next to come of the year 1508.

² The importance assigned to the bedstead and its fittings is in perfect accordance with the present Neapolitan fashion, where these are still the essential part of a girl's dowry, even in the lowest class.

as possible by the friendly attentions of the Duke of Ferrara and his brother, Ippolito, Cardinal d'Este, as well as by the charms of a certain damsel of the court, Nicolina Trotti, in whose honor he composed a great many poems. Before the close of the year he was set free without ransom, a compliment which he was speedily able to return by contriving the Duke of Ferrara's escape from Rome and the power of the infuriated Pope.

Ferrante d'Avalos, who had received two wounds in the battle of Ravenna, one in the face, but neither of a serious nature, was transferred from Ferrara to Milan in time to attend the magnificent funeral of Gaston de Foix, and in a few months received his liberty at a cost of 6000 ducats.

The news of the battle of Ravenna, and of the fate of her father and husband, reached Vittoria at Ischia, and gave occasion for what is probably the earliest bit of her composition which has been preserved. It is a poetical epistle in *terza rima*, addressed to her husband:

"Mine own most noble lord, these lines are sent
To tell thee in what shifts of fond desire,
In how sharp martyrdom, my life is spent.
I did not look to suffer torment dire
From one who might attain the richest prize,
If Heaven would with his own deserts conspire;
Nor that my husband and my father wise,
Fabrizio's self and my marchese dear,
Would cause such bitter tears to fill my eyes."

And so she goes on, descanting at length upon the varying phases of her own distress, as people who are new to suffering often love to do. External nature sympathized with her, of course, reflecting in its universal aspects the fluctuations and apprehensions of one quaking feminine heart.

"There came an hour when on the island shore
That holds my frame (my soul is aye with thee!)

¹ The legend of Enceladus under Etna was repeated in the tradition that Typhæus was

A shadow fell, and deepened more and more,
Till the whole air about me seemed to be
One mirror of blackness. The sad bird of night

That murky day did wail importunately,
While from the tossing lake — oh, fearsome sight! —

Methought the chained Typhæus¹ strove to rise.

'T was Easter, too, when spring should aye be bright."

Overcome by all these gloomy portents, Vittoria fled, weeping, to the "magnanima Costanza," who soothed the agitated girl by the old grave argument that her case was neither new nor strange. There is a certain tone of impatience with her sorrow, almost of reproach to the innocent authors of it, about this early effusion, which contrasts curiously with the lofty resignation and serene *contegno* of Vittoria's later poems; and the piece is worth noting, if only as affording a point from which to measure the moral progress achieved, under earthly conditions, by this naturally intolerant and high-strung spirit.

There seems to be some doubt whether Ferrante d'Avalos joined his young wife, upon his release from captivity. In 1513, at all events, we find him again in the field, helping his father-in-law to conduct a much more prosperous campaign than the last; while this and the immediately succeeding years witnessed such changes in the occupancy of the chief European thrones as sufficed to alter the aspect of the whole political situation. Leo X., the first of the Medici Popes, was elected in 1513; in 1515 Francis I. succeeded Louis XII.; and early in the following year the future Emperor Charles V. ascended the throne of Spain, and received the kingdom of the Sicilies in his mother's right. During this time we find frequent mention of the Marchese di Pescara: now as commanding a Spanish army sent to conquer the duchy of Sora, a possession confined under Mount Epomeo, the fatal volcanic mountain of Ischia.

of his wife's own cousin, Francesco Maria della Rovere, first Duke, in this line, of Urbino; now as ambassador to Charles at Brussels. Vittoria, meanwhile, lived at Naples and Ischia, superintending the education of two orphan cousins of her husband, Alfonso, Marchese del Vasto, and his sister, Costanza, married in 1517 to the Duke of Amalfi. In this year, also, we get a glimpse of her as one of the escort of noble dames who attended Bona Sforza, on the occasion of her marriage in Naples to Sigismund, king of Poland. Vittoria is described by a contemporary as sitting upon a horse "whose trappings were of crimson velvet bordered with gold and silver. At her side went six *palefreniers* dressed in yellow and blue silk. Her own costume was of brocade and velvet, crimson in color, with applied branches of gold; and she wore a coif of cloth of gold, upon which was poised a cap with massive gold ornaments, to match her belt. She was also attended by six damsels of noble birth, clad in pale blue damask."

On the eve of this grand wedding Ferrante arrived, but only to depart again immediately, having been appointed to escort the bride upon her northern journey. Some time, however, in the course of these three years, the Marchese and Marchesa di Pescara made a long stay at Rome, and it was at the brilliant court of Leo X. that Vittoria first became acquainted with those warm friends of her future days, Bembo, Castiglione, and Sadoletto. Her immediate family circle was, however, narrowing sadly. Her elder brother, Federigo, a youth of much promise, lamented in one of her most tender sonnets, died in 1516, her father in 1520, and her mother two years later.

War having been declared in 1521 between Francis I. and Charles V., Ferrante d'Avalos received the command of the Spanish infantry, and his young cousin, Alfonso, accompanied him to the field. The story runs that

Pescara, finding himself childless, and seeing in Alfonso the only hope of his family, would fain have left him at home, but that his aunt, Costanza, and his wife, Vittoria, alike repudiated the idea. "Take the boy with you," was their Spartan counsel; and Vittoria is reported to have added these bracing if slightly ruthless words: "Should there be a man the less in the world through any mischance, or even a family the less by the extinction of your own, 'twere better than that the glory of your ancestors should be obscured by the sloth of their descendants." Having carried her heroic point, she indulged her love of splendor by presenting young Alfonso with a magnificent tent, whose purple silk curtains, embroidered by her own hands with "golden dates," bore the legend, borrowed from Scipio Africanus, "Never less idle than when in repose." The youth himself seems to have shared to the full Vittoria's sumptuous tastes. He proved a gallant fellow enough, but Brantôme says of him that, "alike in war and in peace, he gave the utmost attention to his toilet, and used so much perfumery that his very saddle reeked of it."

At the end of two years the French were temporarily driven out of Italy, thanks chiefly to the able generalship of Pescara. The husband and wife had met but once during this long campaign, and then only for three days in the autumn of 1522. Vittoria seems to have spent most of the time at Naples and Ischia, but it is from Arpinum on the Liris, the birthplace of Marius and of Cicero, on the 8th of May, 1523, that she dates the first letter which we possess in her hand.

At her husband's request, as it would seem, she had undertaken, to put it plainly, to *dun* the Duke of Mantua, Federigo Gonzaga, for 4000 ducats which he owed Pescara; and she does it with as much dignity as the case admits. "I dislike exceedingly to trouble

your Grace, but, knowing your sentiments toward my marchese, I trust you will not be annoyed either by my letter or my request. I write to beseech you to order the payment of the sum owed him, having with great difficulty obtained a delay of twenty days in the sale of a certain castle" (probably at Arpinum). "The condition and means of your most illustrious Grace are such that it would be an insult for me to hesitate about making this request; and still, were my necessity less, I should not have written, for it is certainly much harder for me to ask than it can be for your Grace to pay."

The duke must, one would think, have inclosed a check, or rather dispatched a courier with a bag of gold, at the earliest possible moment. Eight years later, at all events, we find these two on very much pleasanter terms with each other. On the 11th of March, 1531, Duke Federigo writes to Vittoria in a strain of the frankest compliment; first thanking her for having sent him a most exquisite rose sachet, and begging her, "for the fraternal love he bears her," to ask anything which it may be in his power to bestow. "And not being able at this moment," he says, "to think of anything better than the suggestion of Fabrizio Maramaldo, who told me that you would very much like a fine picture of the Magdalen from the hand of some excellent painter, I have sent to Titian, in Venice, — he being perhaps the best of our time in his own art, and also devoted to me, — and I have earnestly requested him to paint one who shall be as beautiful as possible, and still more tearful (*lagrimosa più che si può*), and to let me have it without delay. I have good hope, therefore, thanks to his ability and my importunity, that the work will prove a masterpiece, and that I shall get it between this and Easter, in which case I shall at once forward it to your Highness, to whom I ever recommend myself."

An order to Titian was certainly no bad inspiration for a magnate who was casting about him to devise a handsome present; and though we learn from another source that the painter at first objected to suspending the work he had in hand, he was induced to do so, and the Magdalen went to Vittoria some time in the spring. Her letter of thanks has not been preserved, but we can judge of its tenor by Federigo's reply, dated at Mantua, July 28, 1531, in which he expresses his pleasure that his "little gift" should have proved acceptable to her ladyship, and says that he has forwarded her note to Titian. The duke had himself written the painter concerning the picture, "I knew it would be very beautiful, but it proves the most exquisite thing I ever saw;" and he perhaps ordered a replica for his own gallery, since a Magdalen by Titian was one of the pictures bought from the Gonzaga gallery in 1627 by Charles I.

In 1533, we find that perfumed youth Alfonso del Vasto also bargaining for a Magdalen which he wished to present to Vittoria. But this special fondness of hers for pictures of the penitent saint seems to have developed only after she had sustained that great and unlooked-for bereavement which changed the whole tenor of her life. We return for the moment to her earlier correspondence.

On the 19th of November, 1523, Giulio de' Medici became Pope, under the title of Clement VII., and two days after his election a brisk correspondence began between Gian Matteo Giberti, his head secretary, and the Marchesa di Pescara, which continued throughout the year, and constitutes the most complete series of Vittoria's letters which we possess. They are less interesting than might have been expected from the position and character of the parties, — for Giberti was a man both of integrity and of marked ability, — and from the extreme im-

portance of the political moment. The epistolary style of Vittoria Colonna at thirty-three was invariably stilted, and sometimes very obscure. She was destined to exemplify, both in her life and writings, the pathetic yet consoling truth that sorrow, nobly accepted, can simplify as well as purify the character. She had hoped that Giulio de' Medici would be chosen Pope on the death of his cousin, Leo X.; and when, after the short and insignificant pontificate of Adrian VI., her wishes were fulfilled, she cherished for a time the most ardent faith that Clement would be able to carry out his ambitious programme of reconciling the two great rival sovereigns of France and Germany, and restoring peace to Europe. Had she known that the new Pope's vacillating and ambiguous policy, his alternate coquetries with Francis and with Charles, would result in bringing Italy to the lowest point of degradation which she has touched in modern times, the marchesa might have found fewer words than these in which to express her congratulations on his accession: —

NAPLES, *November 21, 1523.*

TO GIOVAN MATTEO GIBERTI:

MOST REVEREND AND MAGNIFICENT SIGNOR, — To-night I have received the longed-for news that his Eminence, your beloved cardinal, has been made Pope. Everlasting thanks to our Lord God, and I pray him so to continue and consummate the work thus begun that it may clearly appear to be the most perfect ever known, the most wisely conducted as well as intrinsically worthy of success. There is no need for me to attempt to describe my sentiments; you share them all, and you know how I felt on a former occasion. . . .

Vittoria passed the winter of 1523–24 in great retirement at Aquinum, the

town of the Angelic Doctor, where Pescara had a castle. The very vacancy and monotony of her days there seem to have impelled her to write frequently to Mattei, and she even apologizes for intruding so often upon his crowded hours. She went down to Marino for Holy Week, however, and there Mattei sent her a blessed palm and a madrigal in her praise; the latter he appears frankly to have ordered from that clever and versatile scoundrel, Pietro Aretino.

Meanwhile peace came not, nor Vittoria's long-absent lord; and the very energy of Vittoria's expressions of confidence in the following letter of June 15, 1524, may indicate that her belief in Clement as the arbiter of Christendom was beginning to wane: "To valor and merit like those of his Holiness all difficulties are easy, as recent events prove; for he who has forced his very enemies to exalt him, and his adversaries, willingly or unwillingly,¹ to kiss his feet, may well constrain princes, drained in purse, exhausted by war, and uneasy in their own consciences on account of the still greater injustice of their new enterprises, to a holy alliance and the tranquillity so needful to the Christian world." But at the close of the next letter the marchesa drops her grandiloquent tone, and avows the piteous personal motive which almost always underlies a woman's political convictions: "I beseech your Eminence to intercede earnestly on my behalf. Assure him" (that is, the Pope) "that I adore him with all my heart and mind and soul, that there is no other from whom I can hope for repose for the marchese and myself, and that I kiss his most holy feet."

All that summer and autumn, however, the war continued to rage, until on February 24, 1525, came the fatal battle of Pavia, where Francis I. was sey, who himself cherished pontifical aspirations.

¹ There had been great opposition to Clement's election, especially from Cardinal Wol-

made prisoner, his army totally routed, and a tremendous preponderance of power in Italy and in Europe thrown at once into the hands of the German Emperor. This great victory was due largely to the military genius of Pescara, and, in the first blush of his gratification, Charles V. wrote in his own royal person to congratulate the marchesa. "Ala Illustre y amada nra," he begins, and he alludes very handsomely to the services rendered in past times to the Ghibelline party by Vittoria's distinguished house, discovers a happy omen in her very name, and assures her that no reward can be too great for her husband to expect from his own imperial gratitude and liberality.

In the course of her necessarily formal answer, which is dated at Ischia on the 1st of May, 1525, Vittoria says, with real dignity, that she holds the truth, honor, and devotion to his interests of her husband and her house to have been not unworthy his Majesty's acceptance; and that she has tried to fulfill the augury of her name by conquering her own longing desire to have her marchese beside her, rather than exposed to the imminent perils of camp and field. This looks rather as though she had already begun to feel that the promised reward of her husband's eminent services was a little slow in arriving; and as a matter of fact, no such reward was ever bestowed. A certain jealousy of his too successful general seems early to have sprung up in the brooding mind of Charles, and we can fully understand that Pescara may have been moved by a feeling of natural resentment to listen for a moment to the overtures of that party at Milan which was already planning a league of the Italian states, with the Pope at their head, to resist the encroachments of the German Emperor. There is less excuse for his subsequent betrayal of the conspirators themselves, if conspirators they deserve to be called.

The prize they offered Pescara for his coöperation was the throne of Naples. He, on his part, invited the author of the plot, Girolamo Morone, grand chancellor of the duchy of Milan, to meet him at Novara and fully explain its details; giving him his word, so all the authorities say, that his person should be safe. Morone went, but an officer of Charles, who had been concealed behind the tapestry during the interview, arrested the chancellor as he was leaving the house, and conducted him to prison in Pavia, whence the result of his examination under torture was at once dispatched by Pescara to Charles. The marchese was a Spaniard, Charles V. was his sovereign, and intrigue was the order of the day. But it was also a day of high chivalrous ideals, and almost fantastically fine standards of honor in conduct. The Chevalier Bayard, the fearless and stainless, had fallen in the selfsame war, barely a year before. On the whole, therefore, and remembering that when Pescara took the town of Como, in 1521, he caused it to be sacked, in direct breach of his pledge to its inhabitants, we feel compelled to accept as none too severe the summing-up of his character by the historian Ripamonti: "No man of his day was more valiant in arms, or more infamous in his perfidy."

But the betrayal of Morone was the marchese's last public act. He had never been a vigorous man; he was enfeebled by the hardships of a long campaign, and in less than a month after the interview at Novara he sank so suddenly that his adoring wife, who was hastening to his bedside, was met at Viterbo by the tidings that all was over.

How is it that a woman of keen mental and moral perceptions, who has been fully alive to her husband's failings while he lived, is able to see in him an absolutely immaculate hero the moment he has passed away? The

fact is of every-day occurrence; the explanation is obscure. Vittoria Colonna certainly knew of the overtures made to Pescara by the Italian party in 1525, for Giovio, who wrote the biography of Pescara during her lifetime, who visited her at Ischia, and even submitted his manuscript to her inspection there, says that she dissuaded her husband earnestly, and even indignantly, from considering for a moment the offer of the crown of Naples. She possibly never knew the exact manner in which Morone was handed over to the tender mercies of the Emperor. At all events, there was to her no perceptible spot on the radiance of that "*bel sole*" of her life, to whom, after the fashion of the laureate in our own day, she slowly raised an imperishable memorial in a volume of grave, noble, and self-searching verse. It is Pescara's only visible monument. His mortal remains, inclosed in a metal-bound sarcophagus, with a sword laid crosswise upon it, and a piece of parchment, setting forth his name and titles, attached, are still, strange to say, awaiting interment, along with some scores of Aragonese royalties, arranged in three tiers above the *armadii* for the priests' vestments, in the sacristy of the highly interesting church of San Domenico at Naples.

Vittoria's impulse, under the first shock of her bereavement, had been to take the veil, but this the Pope himself interfered to prevent. She did, however, pass the early months of her widowhood at the convent of San Silvestro in Capite at Rome, which had long been under the special patronage of the Colonnese, and where certain of her own kin lay buried. The convent church, with its elegant seventeenth-century decorations, still remains in the centre of the very busiest portion of the modern capital, and an enthusiastic English convert was preaching there, in his native tongue, in the Lent of 1892; but the monastic buildings

have long since been secularized, and the pretty green court of the general post-office is all that remains to remind one of the extensive gardens which made a leafy solitude about the place in the spring of 1526.

Vittoria Colonna issued from that retreat the altered and chastened creature whom her own and all succeeding generations have united to revere, — a resigned, collected, clairvoyant woman, gentle and inexhaustibly charitable to those beneath her, lofty of bearing among her equals, and it may be over-austere; ready to play her part punctiliously in that high and exposed station to which she had been called, keenly alive always to large political and intellectual interests, but dwelling by preference in her own thoughts on the deeper mysteries of faith and morals, her capacity for passion spent, her conversation and her hopes on heaven.

Her country's unparalleled misfortunes may have been of service in rousing Vittoria from her first trance of selfish grief. The Italian league against Charles V., temporarily defeated by the finesse of Pescara, was revived in a more formidable shape in 1526; but Vittoria's brother, Ascanio, with the mass of the Colonnese, true to their family traditions, adhered to the imperial side. It was Ascanio who effected his sister's removal from San Silvestro to Marino before his shameful sack of the Vatican, in September of that year, when Clement and his secretary, Giberti, were forced to take refuge in the castle of Sant' Angelo, escaping thence to Orvieto. In 1527 followed that siege of the city by the imperial troops, whose incidents of almost incredible outrage live in the fantastically vivid pages of Benvenuto Cellini; but in 1528 the fortunes of war veered again. Ascanio Colonna and Alfonso del Vasto were taken prisoners in a naval fight in the Bay of Salerno, and Vittoria was fain to sue Clement for their release; nor can we find it other-

wise than most honorable to her that, though her position must have been one of extreme delicacy, her friendly relations with the pontiff and with Giberti were never interrupted throughout this angry and chaotic time. Her energies were devoted to relieving, so far as one wealthy and willing woman might, the widespread distress caused by protracted war, with its inevitable concomitants of pestilence and famine; and in the beautiful words of Visconti, "she proffered her own substance to the unfortunate, and gave pledges on her estate for the ransom of prisoners and the security of Clement's hostages to the Kaiser. In a word, she was, from first to last, like a star of peace in that stormy sky."

By and by, however, even that devastating tempest passed over. Peace having been made on such terms as we know, the Eternal City rose as ever from her trance of exhaustion, swept aside the ashes of her latest burning, and set her palaces in order once again. The Pope returned to the Vatican, and more or less of the artists and men of letters, whom Leo X. had attracted and the long war had dispersed, came back to make the pontifical court brilliant.

The winter of 1530 found Vittoria established in Rome with her brother Ascanio and his beautiful wife, Giovanna of Aragon, whom she tenderly loved, and to whom she has addressed a graceful sonnet. The younger sister of Giovanna was married to Del Vasto; their brother was to wed Vittoria's cousin, Ippolita della Rovere of Urbino. A daughter of Ascanio bore her aunt's name, and was a great favorite with her. The bereaved and solitary woman was thus once more, for a little while, set in the centre of a fond family circle; while at the same time she renewed her old friendly relations with Pietro Bembo, and admitted to a certain degree of intimacy Paolo Giovio, the historian who was to write her husband's life, Claudio Tolomei, the Sienese philologist and translator of Virgil,

the irrepressible Pietro Aretino, and other clever men. Her own writings were now first beginning to be talked about, and it is thus that Bembo, from Bologna, on the 20th of January, 1530, performs his initial act of literary homage:—

"M. Flaminio Tomarozzo . . . will tell you how I, in common with our age, have been delighted, during the last few days, by the perusal of your many sonnets, composed on the death of the noble marchese. As the age in question has given us in him a man equal in military genius and valor to the most illustrious and renowned of the ancients, so have you, among women, attained in the poetic art an excellence which seems incredible, beyond that which nature has conceded to your sex. Amazement mingles with my infinite pleasure in your performance, and, like the good and devoted servant I am, I kiss your ladyship's hand."

A few months after this, Giovio inclosed to Bembo a sonnet which Vittoria had addressed to the latter, on the appearance of one of his books. It is the sixty-first in the *Rime Varie*, beginning,

"Bembo gentil, del cui gran nome altero."

Bembo was of course highly flattered, and responded by another, addressed to the marchesa under cover to Giovio, concerning which Vittoria, now returned to Ischia for the summer, wrote on June 24 to the latter:—

"I must confess, reverend sir, that I am wholly at a loss for words in which fitly to praise the divine sonnet of my friend Pietro Bembo; and on second thoughts, even could I rise to the occasion, silence on my part would perhaps be the more just and appropriate eulogy. But indeed it seems to me that, in his endeavor to imitate the greatest writer in our language" (that is, Petrarch), "he has even surpassed him in style; and if I may be excused for presuming to judge, I will say that to me no writer of sonnets, whether in the pre-

sent or the past, can be compared with him."

Thus they played the game of triangular compliment by the rules which have prevailed in all ages. To the modern reader, Vittoria's later poems, the *Rime Sacre e Morali*, are of larger scope and far profounder interest than her long and melodious *In Memoriam*. The vertical rays of the "bel sole" come at last rather to fatigue the eye. But the early sonnets are no more monotonous in theme than Petrarch's own, on which they are confessedly modeled; they have much of his elegance and refinement of form, and abound in touches of keen and true feeling, as well as in the sweetest passing glimpses of that glorious Italian nature amid which they were composed.

There was, so far as we know, but one dissentient voice in the loud chorus of contemporary praise, and this belonged to a man with a very proper literary grievance against the peerless marchesa. The story of her relations with the author of the *Cortegiano* is a curious one.

Baldassare Castiglione had composed that flowery but ever fascinating picture of the castle and court of Urbino more than ten years before the time of which we now speak. He had then submitted the manuscript to the literary authorities of the time: to Bembo and his circle in Rome, where Vittoria had shone as a brilliant bride; and with special deference to Vittoria herself, both on account of her repute for literary acumen, and because of her own descent from the house of Montefeltro. Months passed away, and the author heard nothing more of his work. At last, in 1524, the year before Pescara's death, Castiglione was appointed papal nuncio to Spain; and before leaving for that country he wrote to the marchesa, and respectfully requested the return of his manuscript. Her reply, dated at Marino, September 20, is profuse both in apology and in praise.

"I have not forgotten my promise," she begins by saying. "Indeed, I

really wish that I could do so, for the thought that I must send back your book without having re-read it as many times as I desired has constantly interfered with my delight in its perusal." She then enters, minutely and with warm appreciation, into the merits of the book, and closes with the very handsome remark that it is no wonder Castiglione was able to describe a perfect courtier, since he had but to consult a mirror in order to behold a clear image of the same, both in outer aspect and inner qualities. She also begs to be allowed to keep the book just long enough to finish her second reading, after which she promises faithfully to send it back.

Another interval of six months went by, and then Castiglione wrote the marchesa from Madrid an exceedingly diplomatic and delicate note, congratulating her on the glory with which her lord had covered himself at the battle of Pavia, and adding, in the ingenious manner of the time, that he "knows she must be able to divine all which he leaves unsaid, because she knows that the moment the idea had occurred to her that somebody ought to write a *Cortegiano* his prophetic soul (*animo presago*) had perceived the unexpressed wish, and obeyed the tacit command."

More than two years elapse before Castiglione again recalls himself to the great lady's remembrance. Then, on the 25th of August, 1527, he writes her from Valladolid a ceremonious note, containing no reference to his own affairs, but saying simply that while he had not ventured to intrude upon her in the freshness of her great personal grief, now that the misfortunes which have fallen like a flood upon their common country have made, as it were, all human miseries equal, his tongue is loosed, and he craves pardon for having even seemed to forget her. Four weeks later, however, from Burgos comes a much longer and less mellifluous letter. He thanks her for having deigned at last to write to him. — this letter has not

been preserved, — and if, he says, she has heard of him as making certain strictures upon herself, she may regard the report as true, and Del Vasto as responsible. “For he showed me a letter from your ladyship, in which you confessed to having abducted the Cortegiano. I was disposed, in the first instance, to regard this as a signal favor, fancying that you were merely keeping him under close guard until you could hand over your prisoner to me.” (Here his growing anger compels Castiglione to drop the figure.) “Subsequently, however, I learned from a Neapolitan gentleman, who is now in Spain, that fragments of my poor Cortegiano were in Naples, and that he himself had seen them in the hands of divers persons; also, that the individual who had thus made them public said that he had them from your ladyship. I was somewhat disturbed, as a father may be who sees his boy ill treated; however, I reasoned with myself that the merits of my offspring probably deserved no greater consideration. . . . But in the end it appeared that others were more merciful to it than I, for I was fairly constrained to get it copied as well as I might in a hurry, and send it to Venice to be printed, which has been done. Should your ladyship fancy, however, that this act argues any diminution in my desire to serve you, you would commit an error of judgment, a thing which probably never happened to you in the course of your life. On the contrary, I am more than ever in your debt, for the necessity under which I labor of printing my book with all dispatch precludes my adding many other things which I had in mind; all, doubtless, quite as unimportant as what I have already written.”

This is rather cutting, but it did not satisfy Castiglione, in the way of vengeance, for the signal neglect of his “offspring.” The Cortegiano issued from the Aldine press at Venice in 1528, and in the course of its dedication to the Bishop of Viseu the whole

complaint against Vittoria stands restated in the most ruthless manner.

“During my stay in Spain, I received word from Italy that the Lady Vittoria della Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara, to whom I had sent a copy of my book, had, contrary to her express promise, caused a great part of it to be transcribed, . . . and that this part was in the hands of many people at Naples, where, since men are ever greedy of novelty, it seemed probable that an attempt might be made to print it.”

We may smile at the author’s natural touchiness; but Castiglione was undoubtedly in the right, and the marchesa culpably careless, to say the least.

The fate of the Cortegiano, that pretty little artificial flower of the Renaissance, may well have seemed a trivial matter to Vittoria, occupied as her eminently serious mind was apt to be with public affairs and subjects of profound and permanent interest. The time has now come in which to say something of her very important connection with that epoch-making movement, the beginnings of the Protestant Reformation.

We are too prone, perhaps, in thinking of the Reformation, to consider its results apart from its origin; to forget that, though the wave broke in Germany, it formed in Italy, and in the heart of the Roman Church. A reaction from the unbridled paganism of the early Renaissance was inevitable, and reform had been sanctioned and encouraged, and its lines to some extent determined, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by the Lateran Council. Had Clement VII. summoned another council immediately on his election, the schism in Germany and England might perhaps have been averted. An abler pontiff than Clement would have seen the necessity of such a council; a weaker one would simply have yielded to the importunities which assailed him on all sides. But Clement and his pontificate were exactly what Berni so caustically described them: —

"A papacy made up of deference,
 Of stately speeches, and of etiquette;
 Of *ay, perchance, but, then and yet,*
Surely and still, — words without consequence;
 Of secret thoughts, conceits, and conference;
 Of vain conjectures, offered with intent
 Baffled petitioners to circumvent,
 With audiences, rejoinders, verbal fence;
 Of feet of lead and of neutrality,
 Of patience and of demonstration,
 Of Christian faith and hope and charity,
 Of innocent intent to every nation,
 Of what might e'en be called simplicity,
 In lack of any better appellation:
 Wherefore defying confutation,
 I prophesy that if all this goes on
 Pope Hadrian will be canonized anon."¹

When Clement died, in 1534, the administration which had begun so auspiciously, and which had offered so signal an opportunity to a really great ruler, was everywhere in deep discredit, and the time for reconciliation had gone by; while the effect of the final revolt in Germany and England on the various groups of would-be reformers who were scattered all about Italy was akin to that of the secession to Rome of certain distinguished Englishmen of our own time upon the followers of Dr. Pusey: it showed them the logical conclusion of the train of reasoning upon which they had entered. Thereafter, as their several idiosyncrasies prompted them, the different disciples of the new teaching paused, turned back, or pursued their way.

The leader of the movement in Naples was a Spaniard named Juan Valdès, at one time *cameriere segreto* of Clement VII.; and among the thoughtful and high-minded women who came under his immediate influence were Vittoria and two of her cousins by mar-

riage, namely, Giulia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasiano Colonna, the romantic story of whose attempted capture on behalf of the Sultan Solymán is well known; and Costanza d'Avalos, sister of the Marchese del Vasto, and wife of the Duke of Amalfi; together with another high-born Spanish dame of the most orthodox connections, Isabella Manriquez, sister of the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, Alfonso Manriquez di Lara, Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville. Among the men who made themselves prominent in the party of reform, and whose relations with Vittoria were those of intimate friendship, were Pietro Vermigli and Pietro Carnesecchi, both Florentines and accomplished humanists, — the latter of whom was to be condemned by the Inquisition for his heresies in 1567; and a third, whose influence with her was for a time even more powerful than theirs.

Bernardino Ochino was born in Siena in 1487, in that *contrada*, or ward, of the Oca, of which his surname contains a reminiscence; hard by that 'Lasa di Santa 'Haterina, which is still a place of pious pilgrimage. Reared in the same rare and brilliant atmosphere which had nourished the enthusiasm and fortified the heroic daring of St. Catherine, a century and a half before, Bernardino makes his first appearance in the correspondence of Vittoria in 1535, as the advocate in Rome of that reformed order of the Franciscans who were afterward called Capuchins. Clement VII. began by sanctioning the new order, and Bernardino preached in Rome during the Lent of 1534. A few months later, in the same year, the hesitating pontiff banished the innovating *frati*; but they retreated only as far as San Lorenzo, *fuori le mura*, and Vittoria joined her

¹ "Un papato composto di rispetti,
 Di considerazioni e di discorsi,
 Di più, di poi, di ma, di sì, di forsi,
 Di pur, di assai, parole senza effetti;
 Di pensier, di consigli, di concetti,
 Di congetture magre, per apporsi;
 D' intrattenerti, pur che non si sborsi,
 Con audienze, risposte e bei detti;
 Di piè di piombo e di neutralità,

Di pazienza, di dimostrazione,
 Di fede, di speranza e carità,
 D' innocenza, di buona intenzione:
 Ch'è quasi come dir, semplicità,
 Per non le dare altra interpretazione,
 Sia con sopportazione,
 Lo dirò pur, vedrete che pian piano
 Farà canonizzar papa Adriano."

voice to that of the learned Caterina Cibo, Duchess of Camerino and niece of Leo X., who had taken the new order under her especial patronage, in pleading for their restoration. She even came down from Marino to use her personal influence with Clement; and the two ladies had actually won his promise to recall Bernardino and his friends before the Pope died, September 20, 1534.

The first year of the pontificate of his successor, Paul III. (Alessandro Farnese), bristles with enactments concerning the new order, and the first letter of Vittoria upon the burning topic which we possess belongs to this period. It is addressed to Paul through some third person, apparently Cardinal Contarini, and is so incoherent in its impassioned reproaches as to be barely intelligible in parts. In a short note on the same subject, addressed to Cardinal Gonzaga, brother of Federigo, Duke of Mantua, and dated at Genazzano, December 29, 1535, she is still vehemently in earnest, but more collected and like herself.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND REVEREND MONSIGNOR, — I have written to the Bishop of Verona¹ to confirm what I have said concerning the claim on your protection of the reverend fathers of the holy and true life of St. Francis, and I send you herewith his reply, certifying the same. May your Eminence act as becomes your own character and your duty to God. You must understand that his Cæsarian Majesty [Charles V.] had merely heard from the general [of the Franciscan order] of the disbanding of fifty frati, and wrote in that sense; but he now regrets having done so, as I trust he will show clearly when in Rome. Should your Eminence chance to be with the Pope at this moment, pray do your best to combat his prejudices.

I am your Eminence's most humble servant,

LA MARCHESA DI PESCARA.

¹ This was her old friend Giberti.

Charles V. was at this time in Naples. Turning northward from thence, and having been entertained *en route* by Ascanio Colonna at Marino, he made his triumphal entry into Rome on the 5th of April, 1536, and was invited by Paul III. to take up his residence in the papal villa Belvedere, which had been designed by Pollajuolo, and adorned with frescoes by Mantegna. During his stay in Rome, the Emperor deigned to call upon two noble dames then residing there, and two only. One was his far-away cousin, Giovanna of Aragon, Ascanio Colonna's wife, and the other was Vittoria herself. He departed upon the 18th of the same month, without having, so far as we know, given any decided opinion concerning the Capuchins, though he certainly held long conferences with the Pope on various religious and ecclesiastical subjects; and in June we find Vittoria writing at length to the Duchess of Urbino to bespeak her good offices on behalf of a small Capuchin convent at Fossombrone, which was within the limits of that duchy.

"If only," she says at the close of her long and moving appeal, "I have the privilege of an interview with your Grace, on the occasion of the pilgrimage I hope soon to make to Our Lady of Loreto, I can explain to you in how divinely orderly a manner has been conducted this poor reform, which all merely worldly men have combined to persecute. . . . But, *si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?*"

The same affectionate and zealous partisanship of Fra Bernardino — as persuasive in private conversation as he was eloquent in the pulpit — finds voice in a long letter to Cardinal Contarini, which might almost better be called a tract on behalf of the Capuchins. In this epistle, the marchesa constitutes herself the formal advocate of the new order, taking up one by one, and explicitly refuting, the principal charges against them: first, that their views on free will savored of Lutheranism; second, that they had

virtually refused to submit themselves to the general of their order; third, their inordinate desire to make proselytes in other orders. Her plea completed, Vittoria seems to have felt a little abashed at having spoken so boldly to a prince of the Church, and she adds a half-apologetic postscript: "I know I should not have written all this to your Eminence, but for the love of Christ have the patience to read it when you find time."

Her friendly relations with Contarini were certainly not interrupted, and we find Vittoria, during the ensuing winter, writing to him to express her great pleasure at the bestowal of a cardinal's hat on the "Very Reverend Monsignor of England;" that is to say, Reginald Pole, who was destined to exercise so strong an influence over the lady's latest years.

She spent the winter of 1536-37 at Arpinum and Civit  Lavinia. We know that Fra Bernardino visited her at the former place, and it seems then to have been determined between them that she should go to plead his cause at Ferrara. The new order desired a shelter from petty persecution; and where, in Italy, would they be so likely to find it as in the dominions of the Estensi, whose present head, Ercole II., was the most facile and tolerant of mortals, while his duchess, Ren e of France, was really a Protestant, an open disciple of John Calvin, who had left the court of Ferrara not many months before Vittoria's arrival? It is vexatious that so voluminous a letter-writer should have left us next to no record of her own impressions of the animated court of Ferrara at the most

interesting moment of its history. We would gladly know whether the fragile but high-hearted little duchess appeared to Vittoria the "monster" that the Duke of Urbino had described her,¹ or the exile of Paradise, the suffering but semi-beatified creature, celebrated by Cl ment Marot in his melodious verse.

Cl ment Marot had returned to France before Vittoria came to Ferrara, and Ariosto, that other shining ornament of the most literary of Italian courts, had died four years previously; but the marchesa stood god-mother in the early summer to the baby princess who was to be Tasso's Leonora. The nunlike simplicity of the costume which Vittoria had now adopted seems rather to have scandalized a lively correspondent of the Duke of Mantua, who wrote him a few days before the royal christening: "This morning arrived the Marchesa di Pescara, in a very common gown (*abito molto volgare*), to pay the duchess a visit. The two had a long talk together, and the marchesa remained to dine."

During the ten months of her stay in Ferrara, Vittoria labored loyally to promote the interests of the new order, and to combat the daily increasing prejudice against it among the rulers of the Church. On the 12th of June she writes to Cardinal Gonzaga:—

"It has pleased God that I should have a time of great quiet and comfort here in Ferrara. His Excellency the Duke and they all have combined to secure me the privilege I crave of devoting myself exclusively to true charity, and not that very mixed sort which is the outcome of ordinary social intercourse.² . . . I wrote your Emi-

¹ Guidobaldo della Rovere having objected to the bride chosen for him, his father, Francesco Maria, replied that he need not complain, when Alfonso d'Este had espoused Lucrezia Borgia,— "and we all know what sort of a woman she was,"— and had married his own son, Ercole, to a *monster*.

² The original of the above passage may be quoted as affording a fair—not by any means

a very striking—specimen of the hopeless clumsiness and prolixity of Vittoria's epistolary style: "La Ex^{ta} del Duca e tuti me satisfanno della mia desiderata libert  di solo attender alle vere carit  et non tanto misturate como quelle che se causano dalla conversatione." The critic who once said that "Vittoria Colonna's letters were those of a farmer's wife" may have spoken "unadvisedly with his

nence concerning the tissue of slander which malice has woven against Fra Bernardino" (Vittoria always writes his name thus), "for you left very suddenly, and I could not bear that in your mind any shadow should linger upon the light which he has from God. I understand from various letters that he is now in Rome, and much caressed by the Pope and all good men; that he honors the Church, and goes covered with benedictions, — which is quite enough to account for the jealousy he excites."

In Ferrara, also, Vittoria had a glimpse of Del Vasto, now commander in chief of the imperial forces in Italy; and she wrote him thence, eloquently and forcibly for her, on behalf of the last of the fine old race of Florentine patriots, Filippo Strozzi, but all in vain.

In February, 1538, the marchesa left Ferrara, having entertained the court circle the night before her departure by reciting a number of her own sonnets; and we may give as a specimen of her (comparatively) light and lively style the letter which she sent from Pisa to Duke Ercole: —

"I marveled at Jerusalem, I spent my substance in Egypt, and I meant to have been very quiet in Bologna; but on the very day that I left Castello to go thither, I received an answer from Madamma,¹ here, announcing that the father" (Fra Bernardino) "was to preach, not in Florence, but in Pisa; so I turned rein, and, to avoid ceremony, went to a convent. However, Madamma has so overwhelmed me with her caresses that if I had not already had a taste of yours and those of the duchess, I should think nothing equal to Spanish courtesy. So, then, just as we were in the full enjoyment

of those wonderful sermons" (of Fra Bernardino), "there came such a peremptory summons from Florence that, however unwillingly, Madamma was obliged to send him back to that city, and I to acquiesce, for the greater glory of God and the greater fruit of the preacher's labors. I shall content myself here until it is time to go to the baths of Lucca, in this immediate neighborhood."

She seems, however, to have gone to hear her favorite preach in Florence, since Carnesecchi, during his trial for heresy, mentions having seen her there at this time, on her way to the baths of Lucca, where she must have made a long season. We find her writing from the city of Lucca, on the 3d of October, to Cardinal Trivulzio, still on behalf of her friends the Capuchins, and full of warm indignation at the hardships and persecutions to which they are in some places subjected. "I cannot understand," she even permits herself to say, "what his Holiness and the rest of them are afraid of, or why they cannot let things go as God has ordained, and the man deny himself who will." That the mind of Paul III. was not yet distinctly made up against the innovators is evident from the fact that in the ensuing March (1539) a cardinal's hat was given to Bembo, their staunch and open friend.

For three years more, in fact, Fra Bernardino was allowed to continue his preaching tours; but his language was becoming more and more intemperate, and the views which he advocated were so extreme and so obviously heretical that even Vittoria could defend them and the eloquent rebel no longer. The spring of 1542 found Ochino at Verona, where the devoted

lips," but anybody who has essayed to peruse the Carteggio can understand the transport of impatience which prompted the remark. Vittoria's was essentially a masculine mind, and by the same token she lacked the intellectual grace and lightness, the naive literary instinct,

which often render the letters even of stupid women delightful reading.

¹ Margaret, illegitimate daughter of Charles V., and widow of Alessandro de' Medici, but best known to history as regent of the Netherlands, and mother of Alessandro Farnese.

bishop, our old friend Giberti, tried his best, by gentle and persuasive reasoning, to bring him to a more tractable frame of mind. His efforts were vain, and while still in Verona the *frate* finally received his ominous summons to Rome. It came in the form of a most courteous note from Cardinal Farnese, simply inviting him to the "discussion of matters of importance." But Fra Bernardino knew what this meant, and he lacked the nerve for martyrdom. There is something both painful and pitiful in pious sophistry like the following, in his last known letter to the Marchesa di Pescara, dated August 22, 1542: —

"I find myself here, outside the gates of Florence, in great distress of mind. I had come so far with the intention of going to Rome; . . . but many dissuade me, since it would mean that I must either deny Christ, or myself be crucified. The former I will not; the latter, yes, by his grace, but in his own time. To go deliberately to my death I am not now disposed. When God wants me, he can find me, no matter where I may be. Christ himself teaches me to escape many times. — to Egypt, to the Samaritans; and likewise Paul, whose precept it is, if they will not receive you in one city, to fly to another," and so on.

This melancholy apology reached Vittoria at Viterbo, where she was at this time residing; and Cardinal Pole, her chief counselor, if not yet her formal spiritual director, advised her to leave it unanswered, and should any further communications come from the recalcitrant friar, to forward them at once to Cardinal Cervini (afterwards Pope Marcellus II.) at Rome. Accordingly, in December of this year, we find her dispatching thither a letter and book of sermons which Ochino had sent her from Switzerland, — with what sorrow and sickness of heart, touched, also, it may be, with something of scorn for her old favorite's

cowardice, is evident from the postscript to the note with which she accompanied them: "It grieves me much that the more he excuses himself, the more he stands accused; and the more he thinks to save others from shipwreck, the more he dares the deluge, — being himself, alas, outside the one true ark of safety!"

It is said, though the story lacks confirmation, that it was Ascanio Colonna who gave Ochino the horse on which he escaped to Ferrara, where Duke Ercole provided the disguise in which he crossed the Alps. We hear of him next, in secular garb, at Geneva.

But although Ochino had thus definitely broken loose from the Catholic Church, he was far from finding himself at home among the strict Swiss Protestants, who accused him of encouraging atheism, and even of advocating polygamy. He preached a good deal in Switzerland, however, as well as in England during the reign of Edward VI., married when nearly seventy, and died of the plague at seventy-four.

We return to the tenor of Vittoria Colonna's life during her later years. She invariably resided in some convent at Orvieto, Viterbo, or Rome; but she received her friends without restriction, and those friends were still, as always, the most eminent and thoughtful spirits of the day. This was the period of her classic friendship with Michelangelo, the tender and solemn communion of that single-minded and splendidly endowed pair, both prematurely aged by the tremendous discipline of their experience, and dead long before to the passions and ambitions of this world, — a relation which has held so irresistible a charm for the late nineteenth-century mind. We have a restless desire to know more about this unique and noble, if somewhat mystical relation; we demand of history, almost as a right, that it should give us further details; yet the minute researches of our inquisitive day have, after all, added little to the

simple and oft-quoted story as it stands in the pages of Michelangelo's pupil and biographer, Condivi:—

"Especially he delighted in the Marchesana di Pescara, of whose divine soul he was enamored, being in return profoundly loved by her, many of whose letters he still keeps, full of honest and most tender affection, and such as draw their inspiration from the heart. He, on his part, inscribed to her a great many sonnets, full of talent and sweet desire. She often left Viterbo, and other places where she had gone for change of scene and to pass the summer, and came to Rome, for no other purpose than that she might see Michelangelo. And he, in turn, was inspired by such love of her that I remember having heard him say that his one grief was that when he went to see her, as she was passing from this life, he had not kissed her forehead and face as he kissed her hands."

We have it thus upon the best authority that Michelangelo preserved a great many of Vittoria's letters to himself, but only five have come down to us, together with two from him to her. These two and three of the marchesa's are best assigned to the years 1539-40. They refer to two works which he executed for her, and the reader shall at least have these letters entire.¹

Number one is from Michelangelo:

It was my wish, signora, to have shown myself a little less unworthy of the favors which you have so repeatedly urged on me by giving you something from my own hand; but now, having recognized that the grace of God is not to be bought, and that to resist it is a very grievous fault, I cry *mea culpa*, and agree to accept from my heart the things in question.

¹ We have ventured to alter the order assigned to these letters by the editors of the Carteggio. They are quite without indication of date,—hurried notes sent by hand when both parties were in Rome; but the present

Nay, when I have them, I shall seem to myself to be in Paradise,—not as having them in my house, but as being in theirs; and so I shall be more than ever, if that were possible, in your ladyship's debt.

The bearer of this is my Urbino,² to whom your ladyship can name the time when you would like to have me come and see the head you promised to show me.

Recommending myself to your ladyship,

MICHELAGNIOLO BUONARROTI.

Next shall come a note from the marchesa:—

MY MOST CORDIALLY LOVED FRIEND, SOR MICHEL AGNELO, — I beseech you to send me your Crucifixion for a little, even though it is not quite finished, because I want to show it to some gentlemen in the suite of his Eminence the Cardinal of Mantua; and if you are not too busy, you might come and have a talk with me to-day, at the hour which suits you best.

This invitation was, apparently, not accepted, but the painting was duly sent, and she writes of it thus:—

TO MICHEL ANGELO, THE UNIQUE MASTER, AND MY VERY PARTICULAR FRIEND:

I have received your note, and I have seen the Crucifixion, which remains crucified in my memory, like nothing else which I ever beheld. I do not see how anything could be better done, more vividly conceived or admirably executed. I have indeed no words in which to express my sense of its marvelous subtlety, and I am quite certain that I do not care to have any one but

arrangement seems to us to decrease their inevitable confusion.

² Michelangelo's favorite servant and color-mixer.

you paint it: so pray tell me whether this painting is an order. If so, there's no help for it. If it is yours to dispose of, I will get it from you by some means or other; but if it is sold, and you meant to have a replica made by that pupil of yours, we must talk it over first. I realize so clearly the immense difficulties in the way of making a satisfactory copy that I would rather he did something else for me than that; but if this picture is yours, bear with me when I say that you will never have it back again. I have examined it in all sorts of ways,—by artificial light, through glass, and reflected in a mirror,—and I never saw anything so exquisitely done.

Yours to command,

LA MARCHESA DI PESCARA.

It is plain that Michelangelo, like Vittoria's latest biographer, Reumont, found this letter "*non affatto chiaro*," for he made the following slightly aggrieved reply:—

SIGNORA MARCHESA,—It does not seem to me fitting, since I myself am in Rome, that the Crucifixion should be entrusted to Messer Tommaso, or that a third person should come between your ladyship and me, your servant,—for your servant I am to the uttermost, and I was fain to do more for you than for any man I ever knew; only I have been, and am, so crowded with work that your ladyship may well have doubted my zeal. But I know that you know that love owns no master, and that he who loves sleeps not; and so, in spite of all, the way was found, and even while I seemed neglectful I was being better than my word in the hope of giving you a surprise. My little plan is quite spoiled. "*Mal fa chi tanta fè sì tosto oblia.*"¹

Your ladyship's servant,

MICHELAGNIOLO BUONARROTI

in Roma.

¹ "Evil works he who faith so soon forgets."

But that this cloud was soon completely dispersed is seen by the last letter of the group, which refers to a companion picture of the Deposition which the marchesa ordered about this time, and which is minutely described in Condivi's memoir:—

TO MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI:

The effects which you produce have power to dazzle the mind, and 't is a proof of this that I should have mentioned the possibility of enhancing what was already perfect. I have, indeed, seen that *omnia possibilia sunt credenti*. I had always the greatest faith that God would grant you a supernatural grace in the making of this Christ; but when I saw it, it so far surpassed my expectations in every way that I was excited by the miracle already wrought to desire that greater one, which I now see so marvelously fulfilled. I could not possibly have wished for more; I could not even have conceived so much! I must tell you how particularly pleased I am that the angel on the right hand should be so much the more beautiful, for surely the angel Michael will place you, Michelangelo, upon God's right hand at the last day. What more can I do for you than crave the intercession of this sweet Christ on your behalf, and profess myself your creature to command in all and for all!

LA MARCHESA DI PESCARA.

Before the date of Vittoria's latest notes to her immortal friend, a bitter quarrel had broken out between her brother Ascanio and Paul III.; and in the petty war which ensued Ascanio was completely worsted, the greater part of his estates confiscated, and he himself driven into exile. The Colonna palace in Rome was closed, and it was at first, perhaps, as much from necessity as from choice that in the autumn of 1541 Vittoria took up her residence at Viterbo, in the convent of Sta. Cate-

rina, where she came under the spiritual guidance of Cardinal Pole. So long as Fra Bernardino's influence had been supreme, she had practiced austerities so great as to draw remonstrances from all her friends. Thus we find Duke Ercole of Ferrara sending an earnest entreaty that she would deign so to order her life that she "might longer survive to the glory of God and the joy of mankind than at present she seemed likely to do." Carnesecchi also deposed, when upon his trial, that "the lady marchesa, before she formed her friendship with the cardinal (Pole), wore herself out with fasting, hair-shirts, and other mortifications of the flesh, till she was reduced to nothing but skin and bone. She did so, perhaps, because she attached undue importance to works of this kind, imagining that true piety and religion were summed up in these, and that on them, therefore, depended the salvation of her soul. But after she had been admonished by the cardinal that such mortifications of the flesh were rather an offense to the Lord, . . . the aforesaid lady began to abandon that extreme austerity of life, returning little by little to a reasonable and honest mediocrity. . . . She gave much in alms, and lived in charity with all men, whereby she observed and followed the counsel which she said she had received from her oracle the cardinal, namely, to believe as if by faith alone she might be saved, and to labor as if by works only could come salvation." And Vittoria herself wrote, near the close of 1541, to Giulia Gonzaga that she felt deeply indebted to his Eminence Cardinal Pole for her health of body and of mind, "both having been in danger, — the one from a bad regimen, the other from superstition."

She remained under the cardinal's "reasonable" direction until the close of her life, and she even shared, after her death, the imputation of heresy which fell upon him for the unsound-

ness of his views concerning "justification by faith." At this time, a circle of clever ecclesiastics had gathered in Viterbo about Cardinal Pole, the papal legate, and Vittoria saw much of them all; but many of the friends of her early days passed away during these years, among them Cardinal Contarini, Alfonso del Vasto, and the saintly Bishop of Verona.

The following letter, written by Vittoria during her stay at Viterbo, is preserved in the Museo Buonarroti at Florence: —

MAG^{co} MESS. MICHEL AGNELO, —
I have not answered your letter sooner, because I reflected that it was merely a reply to mine, and that if you and I were to continue to write as often as your courtesy and my sense of obligation would dictate, I should have to give up attending the offices with the sisters here in the chapel of Sta. Caterina, and you that sweet colloquy with your art which you hold daily from dawn to dusk in the chapel of San Paolo (for surely your paintings speak to you as clearly as the living beings hereabouts speak to me); and thus we should both fail of our duty, — I to the brides, and you to the vicar, of Christ. So, then, precisely because I know how steadfast our friendship is, and bound by Christian ties of the securest affection, it seems to me that I ought not perpetually to be asking for the testimony of your letters, but rather patiently to await the opportunity of serving you; praying the Lord, of whom you spoke to me out of so warm and humble a heart at the time of my leaving Rome, that I may find, when I come back, his living image ever renewed in your soul by the power of true faith, even as you yourself have portrayed him in my Samaritan.¹

¹ Vasari makes the statement that Michelangelo painted to order for Vittoria a Samaritan at the Well.

I recommend myself to you always, and also to your Urbino.

From the monastery of Viterbo, on the twentieth day of July.¹

Yours to command,

LA MARCHESA DI PESCARA.

To my more than magnificent, and more than most dear, Michel Agnolo Buonarroti.

However light the spiritual yoke imposed by her new director, one can plainly trace in this letter the inward impulse which was moving Vittoria Colonna, in the autumnal season of her life, to the uttermost renunciation even of her innocent joys. It had been easy to the magnanimous and highly gifted woman to obey two of the three great precepts which comprise our whole duty here,—to “do justly and love mercy;” but not perhaps until the end was close at hand did she truly learn to “walk humbly” with her God. Her later sonnets afford the most affecting proof that this lesson was acquired, but with those noble sonnets we are not now concerned.

There is one more note to Michelangelo, one of the last, probably, that she ever wrote; and in this her voice, though sweet and collected, sounds infinitely remote and “thin,” already “as voices from the grave.”

MAGNIFICO MESSER MICHEL ANGELO,—So great is the fame that you have won through your genius that you might perhaps have deemed it superior to time and change, had that divine light never entered your soul which shows us that all earthly renown, however long it may endure, has at last its second death. And since you yourself regard in your statues only the goodness of him who has made you a supreme master in that art, you can understand how I may thank the Lord singly even for those writings of mine which are already all but dead; think-

¹ 1543, when Michelangelo was executing the frescoes in the Pauline chapel of the Vatican.

ing that perhaps I offended him less by so writing than by the utter idleness in which I now live. Please accept this as an earnest of future industry.

Yours to command,

LA MARCHESA DI PESCARA.

In the spring of 1544, Vittoria Colonna returned to Rome, and took up her residence in the convent of Sant' Anna de' Funari, which stood on the southern portion of the Campus Martius, close alongside the ruined Flaminian Circus, in whose deserted arena wrought the rope-makers who gave its appellation to the convent as well as to the neighboring and still existing church of Sta. Caterina de' Funari. The position was, perhaps, not a fortunate one for a woman with an overtried constitution, especially enfeebled as Vittoria then was by the severe illness which had befallen her at Viterbo in the previous year. In Rome, at all events, her health appears steadily to have declined until January, 1547, when she was removed from the convent of Sant' Anna to the neighboring palace of the Cesarini to die. Here she lingered for a few weeks, tenderly nursed by her kinswoman, Giulia Colonna, the Princess Cesarini, and here, on the afternoon of the 25th of February, she passed away.

Her body was removed the same evening to the church of Sant' Anna, and her brother Ascanio* was notified that he might lay it where he pleased. He pleased to leave it there, and the velvet-covered coffin of cypress wood stood for many years in the church, like Pescara's in the sacristy of San Domenico at Naples, and seems finally to have been placed in the tomb of the lady abbesses. But when the convent and church of Sant' Anna came to be pulled down, as late as 1887, it was found that this tomb had long since been desecrated and rifled of its treasures, perhaps during the Napoleonic wars.

Vittoria's monument, like her hus-

band's, is in her verse. The sad persuasion that she had herself survived her writings was a fallacious one. They live, and they will live so long as there are select souls who dwell, by habit and preference, on the still mountain summits of religious thought and meditation. For such the sonnets upon sacred themes, severe in their statuesque beauty, difficult always, and often very obscure in meaning, still afford a stimulus to mystical devotion, and comprise almost a manual of the same.

We have been considering Vittoria Colonna in her letters chiefly, and here it must again be confessed that she is, upon the whole, disappointing. She falls below her fame. The list of her correspondents is so varied and imposing, comprising notabilities in so many lines, — popes, emperors, kings, queens, cardinals, poets, theologians, historians, and men of science, — that we do not see how the letters can fail to be a mine of the richest and most *recherché* information. Here, for example, several times during the year 1540, we find the name of Margaret of Angoulême, the brilliant sister of Francis I., the intriguing queen of Navarre. What might not these two women, alike in their

extraordinary endowments, but totally dissimilar in temperament and tenor of life, have found to say to each other! They found very little which sheds any real light on the character of either. Vittoria's are letters of the driest, most formal, most sententious religious counsel; Margaret replies, in what, one fancies, must have been a very exceptional transport of humility, that she fears her cousin the marchesa thinks much better of her than she deserves.

There is no contemporary portrait of Vittoria Colonna of absolutely unquestioned authenticity, but there are several of the seventeenth century, which are undoubtedly copies from those taken in her lifetime, and these all agree so strikingly in their main features that we seem to know with reasonable certainty how she looked. It is a face rather noble and intellectual than sympathetic, very high bred, the features delicate and regular, the head carried proudly. If we add the splendor of coloring for which she was especially renowned, the perfect red and white of her complexion, the rare golden hue in youth of her abundant hair, we have an *ensemble* which fully justifies her repute for extraordinary beauty.

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

MISS TOM AND PEEPSIE.

I.

I CANNOT remember a time when I did not know Miss Tom. Of my first introduction to Peepsie, and how it came about, I am now going to tell.

The shocks in Miss Thomasine Benton's cornfield, on a certain autumn evening, some years ago, were far apart, and not very big; but sunset touched each serried top with orange-colored flame, and the crisp, light rustle-rustle of the west wind, as it passed fluttering by

over dry blades and tassels, was a pleasant sound to hear. The shadows stretched long and dark, with weed-tufted, trampled spaces of ground between shimmering faintly as through golden haze. By a pile of ears, new stripped, smooth shining, ivory white, stood our neighbor Miss Tom, as we called her, angular, erect, grim, and watchful; the man's felt hat on her gray head pulled well forward over frowning brows, her hands in the pockets of her Kentucky jeans sack coat, her indigo-blue cotton

skirts tucked up to her knees, and the country-made shoes on her large homely feet rusty brown with the soil; while Uncle Pete, her former slave and latter-day "hand on the place," heaped up his half-bushel basket in solemn, busy silence, and emptied it into the ox-cart waiting near. They were measuring the corn that had been that day shucked, when, pausing in a ramble across the field, I stopped there beside them.

Now, it befell on this particular evening that, while pleasantly loitering thus, —the usual short but friendly nod of greeting having been exchanged between Miss Tom and myself, —I perceived a faint chirping sound, very faint and muffled, coming from somewhere close at hand; and, on the alert directly, I began spying around among the weeds and scattered fodder blades to see what it might be, when Miss Tom, noticing my look of inquiry, drew from her coat pocket a new-hatched chicken, and held it up to view in the hollow of her palm.

It was a tiny thing, plump and round and soft, its brownish-yellow down crumpled and damp from recent shut-in warmth, its bright little eyes blinking half sleepily, its feet like a new-born baby's hands for clinging, crinkled helplessness. There was, too, that babyish mystery, that suggestively knowing yet secret air, about it which all very young animals seem to share in common. Nothing could have been in funnier contrast to Miss Tom herself — gaunt, stalwart, old-maid Miss Tom — than this creature; and as it gave two or three appealing "peeps," and stretched its wings with a shiver, she looked down at it with an expression fitting over her countenance that I had never seen there before.

"Oh, Miss Tom!" I cried, with all the delighted enthusiasm of a fifteen-year-old girl devoted to pets, and particularly feathered ones. "The sweet, s-sweet thing! Where did it come from, and how do you happen to have it?"

"The thing's been a-worryin' my life out all this blessid livelong day," said Miss Tom, making a vain attempt at her common dry severity of speech. "It beats any little toad of a creeper that ever I *did* see. 'T won't be satisfied nowhere but right here in my pocket, or in my lap when I'm settin' down, or under the tail o' my frock. There's that gal May Lou, now, might take keer of it, but her head's always wool-getherin', set on that place she come from, or mebbe on the notion o' marryin'; an' it don't 'pear to fancy her, noway. It 'pears to like me" (and just here came a certain curious note as of tender triumph into the speaker's voice) "better 'n anybody else. If I put it in a basket by 'tself, it jest turns in an' hollers its heart out. The sound's that pitiful it jest makes me — well, mad enough to kill the thing. I don't want to tread on it, creepin' under my feet, so here I am totin' it round with me same 's any human baby." And here Miss Tom lifted one rugged knuckly finger and gave the object of her wrath a gentle, furtive stroke.

"But where is its mother, Miss Tom," said I, "and why can't she take care of it?"

Now, Miss Thomasine Benton was usually a taciturn old body, but the tale of this adoption which she proceeded to tell was too long to be repeated word for word. How a certain old "dominicker," the plague of her life, who killed most of the chickens she hatched by trampling on or smothering them, had stolen a nest in some waxberry bushes near the house, and, "unbeknown" to anybody, hatched out this chick; how Miss Tom had first chanced to hear it on the previous evening, "peepin' in the grass," and had finally found it, all alone, "mighty nigh perished, with ev'ry pin feather on it wrong side out in the wind, wand'rin' right away from the nest," — all this I heard, and to call my interest breathless is not exaggeration.

"I did think at first," concluded Miss Tom, "that I'd put it back under its mammy. I heered her, you see, a-cluckin' an' scoldin' in the bushes, an' soon come across her there, sittin' on two mo' eggs, both of 'em rotten. There's nothin' like mother heat for sich baby things, you know. But when I started to put this here under that ole dominicker, she glared round at it so with them yellere eyes, an' she looked sich a no-sense, conceited fool, an' the po' little shakin' mite, it seemed so afeard of her, that I jest took it 'long indo's to the fire, an' rubbed it warm myself."

"And did it sleep by the fire, in a basket, last night?" I asked.

Miss Tom did something quite new to my knowledge of her: she actually blushed all over her face, a warm, youthful red.

"Well, n-no," said she slowly, in a sort of shamefaced way. "I fixed it in a baskit, with some soft ole rags for coverin'; but it peeped in sich a lonesome way, an' made me so mad, that I jest wrapped it up in a ole handkercher an' took it in the bed with me. I 'most felt like wringin' its neck. All it 'pears to want is cuddlin' up to somebody, but 'specially me. I put it up close ag'inst my neck, an' it slep' sweet an' quiet as any lamb all night long, jest twirlin' to 'tself, contented like, now an' then. This mornin' it picked crumbs — (you Pete, take keer! That measure ain't full yet) — picked crumbs lively as any crickit. It's a heap o' botheration, an' it's goin' to be mo', but I ruther fancy it 'll pay me back in eggs, some time; so you see 't ain't only because I've took a fancy to it, or any sich foolishness as that. I ain't never keered about pet things, an' it's ruther too late in the day, me past sixty years ole, to be a-takin' 'em up now. But I think I 'll raise this chicken."

I had got the chicken in my own hands by this time, and was holding it up under my chin, enjoying to the full its fluffy softness, its thrilling, half-fright-

ened little movements. When it nestled up confidingly, at last, with a low quivering "twir-r-r," I thought I saw a spark of jealousy in Miss Tom's eye. A while later, as we followed the loaded cart toward the barnyard, near the little gray wooden house, not far off, under its big old locust and walnut trees, — I almost running to keep up with my companion's manlike strides, — the old woman's charge was once more in her pocket, and a generous offer on my part to take it home with me, and keep it for her till past the troublesome age, met such a firm though not ungracious refusal as convinced me at once that it was no mere hope of new-laid eggs to come, nor a hen-wife's care-taking instinct, which had prompted the same. Miss Tom had "took a fancy," as sudden and violent as I might have taken, to this particular chick. It was pure love, and no other feeling, — pure love for something thus loving her in return "better 'an anybody else," — which drew her first and last to "Peepsie."

II.

From this time on Peepsie was installed as a sharer of Miss Thomasine Benton's fireside, her bed and board. Miss Tom's pretended protests against it, her allusions to the arrangement as a bit of troublesome necessity, deceived nobody — nobody at all — in regard to this tender little chance flower of affection which had thus bloomed in her barren life out of that homely emblem of immortality, an egg. What made it more striking was the fact that my old friend had never before been known to pet anything. She openly and honestly hated cats. Captain, her big Newfoundland watchdog, though treated with all due respect and consideration, would have been rather astonished, I think, at any warmer caress than a very rare friendly pat or thump from his mis-

tress. Both amusing and pathetic it was now to see the wistful, half-jealous curiosity with which he regarded this tiny but exacting interloper. In the soft black eyes of May Lou, also, the only other dweller under Miss Tom's roof, I used to fancy sometimes some glimmers of the same feeling. Neither had she been thus dealt with, when she came, several years before, a little gypsy-faced, pensive creature ("a little black thing," as Miss Tom contemptuously called her), from the county poorhouse, to find a home none too easy as humble companion and help in this household. Not thus had May Lou, for all her prettiness and her gentleness, found favor in those sharp eyes, which could not overlook the disgrace of such an early abode. To Miss Tom, in her pride and sturdy independence, it was a thing not to be forgotten or forgiven. How could she help being fond of May Lou? I wondered now more than ever. I knew what May Lou was thinking; yet nevertheless her heart could not be, any more than mine, any more than Miss Tom's own, long withheld from Peepsie.

Now, whether that egg hatched out by the senseless old "dominicker" (I have always felt sure she never *could* have laid it) fell from cloudland, and gave life to a being of some other more ethereal sphere, temporarily disguised in feathers; or whether Peepsie was only an exceptional creature of her kind, superior to that kind as never was barnyard fowl before; or whether, after all, any chick, hatched out any day, so petted and noticed as was Peepsie, would prove equal to her, are questions which often have puzzled me. I had always a weakness for fairy tales, and, while watching this curious pair, — old woman and young chick, — I could not get rid of a haunting idea that Peepsie was something a great deal more than she outwardly seemed, and that she had been or would be, in far past or remote future, somehow mysteriously connected

with Miss Tom. I found myself daily half expecting some transformation, — there was something so humanly knowing and affectionate about the fluffy, restless midget. It would not have surprised me the least bit if she had suddenly turned into a trim, quaint, bright-eyed, brown-haired little girl, four or five years old (for I could not fancy her a whimpering, sprawling baby), with a brown stuff frock on, the smoothest of white pinafores and tuckers, and the daintiest of slippered feet. That Peepsie was a pullet nobody questioned. There were never, from the first, any of the usual doubts concerning this point. A dainty femininity showed itself in every gesture, in each peck and flutter and turn of the head. The heart-piercing sweetness of her happy little cooings and "twir-r-r's," the irresistible appeal of her plaintive "peeps," coming back now, will sometimes bring the tears to my eyes. Compared with other chicks of her age, she was dwarfish and undersized, growing but slowly under these unnatural conditions, the tiny, soft, russet-brown feathers on her wings and tail late in coming out. To see her picking up crumbs on the wide stone hearth, — warming her toes occasionally, but never once venturing into danger behind the andirons; to have her come creeping under the hem of one's frock, or, standing just outside, with lifted gaze and ineffectual jumps say as plainly as any words could speak, "Take me up," and then, perched securely on one's knee, sing herself to sleep; to see her pattering anxiously after Miss Tom, upstairs and down, or out in the yard or garden, or, on those delightful occasions when one stayed to tea, eating broiled ham and buttered biscuit, chopped fine, from the edge of Miss Tom's plate, sipping tea from her saucer, and wiping her bill afterward, with a quaint flourish, on the tablecloth, — what endless amusement did all this afford!

"Sassy creeter!" said Miss Tom, be-

holding this last exploit. "Jest see that, now! I declare, if 't was n't for the loss of a good layin' pullet nex' spring, I'd 'most wring its neck, jest to git shut of it."

But in spite of such speeches as this, grimly made with intent to deceive, any one could see how fond Miss Tom was of Peepsie, and also that with this small, softening influence a curious change had come over the old woman's life. The lines about her mouth and between her eyebrows relaxed and became faint. The underlying kindness of her voice would persist in asserting itself, in growing sometimes positively tender. More than once, on coming in suddenly, I found her sitting by the fire, with Peepsie on her lap, twirling away, — the county paper and her knitting-work alike neglected, — gazing into the embers, and evidently musing of bygone days. Was she thinking, I wondered, of that early love affair, of which I had often heard from various neighborhood elders? On the mantelshelf just opposite, looking down at her, was a daguerreotype, still unfaded, though old, in which Miss Tom appeared as a very good-looking, fresh-complexioned girl, with honest, resolute gray eyes hopefully wide open, brown curls (curled on a curling-stick, not one hair out of place), a girlish mouth with dimples where the deepest lines came afterward, and a plump white neck showing off a gold locket to the best possible advantage. In that locket (I had seen it) was a piece of light straight hair entwined with a brown tress cut from her own head. In those young and comely days Miss Tom had had her romance, and also a disappointment.

It was her only brother, Mr. Josiah Benton, storekeeper and man-of-all-business in our county town, who had broken off that match, folk said, and that by no fair means. I knew that Miss Tom, in those placid, pleasant moods, was not thinking of him. Were her thoughts of the lover who had gone West long before,

been hurt in a mining accident, and died, piteously far away, in his broken, blighted youth? Was she picturing the might-have-been that he and she had missed? May Lou had a lover, too; and it was Miss Tom, this time, who stood, in the way. There was nothing to be said against Ben Shirley, the young carpenter, who, after building a new corn-house for Miss Tom, some months before, had come back courting May Lou; but Miss Tom had not minced words when she told them both to expect neither consent nor help from her. If anybody thought that she, Thomazine Benton, had "raised" a girl from the poorhouse, said Miss Tom, with the notion of either leaving her what she had, away from her own kith and kin, — her brother's children, — or helping her out in any such foolishness as a marriage with a poor young man, why, he was mightily mistaken, and that was all. True, she was not overfond of the said kith and kin, but blood was thicker than water. May Lou might send her sweet-heart packing, or else find a home, if he was not ready for her, elsewhere than in Miss Tom's house. And Ben was not yet ready. Without being allowed to give even so much as a promise, May Lou had sent him away.

When Miss Tom said a thing, she prided herself on sticking to it; and yet, when she looked at May Lou now, since Peepsie's spell had come over her, looked in a pondering, undecided way, was she questioning, by the light of old tender impulses revived, whether she had been too hard? Was it her own trouble that had made her so, and was she now, after all, going to relent?

I wondered and guessed.

III.

One chilly, blustering evening in early December, when Peepsie was about six weeks old, I ran over to Miss Tom's,

and, upon entering, found to my dismay that Miss Tom's brother was making her a visit.

Mr. Josiah Benton was enough like his sister in a few general outlines to be thoroughly, provokingly distasteful to any one who could appreciate her immense superiority. There the resemblance ended. The difference which separates simple, genuine homeliness from pretentious vulgarity lay gulf deep and miles wide between them. Self-satisfied, penny-worldly wisdom and conceit, coarse, greedy hardness and selfishness, seemed to radiate from his full-fed person like dry, unwholesome heat from a red-hot stove, — from his light greenish-gray eyes, his fat red cheeks, the fringe of grayish whiskers underneath, and the round bald spot on the top of his head. His ready-made clothes, of a "loud" pattern, seemed to proclaim their price. They were good enough clothes of a certain sort, — taken in connection with him, offensively good; and the very large shoes on his very large feet were shining to a marvel. They somehow caught my gaze, these last, and held it fascinated. I could hardly look away. Taking him altogether, one could readily believe the tales of his past conduct toward Miss Tom.

He was walking about the floor when I went in, his hands in his trousers pockets, and talking very loud, while Miss Tom, sitting bolt upright, listened with an air of dry, forced civility. May Lou, shrinking in a corner over some needlework, looked as if painfully conscious, in this important, opulent presence, of being nobody in particular, and having come from the poorhouse. Peepsie was in a basket by the hearth, covered with a bit of old rag carpeting, and faintly giving vent now and then to notes of discontent, like one not used to such imprisonment. The visitor paused in his talk long enough to shake hands blandly with me, and then went on again, as if concluding an interrupted speech.

"Well, ole lady," said he to Miss Tom, "as I was a-sayin,' you'd better take time to think the subjeck over, an' ponder, an' make up yo' mind, befo' givin' a definable back-answer. My fam'ly circle's open to you, if it suits you to close with the barg'in an' let me cut off the piece. He-he! 'T ain't only the place you live at here, but the outlandish way you live, besides, that goes ag'inst my notions. To a person comin' from town" (the town where Mr. Benton lived contained about three hundred souls), "a person used to some style, an' seein' the new fashions as they come out, 't ain't nothin' short of outlandish, an' that's a fact. Rag kyarpet, now" (he looked down, and swelled himself out with scornful magnificence), "rag kyarpet! We've jest got a new parler Brussels, dollar 'n' a half per yard, — red roses on a yaller-buff ground; an' there's not a flo' in the house that ain't covered, corners an' all, with some sort o' sto' kyarpetin', — not to mention ile-cloth at ev'ry do' an' afront of ev'ry stove. That's the style now, an' if folks want to live genteel they've got to keep up with it. As fur this ole fire-place, an' these here split-bottom chairs, an' them brass candlesticks up yonder with taller candles in 'em, — well, bein' as you're used to 'em, I presume you can't take in how it strikes me. Now, we've got a han'some set o' stoves as any you'd find in town. The cheapest one cost nine dollars, an' that after I'd jewed the price down some. When you come down, I'll show you the new lamp I got last new-goods time. It's nickel-plated, double burner, an' painted shade, imitation hand-painted, with a Mount Vernon landskip on one side, includin' both the house an' the tomb, an' the Capitol at Washin'ton on the yother. Blest if you could n't see the light a good mile off! Violy's set her heart on a chandelare fur the weddin'; an' I reckon we'll have to git one, bein' as they're all the go. The gyrls is a-fixin' up powerful now, with

their new-fashioned fancy-work doin's, paper artificials an' crazy sof-y-cushions. You know it's the first weddin', an' gyirls will be gyirls. Then it's a first-rate match, too. His business ain't worth a cent less 'n ten thousan' dollars. So I don't begrudge 'em the outpay fur a little extry style. If you close with this offer fur the place, Tommy, an' sell out Chris'mus, an' move down, it'll be a lively change fur you, what with the courtin' an' the trooser an' all. Of co'se the gyirls would ixpect you to fix up some, an' take on a few town ways. You ain't so or'nary-lookin' when you're fixed up. If you choose to help about the house a little, fillin' Violy's place while she's entertainin' her bean, an' so fo'th an' so fo'th, why, well an' good. 'Tain't what I'm askin' you fur; but you always liked to be doin', an' of co'se where a weddin' 's comin' off there's plenty to be done. I know these here ole maids git mighty set in their ways, an', missin' the right man, don't 'pear to git along much with anybody" (and here the wretch winked at me in facetious confidence); "but if you'll come an' try it, I reckon we won't fight, anyhow. Monk's been hankerin' a long time after this farm; an' as fur his price, why, you'll never git sich another."

Miss Tom was looking at him curiously, with a sort of dry half-smile; contempt, dislike, and amusement equally mingled on her countenance, and hardly at all disguised. I had heard of the offer in question. Mr. Monk was a neighboring farmer, who had long been hankering, as Mr. Benton said, and vainly, after Miss Tom's ninety-three acres, which it seemed her brother was now so very anxious for her to sell.

"I s'pose," said she, when the other paused, "a big price is all you'd wish for. I s'pose the place bein' settled by great-gran'father, befo' Gin'ral Washinton's time, right in the howlin' wilderness, an' belongin' to us ever since, as well as its bein' the place where father

an' mother an' all our folks is buried, would n't make any diff'rence to you."

Mr. Josiah Benton gave Miss Tom a sharp, hard glance, but kept on persistently smirking.

"When a person's gittin' up in the world, Tommy," said he, with another humorous wink, "he'd rather furgit what a po' set he sprung from 'an have it evermo' stuck befo' his eyes. If the place was anything fur show, 't would be another thing. Now, as fur the graveyard, I'm fur reservin' that, an' puttin' up a monnymt besides. We might go shares in it, if you're agreeable. Them ole headstones is clean behind the times. A real stylish monnymt, one o' these here new-fashioned ones, with a weepin' figger on top, an' the family names all set down han'some, would give a kind of fixed-up look to the ole buryin'-ground. 'Tain't likely you could afford yo' share — pretty nigh a hundred dollars, I reckon — 'less you sell the place. Anyway, I've made you a brotherly offer, an' one some ole maids would jump at: low boa'd, one o' the best back rooms, — mostly to yo'-self, — ev'ry accommerdation fur *one person*" (he glanced at May Lou as he emphasized these two words); "an' a lively home in town where a weddin' 's comin' off would be likely to pearten" —

His speech broke off suddenly, for it was just here that a dreadful thing — the most dreadful, most pitiful thing that ever I saw — came to pass.

Peepsie, unnoticed by anybody, had wriggled out from under the cover and over the edge of her basket, after the way of such restless, saucy, petted creatures. With a loud, triumphant chirp she set off running across the floor. Miss Tom, May Lou, and I all saw the danger, and started up. Too late. The man had talked himself into more than his usual vainglory and self-satisfaction. Swelling like a turkey cock, his chin in the air, he was fairly spurning the despised rag carpet with high-lifted feet. We saw one of those horrible shiny shoes

come down with a "scrunch" on the little shrinking form, and then heard a cry, very small and sharp, and only one. The next moment Mr. Josiah Benton stumbled backward, with a muttered oath, and there lay all that was left us of Peepsie.

She did not even struggle, save once, very feebly. I think her little heart had broken under that cruel weight. The blood was trickling out of her mouth. The bright eyes were fixed and glazing. We could see that she was dead.

May Lou cried out, "Oh!" and covered her eyes with her hand. I sprang forward impulsively, and then shrank back again at sight of Miss Tom's countenance. Miss Tom stood still. Her face looked gray and hard as stone. Her eyes glittered strangely. It was something more than a mere unlucky accident, to be apologized for, regretted, and forgotten. It was the last unbearable straw added to a burden of small spite, crossings, and actual wrongs, growing for many years. Every one felt that instinctively, and silence for an instant fell upon us all.

I think the man was sorry; he was certainly embarrassed; but he made the mistake of trying to pass it off lightly.

"Humph!" said he, with a nervous snigger. "It 'pears like I'd set my foot in it here, — or better say *on* it. If you've turned the ole shanty into a hen-'ouse, Tom, it's about time to sell out."

"You fool!" said Miss Tom, speaking lower than her wont, but with bitter distinctness. "You po' empty-headed, low-minded, no-hearted fool, that ain't even got sense enough to keep from tramp'lin' on ev'rything that's worth bein' kep' alive, even when you don't mean it. You was n't satisfied, was you, with sp'ilin' all my young-day happiness, helpin' to stomp it out an' trample it down in the ground with yo' lies on *him* an' yo' tale-bearin' tricks, but you had to keep on tryin' to walk over ev'rything else I keer for, ev'ry little notion an' feelin' an' fancy, a-measurin' 'em all by yo' quarter-yard rule. An' now you

come here, even this late in the day, a-settin' yo' fool foot on the only live creeter I've been to say fond of an' took a fancy to for years an' years. You kin go home an' tell it an' laugh, if you want, but I was fond of it, an' it was fond o' me. It's been eatin' out o' my plate an' sleepin' with me o' nights, an' you've gone an' mashed the life outen it befo' my very eyes. Git out o' this house, an' don't you darken its do's ag'in whilst I'm a livin' woman. Thank the Lord, it's mine to have an' to hold! 'Tain't sold for money yet, nor likely to be. An' thank the Lord ag'in, I ain't in yo' house, a-livin' under you, an' helpin' to wait on yo' stuck-up, no-sense wife an' yo' stuck-up, imitation-lady daughters! You got the brazen face to *come invitin'* me to a weddin', after what's been an' gone? You think the sweetheartin' an' talkin' it over would be lively for me an' pearten me up, after all what you *know* has been an' gone? You po' fool, pieced out o' dry goods an' stuffed with cheap groceries, with yo' veins like as not a-runnin' coal ile! You think God made me after any sich pattern? Lord knows I've strove to treat you civil, you an' yo's, all this time. I've got my pride, for all 't ain't like yo's, thank goodness! I did think I'd stand by my kin, an' leave this ole place, when I went under the ground, to one o' my blood an' name. I see now it's long enough I've helt on to any sich notion. The house is mine, an' the ole fields is mine, an' the graveyard too, — left me by them that's dead an' gone. Go build yo' monnyments an' ape yo' betters, well as you know how, somewheres else, — anywheres, so it's out o' my sight. Whatever becomes of ev'rything here when I'm cold in my grave, an' whoever it goes to" (she glanced at May Lou), "'t won't be you-all's to turn into fool finery, an' you jest better leave me in peace for the rest o' my days!"

For once in his life, at least, was Mr. Josiah Benton utterly abashed and

stricken dumb. His face was purple, his eyes glared greenly; but, without another word, he put on his hat, opened the door, backed out, closed it after him, and went his way. Miss Tom had said her say at last, and had said it most effectually.

When his footsteps had died away, Miss Tom stooped down, and, with hands by this time sorely a-tremble, picked up the dead chicken; then, seating herself in the nearest chair, she laid it on her knees, covered it with her apron, and fell to weeping aloud.

I do not think Miss Tom could ever have cried before, in all her long life, as she cried then; not even when her hardest troubles came upon her; not even when she parted with her first and only love, nor when the news came afterward that he would return no more. She might have shed a good many tears, bitterly, chokingly, and under a grim self-protest, in the dark, after bedtime, or even in daylight, when not a soul was by. No doubt she grieved enough, in her way. But to a nature like Miss Tom's not more than one such utter breaking-down as this, of pride and reserve and daily commonplace custom, one such outgush of tears unstayed, with such long and open sobs, such shaking of the body from head to foot, can come in a lifetime. It was not only for Peepsie, as both her hearers knew. If we had thought that, there might have been a touch of the absurdity which ever dances mockingly behind overstrained disproportion. Child as I was, I seemed to understand somehow (as I am sure did May Lou, also) that Peepsie had been only a sort of reëmbodiment, the love which she inspired only an echo, of something even dearer, some possibility loved and lost and yearned for many a long year in the depths of this jealously hidden yet still ardent and tender old soul. But for the chance meeting with the tiny frightened waif upon that windy evening, Miss Tom might have gone down into silence wear-

ing her stoical mask. And yet who can say where chance ends and eternal fate begins? It was but a small and silly voice, and that not even a human one, which had cried at the door, but the innermost chamber was wide open now, and we knew Miss Tom at last.

We stood there and listened, May Lou and I, looking at each other or out of the window, anywhere but at Miss Tom, in sorrow and sympathy, and that uneasy half-shame which very young people feel while witnessing such an outburst from an elder. May Lou only cried softly, herself, offering never a word. I, more impulsive and less tactful, said lamely once or twice, "Don't cry, Miss Tom! Don't cry! It was all so quick. She did n't know what hurt her." But I knew as I spoke how poor was the attempt. However, in due time the old woman ceased to weep; seemed by degrees, like a tear-relieved child, to subside into quiet. There was silence for a while, — the spent silence after a storm. When I turned, in the midst of this, to take leave, she said to me, "Come back in the mornin', child, an' help me to bury her. She sha'n't be throwed away like any common dead thing, an' 'pears like I can't put her out o' my sight any sooner 'an that. Come, if you wanten." And I told her I would.

IV.

Well, we buried Peepsie the next day, out under a big old pear-tree that stood in the midst of the apple orchard. Her shroud was a fine worked cambric handkerchief; her pillow, some faded long-dried flowers; her coffin, a little carved walnut-wood box, which I remembered having seen once in Miss Tom's chest of drawers, with reason to think it contained some sacredly cherished valuable. Though Miss Tom had never mentioned her lover to me before, I knew very well who was meant when she said that *he* gave her these things. "I thought I'd

keep 'em always," muttered the old woman huskily, "to be put in my coffin with me. But the box 'peared to suit for Peepsie better 'an anything else did, so I jest took the locket out, an' put her in." Here was one more proof of her fondness for Peepsie, who seemed to lie softly and safe.

In a long talk out under the trees, that bright December morning, Miss Tom told me many things, and among them her new-formed resolution to be a friend to May Lou.

"I been thinkin' it over a heap," said she, "since Peepsie come, an' now my mind's made up. I'm goin' to leave her this place, too, when I die. I b'lieve she'll set mo' sto' by it 'an any of them others, an' I b'lieve she keers mo' for me, if she did come from that po'house. She kin marry the man she wants to, an' be happy her own way. The notion used to rile me up, but somehow it don't now, an' I'm glad to think o' her bein' happy, even if I missed it my own self. Last night we 'peared to draw right close together, somehow. I think she set a heap o' sto' by Peepsie."

One thing more that Miss Tom said then I must give in her own words.

"I'm a-goin' to put it in writin'," said she, "but I want you to keep it in mind, too, 'g'inst the time comes that I think 's a-comin' soon. I don't feel like I'd live much longer. It's hard on ole people to be fetched up short to the p'int where they see they've got to break off with their nighest kin. I'm ole an' I'm tired, an' it's come over me now that I'll soon be gone. When I die, I want'er be buried right here un'neath this tree. You hear? Don't let 'em put me in that there graveyard. I reck'n Josiah Benton will fix on some stylisher place to be buried in; but he might take a notion to set up that monnymment, an' I don't want any o' his weepin' figgers over me. Don't shake yo' head at me, child. Don't talk 'bout forgiveness. There 's some people don't know how to

take forgiveness. It don't do 'em any good. If the Lord kin forgive Jo Benton all he's done to me, I hain't any objection, but it's mo' 'an I kin. Hows'ever, leavin' out that reason, I picked out this place long ago. I always liked to come out here with my knittin' an' my quilt-piecin' from the time I was little. One day I was settin' here, on this very root, heelin' father's sock, when *he* come through the orchard unbeknown to anybody. We got to talkin', an'—well, 't was then I found out, you know, first time for certain, that he keered for me. I ain't never forgot the time nor stopped bein' fond o' the place, an' I want 'em to lay me here, right close to this grave I've dug for Peepsie. I don't know what sort of a place *he's* buried in. It's mo' 'an a thousand miles away, an' there was n't anybody I knew to write to about it, not even to put him up a tombstone. When I'm laid here, I jest want a real nice one, the kind that'll last, with both our names on it, his'n as well as mine. They need n't put 'here lies' on it, 'cause 't would n't be true, you know, concernin' him, nor noways needful anyhow. It don't make much diff'rence 'bout what's crumblin' under the ground, but ev'rybody wants somethin' set up somewheres to be remembered by. They kin jest say 'in mem'ry of,' an' that'll be enough. I want my name an' his'n; an' I want Peepsie's, too, underneath of 'em. You hear? They need n't say she was a chicken. I don't want fools to have anything to laugh at, if they happen to come along; an' then—well, you see we re'ly don't know whether she *was* a chicken or not. My heart was a-gittin' mighty hard an' ole-like befo' she come, an' mebbe, if I'd gone on an' died that-a-way, he would n't ha' been glad to see me up yonder. He never got ole, you see. There's no tellin' who sent that little creeter, nor what she truly was, nor where'bouts she come from. I missed her last night, with her little peepin' voice an' her cute ways,

a-nestlin' up so close to me. There was n't anybody else she took to like she took to me. She done good, an' not harm, all her life, an' that's mo' 'an most humans kin brag of; an' what reason there is for thinkin' that some people has got souls, while some dumb creepters has n't, I don't know, nor neither kin find it in Scripcher. I'm a-goin' to leave it in writin', that about the tombstone; but I want you to promise me now that if folks think I was crazy, an' raise any word ag'inst it, you'll stand up for havin' it done."

And I promised.

A little while later, as Miss Tom and I were going towards the house, after Peepsie's small grave had been filled in, and a heavy flat stone laid upon it, we met face to face a broad-shouldered, brown-handed, pleasant-eyed young man stepping across the yard to where May Lou was awaiting us by the garden gate. I had never seen him before, but from May Lou's flush, her half-frightened start, and her appealing glance at Miss Tom, I knew who it must be.

The young man also flushed and looked at Miss Tom, though in a sort of defiant way, as he lifted his hat and said good-morning.

"I'm sorry to bother you, ma'am," said he, "but it's best to be fair an' square. I want to speak a few words to Miss May Lou. I've just come into some good luck in the line of steady work, and I've got something to say to

her just between our two selves. That's what I've come for."

The tears sprang into May Lou's eyes. Her hands began to tremble. But of the wrath which she evidently feared Miss Tom's countenance gave no sign. Her glance from one to the other was simply grave and kind.

"Well, walk in the house," said she, "an' settle it between you. I've nothin' mo' to say ag'inst it. You've been a good gyrl, May Lou, an' I want you to be happy. I think you both better wait awhile, an' save a little somethin', — that's all I say. I'll help you much as I kin, if it'll make you happy right fashion. I'm a-goin' to walk round the place some now with this young lady. Ask him in, May Lou. You're both very welcome."

When Miss Thomasine Benton fell sick and died, a year or so after this, she was buried under the pear-tree, according to her wish. Ben Shirley, the husband of May Lou (who, by the bye, still lives at the same place, a happy wife and mother), attended to the setting-up of the headstone, the inscription upon it being one left by Miss Tom herself in a characteristic stiff up-and-down handwriting. And together with her own name and her long-dead lover's was carven that of Peepsie, who, whatever her true place in the scale of being, did good, and not harm, all the days of that little life which came to so sudden and pitiful a close.

A. M. Ewell.

SOME PELHAM-COPLEY LETTERS.

NOR the least amenity (if indeed "fascination" is not the more appropriate word) of historical study is the possibility, ever present, of stumbling upon some "find" of fact or material as yet unexploited. As the prospector is led to

make any exertion and endure any suffering in the search for a promising indication of precious metal, so the historian always has before him the possibility that, in the wearying and blinding study of the illegible and dusty archives

he is toiling through, the next paper may contain some revelation to him almost priceless. Under the influence of this stimulant, the present writer has spent many days in the great Babylon of historical archives, the English Public Record Office, and one product of his search has been the discovery of a series of letters on which there hangs a tale.

One of the minor points of the history of the War for Independence which offers opportunity for richer illustration is the position of the Americans in London who sided with the colonies during that period. The danger Josiah Quincy was in, the talked-of arrest of Franklin, the probable action towards William and Arthur Lee, have received passing notice, but the great body of "suspects," to use a modern term, has been largely overlooked. Among the cases investigated by the English government was that of a young American artist just returned from Rome, and his half-brother, also an artist, just fled from America. To what extent suspicion was attached to them it is now impossible to say, but it certainly went so far as to lead these two men to turn over their private papers to the government; and these, instead of being returned, drifted into this great depository of manuscripts, where they remained submerged and unrecognizable among the thousands of bundles and volumes, under the somewhat vague title of "America and the West Indies, 449. Intercepted Letters," till stumbled upon by chance. The young artist was John Singleton Copley. His half-brother was Henry Pelham. From the jumble of these papers a few have been selected as throwing light on the men and on the public and social events of the period treated.

From Peter Pelham, artist and engraver, who married the mother of Copley, both these men derived the rudiments of their art education. Copley has spoken too well for himself to need mention as an artist. Henry Pelham

was a miniaturist and engraver, who did much good work, including many prints of which no copy is now known to exist. One of these was the plate referred to in his first letter. It was of the Boston Massacre, and the letter, which was written by Pelham to Paul Revere, presents the latter in anything but a favorable light.

BOSTON, *March 29, 1770.*

SIR: When I heard that you was cutting a plate of the late Murder, I thought it impossible as I knew you was not capable of doing it unless you coppied it from mine and as I thought I had intrusted it in the hands of a person who had more regard to the dictates of Honour and Justice than to take the undue advantage you have done of the confidence and trust I reposed in you. But I find I was mistaken and after being at the great Trouble and Expence of making a design, paying for paper, printing &c., find myself in the most ungenerous Manner deprived not only of any proposed Advantage but even of the expence I have been at as truly as if you had plundered me on the highway. If you are insensible of the Dishonour you have brought on yourself by this Act, the World will not be so. However, I leave you to reflect upon and consider of one of the most dishonourable Actions you could well be guilty of.

H. PELHAM.

Revere's print of the Massacre, here referred to, is well known, and has been several times reproduced; that by Pelham, though unknown, was certainly completed and printed, as is shown by the following letter from Pelham to his half-brother, Charles Pelham:—

Tuesday Even'g, May 1, 1770.

DEAR BROTHER: I embrace the first Leisure Moment since your Man Left Boston to appologize for the very ungentle scrawl I sent by him. I beg you would attribute it to the shortness of ye

Time and not to any disrespect to a Brother whom I shall always take the greatest pleasure in Serving whenever it is in my power. I enquired of the person who takes care of Mr. Barnard's Business if he had left any Order respecting your Acct, but was informed he had not. My Mama sends her Love and Respects to you and Sister Pelham and Blessing to Nilly and Charles, kindly thanks you for the present of parsnips, hopes the Gooseberry Wine she sent will prove agreeable. Inclosed I send you two of my prints of the late Massacre, and a Newspaper contain^g Messages between the L. Governor and the House. Extract from Lord Chatham's Speech. A sketch of the proceedings of our patriotick Merchs. who have resolved to return to England 30000£ worth of Goods imported contrary to agreement. The WISPERER No. II. The remonstrance of the City of London to his Majesty &c &c. By which you will conclude that they are in the utmost confusion in old as well as New England. What will be the final Result of these Altercations time only can discover, thus much seems to be certain that if there is not a change of Measures and that very soon the British Dominions will be plunged into one of the most dreadfull of all temporal Evills, into all the Horrors of a civil War. Yesterday Messrs. Hutchinsons who had a large quantity of Tea under the Custom house agreed to have it stored by the committee of Inspection till the Tea Act is repealed. A Vessell just arived who left London a week after Capt. Scott says the London Remonstrance was presented to the King, by three Gentlemen at the head of the largest Number of People ever assembled together in London and was most graciously Received.

The following letter, written three years later by Copley, brings us to the next great event in Massachusetts history,—the opposition to the landing of tea. Copley's father-in-law, Richard

Clarke, was the merchant of Boston selected by the East India Company as an agent, to whom part of the unpopular tea was consigned. On the arrival of the tea ships, a mob smashed the windows of his house and attempted to force their way in, which so frightened Clarke that he took refuge in the "Castle," the fort of Boston harbor, and feared to return to town. He meditated a memorial justifying his conduct to the Assembly, and Copley wrote to him relative thereto as follows. The "Sukey" mentioned was Mrs. Copley. This letter is without date.

HOND SIR: I received your Letter of 11 Inst incloseing one for Col^l Worthington which I have not Delivered thinking it best to see Mr. Lee first, & after waiting till yesterday without his coming to Town I sent to Cambridge & had a full opportunity of converseing with him on the matter, but being detained all night by means of an unruly horse which gave Sukey & myself some trouble I could not get to Town this Morn^g time enough to write you by any opportunity of this Day.

The matter of a Memorial had started in my mind more than three Weeks ago but I had many objections to it which I could not get over, the most material was this, that however Clear the facts may be yet they may be controverted, your conduct misrepresented & what ever you either have or shall say misconstrued by the prevailing party in the House and a tryal brought on in which the House with ye other Branches will be the Umpires & their decision, should it be against you, will confirm great numbers in their oppinions who are but too much disposed to beleive the worst of you & are not at all sollicitious to look into the facts & vew them with candor & impartiality, & this judgment of ye Court will stand on Record & conclude every thing against you & render it more difficult than ever to bring people to think of you as they ought not only in this province but

through ye Continent & in Europe; should this be the effect, as I really think it may, your principal intention would be defeated, that of doing justice to your Injured carractor which however I think will be well effected in ye way you propose if it could be ascertained, that the leading Members in the House would take hold of such an opportunity to reinstate you their ends being answered & having no advantage in prospect from keeping you at the Castle or Banishing you your Country, having taken up this oppinion & an opportunity presenting itself when I was in Town on Tuesday I improved it to ye purpose finding out ye Sentiments of some of ye Heads & hope very soon to be able to ascertain what the fate of a Memorial would be should it be pursued. Should it unfavourable it appears to me a Newspaper Publication signed by the Agents would answer all ye purposes of doing justice to your injured carracter that a Memorial would, without the disadvantages.

I have no doubt that some of the many Callumneys in ye Newspapers ought to be contradicted. This has been my opinion ever since ye dispute commenced; After I had fully weighed the whole of your design the above was what struck me & being the only sentiments I could adopt, I saw your friend Mr. Lee who agreed in every perticular only he thought me almost romantick in supposing it a possible thing that the Leaders would countenance a Memorial in ye Coart but think it may be tried. I own I think the prospect of success very small but I dont despair neither. Mr. Lee observed to me that although his own sentiments were against the Memorial yet as they stood connected with yours he should be for trying it as he has often found your judgment better than his own where you had differed in oppinion. Should you think on ye Whole conclude to prefer a Memorial rather than publish in ye Newspaper your justification be pleased

to let me know & I will deliver the letter to Col^l W—— immediately. Mr. Green I would not see till I had been with Mr. Lee but will see him tomorrow. As it now grows late I must conclude with assuring you I shall not neglect anything that will have a tendancy to remove every obstacle to your return & that will do justice to your Carractor as far as may be in my power.

I am Hon. Sir

your Most Dutifull Son

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

Equally involved with Richard Clarke in the tea affair were his two sons, Jonathan and Isaac, who were ordered to appear before the Boston town meeting to explain their "unpatriotic conduct." Neither dared to be present, and Copley offered to act as an intermediary. He attended the meeting, and then carried to the agents, all of whom had taken refuge in the Castle, the demand of the meeting that the tea be returned. The agents could only plead their lack of power to send the tea back to England. With this answer Copley returned to the meeting. What followed is related by him in a letter to his two brothers-in-law:

Dec. 1, 1773.

On my return to the Meeting (after making an apology for so greatly exceeding the time proposed by me when I left it) I made use of every argument my thought could suggest to draw the people from their unfavourable oppinion of you, & to convince them your opposition was neither the effect of obstinacy or unfriendliness to the community, but altogether from necessity on your part to discharge a trust committed to you, a failure in which would subject you to ruin in your reputation as Merchant, to ruin in point of fortune, your friends having engaged for you in very large sums, that you were uninfluenced by any persons what ever, that you had not seen the Governor that Day (this last I urged

in answer to some very warm things that were said on this head in which you were charged with acting under the Immediate Influence of ye Governor which in justice to you & him I undertook to say from my own knowledg was not true). I observed you did not decline appearing in that Body from any suspicion that your Persons would not be intirely safe. But as the People had drawn the precise Line of Conduct that would satisfy them, You thought your appearee at that Meeting would only tend to inflame it unless you could do what they demanded from you, which being impossible you thought they ought not to insist on, that you did not bring yourselves into this Difficulty & therefore, ought not to be pressed to do an Act that would involve you in Ruin &c. — I further observed you had shewn no disposition to bring the Teas into the Town nor would you but only must be excused from being the active instrument in sending it back, that the way was Clear for them to send it back by the Political Storm as they term'd it, raised by the Body as by that the Capt. could not unload it, & must return of coarse, that your refusal by no means frusterated their plan — In short I have done every possible thing, & altho there was a unanimus vote past Declaring this unsatisfactory yet it cooled the Resentment & they Desolved without Adding or saying anything that showed an illtemper to you. I have been told & I beleive it true that after I left the Meeting Addams said they must not expect you should Ruin your selves. I think all stands well at present. Before the temper of ye People could be judg'd of, we sent Cousin Harry to your Hond Father to urge his Immediate Departure to you, you will see him this Day. I have no doubt in my own mind you must stay where you are till the Vessel sails that is now in, at least; but I beleive not Longer; Then I think you will be able to return with Honour to Town, some few things in the mean while being done

on your part. I had a Long & free conversation with Doer. Warren which will be renewed this afternoon, with the addition of Col^l Hancock Cousin Benjⁿ Davis is to be with us. I must conclude with recommending that you avoid seeing the Govounor. I hope he will not have any occation to go to the Castel if he should, do not converse with him on the subject, this I think is the best advise I can give you boath as a friend to you and Him, my reason for it I will tell you when I see you. Mrs. Copley & myself went at 9 o'Clock to Mrs. Lees & return'd so late that I have no time to do any thing Scrawl, but I hope you will be able to read this. I will see you as soon as possible.

Before the next letter of the series was written, events had moved rapidly. Copley had gone to England, Mrs. Copley was on the eve of following him, and the Pelhams were discussing a like step. To understand the main reason for these migrations, it is only necessary to mention that Pelham wrote the letter to Copley shortly after the battles of Lexington and Concord. The letter is not dated, and begins thus: —

The people in the Country have made it a Rule for a long time Past to brand every one with the Name of Tory and consider them as Inimical to the Liberties of America, who are not will^g to go every length with them in the Scheem however mad, or who show the least doubt of the justice & Humanity of all their measures. Or even entertain an Idea that they may not produce those salutary effects they profess to have in View. This conduct has rendered My Brother [Charles] P[elham] very uneasy. They have long looked askew at him, his being a Churchman is considered as a suspicious Circumstance in short he has for some time meditated a Retreat from his present place of abode and has depended upon me for Intelli-

gence of any movement in this town which might effect a threatened attack upon the Tories. My Sister Copley & myself proposed going to Newton the very day after battle, but in the Morn^g finding a Disturbance in the Country we altered our plan and with your horse & Chase I went alone to alarm my Brother & persuade him & my Sister to come to town as a place of safety. I went to the ferry. The ferrymen refused to carry me over, the Wind being high tho there was then a Chaise passing over. This I considered as a great disappointment & scolded at the Ferrymen who I thot acting out of their line of Duty. I here lost an hour, being obliged to Return thro the town and go over the Neck. This in the sequel will appear a very fortunate Circumstance as it deterred from attempting to return the same way. I found my brother unable to move being confined with the Gout. Anxious for my Friends, as the Country was now in the utmost Confusion my attention was drawn to our Amiable Friend Miss Sally Bromfield who was then at Cambridge. I went & took her into my Chaise. The people hav^e taken up the bridge at Cambridge to stop the Troops in their Retreat and fear^d another Disapontment at Charlestown I thot it most prudent to Return home by the Way of Watertown tho it was 13 Miles, which I happily effected by Sunsett after hav^e Rid apost a Circuit of 30 Miles. Had we Returnd thro Charlestown we should have been in the midst of the Battle and have remaind a fortnight involuntary exiles from our Friends who as it was were very uneasy for us. This is evident Mr. Harry B. having gone the same afternoon to fetch his Sister down but finding she had just left her Uncle's with me, hastned immediately back to the Ferry where he found the boats stoppd by Order of the Genl. The Armies fast approach^d and that being a very unsafe place he had but just time to escape over Charlestow[n] Neck before the retreat^d

army enterd it. He was forced to Remain 13 days in the Country unable to see his Friends before he could obtaind a pass to Returnd home. Amidst the Horrors of that fatal Day I feel myself peculiarly happy in being instrumental in rescuing my very lovely Friend from such a Scene of Distress and Danger. The other Circumstance was this, finding I should have no business here myself and friends thought it advisable for me to go to Philada. I had agreed for my Passage & was pack^d up my things expecting to sail the next morn^g when in the Night the Capt fear^d some detention went off and left all his Passengers behind. This has turnd out very lucky as advices have just arrived that New York & Philad: are in almost as much Trouble & Confusion as we are and there is an armed force going there. This with the other disapontm^t at Charlestown Ferry have fully taught me that present disapontment [text lacking] will doubtless be surpris'd to find this transmitted to London by my dear Sister who sails in Calahan tomorrow with her little Family, the perticulars she will give you the times are such as must preclude all thou^t of your return^g. I am in some expectation of prevail^e with our hon^d Mamma to undertake a Voyge to England so dont be surprized if you hear of our arrival in England. I hope to be able to sail from this in about 6 or 8 Weeks. I must now conclude abruptly with assuring you I am most sincerely and affectionately your lov^e Brother
& humbl Servt

HENRY PELHAM.

Pray continue to write as your letters afford us great Consolation under all difficulties. I am extremely obliged to you for the very affectionate terms with which you mention me in your letters to my Sister. My Mamma desires her kind love & Blessing to you. A Number of transports with troops have just arrived so that it will not be long before the Campain opens. We have a 74 Gun

Ship between us and Charlestown another at the back of your hill & several all round the town who each keep 2 Boats out constantly reconnoitring every possible Avenue to the Town. We have a small Army of Torys who have been retiring from all parts of the Country, for 9 Months past & between 6 & 7000 Regular Troops in it and daily expect as many more.

At this time Pelham wrote to his mother's brother (Singleton) a letter which, while somewhat repeating the facts already narrated, adds enough to make it of historic interest. This letter, also, is not dated, and is as follows:—

Among other preparations of defence which the People of this province have for some months past been very industriously making they had formed some Magazines of Provisions & military stores one particularly at Concord 18 Miles from Boston—The Granodier & light Infantry Companies belonging to the Kings Troops in this town making about 600 Men were ordered to destroy the Magazine (they began they^r march from town about 12 oClock in the nig^t of the 18 of April) which after a small Skirmish they effected. By day break there was a very general rising in the Country all were in motion alarm Guns having been fired & expresses sent to every town. About 10 oClock the 19 of April Genl G[age] having rec'd advice that the troops were attackd as they were going to Concord ordered out a Reinforcement of 4 Regiments under the command of L[ord] P[ercey] with 2 field Pieces, the whole with the first party Makeing 1800 Men. This reinforcement joined the others just time eno to prevent their being entirely cut to pieces they having nearly expended all their amunition. By this time a great Number of People were assembling fully equippd who lined the Woods and Houses along the Road thro which the troops must pass in returning

to Boston. A general Battle ensued which was supported by an almost incessant fire on both sides for 7 Hours when the troops made good their retreat with the loss of 57 Killed above 100 Wounded amongst whom were two Officers who have since died and severall Missing. It is impossible to ascertain the loss on the part of the Country People they acknowledge the loss of 40 killed on the spot but this I apprehend must fall vastly short of the true number. a Friend of mine says he saw between 70 & 80 & the Gentlemen who were Spectators of the Scene unversially argue that there could not be less than 150 or 200, they lost three of their Captans. Thus you have the most perticular account of this unhappy affair that I am capable of give^s you. Words are wanting to discribe the Misery this affair has produced among the Inhabitants of this Town. Thousands are reduced to absolute Poverty who before lived in Credit. Business of any kind is entirely Stop'd. The Town invested by 8000 or 10000 Men who prevent all supplis of fresh Provision from coming in so that we are now reduced to have recourse to the stores which those of us who were provident foreseeing a political Storm had laid in—We find it disagreeable living entirely upon salt Meat, it is especially so to my honored Mother whose ill state of Health renders her less able to bear it. My Brother Jack has been near a year past making the Tour of France & Italy. My Sister Copley is just embarking with her little Family for London where she expects soon to meet him. She is the bearer of this to England. As for my self I dont Know what to say, this last manoeuvre has entirely stoppd all my business and anniated all my Property the fruits of 4 or 5 years Labor. I find it impossible to collect any Monies that are due to me so that I am forced to find out some other place where I may at least make a living. My present purposed plan is to remove to Great Britian where I shall be able to

look about me and where I shall have an Opportunity of consulting my Friends respecting my future pursuits. Should I be able to persuade my Hon^d Mamma to undertake this Voyage Which I sometimes flatter myself I shall I would leave this place in 6 or 8 Weeks. With her love and sincerest affections I beg leave to tender you and my Aunt Singleton my most dutifull Respects and beg your blessing. Be kind eno to present my duty to my Uncle & aunt Cooper and Love to all my Cousins. I am Dear Sir with the sincerest affection & Respect your most dutifull Nephew
H. P.

Pelham's next letter to Copley recounts with much more fullness the occurrences of that period:—

BOSTON, *May 16, 1775.*

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Before you rec. this you will doubtless have heard alarming Reports of a late most unhappy Event which has taken place here. I have hitherto declined giving you any account of the State of Politicks since you left us thinking it a theme which could afford you no amusement. I now reluctantly find myself obliged to give you a detail of one of the most extraordinary and unhappy transactions which can possibly disgrace the Records of Mankind. Alass, My dear Brother, where shall I find Words sufficiently expressive of the Distractions & Distresses of this once flourish^d & Happy People. The Disorders of which we were lately such anxious Spectators have produced those effects which every dispassionate Mind foresaw & every humane & feeling Heart wished to avert. My hands tremble while I inform you that Sword of Civil War is now unsheathd. For some Months past the People of this Province impelled by the most surprizing Enthusium which ever seized the mind of Man have been industriously making every preparation for carrying on a War & had formed some considerable Magazines — Genl Gage to

embarrass them & Retard their Plans ordered about 600 Men to embark from the bottom of the Common which they did and landed at Phipp's farm about 11 oClock in the evng of the 18 of April & immediatly March'd to Concord 18 Miles from Town where they distroyd a Magazine of Provisions & Military Stores: By day Break the Country was all in Motion, Alarm Guns havg been fired & Express sent to evry town. About 10 oClock the Genl having recd advice that the Troops were attackd as they were going to Concord orderd out a Reinforcement of 4 Regiments under the command of Earl Percy with 2 field Pieces with the first Party making 1800 Men this Reinforcement fortunatly join'd the others just time eno to prevent their be^g entirely cut to pieces they not having 2 Rounds left. By this time a most Prodigious Number of People were assembled under Arms who lind the Woods & Houses quite from Concord to Charlestown. An obstinate & general Battle ensued and an incessant fire was supported on both sides for 7 Hours till sunsett during which time the Regulars made a Retreat which does Honour to the Bravest & best Discipli[n]ed troops that ever Europe Bred. The fatigue & conduct of this little Army is not to be parrelled in History. They march'd that day not less than 50 Miles, were constantly under Arms part of them at least from 11 oClock at night till an hour after Sunsett the next Even'g the whole of the time without any Refreshment attackd by an Enemy they could not see for they skulkd behind Trees stone Walls &c surrounded & most vigourously assulted by not less than 10000 Men who then were fresh Men: In short considering the Circumstances it was almost a Maricle that they were not entirely distroy. When the battle ended they had not near a Charge a Man: The Kings troops had 57 Killed above an 100 Wounded among them 2 Officers who since dead and several missing. The Rebels loss is not ascertained

as there has been scarce any Communication between town & Country since. They acknowledge they had 40 of their People killed, but this must fall Vastly short of the true number Doct. Sprig of Watertown says he saw between 70 & 80. The Officers in general agree they could not loose les than 150 or 200 among whom are 3 of their Captains. Thus I give You the particulars of this most shock^d affair, must now discribe the State of this town. It is intirely invested by an Army of about 8000 Provincials who prevent all supply and Communication from the Country. The Genl is fortifying the Town in all Parts has built a Number of Battery at the Neck at the bottom of the Common round the beach to Newboston, on fox Hill, Beacon Hill, & all along from your land intirely to Mr. Wm. Vassell's on Fort Hill & Capt Hill at Bartem Point. The threatned assault upon the town now gives us very little disturbance. The Ge^l has entirely disarmed the Inhabitants & has permitted Numbers to move out with their Effects. We have been obliged to live intirely upon salt provisions and what stores we have in the house & I think we are very fortunate. Foreseeing a political Storm we had been for some time collecting provisions of all sorts had just furnish'd eno to last our family 6 Months. Mr. Clarke has done the same. It is inconceivable the Distress and Ruin this unnatural dispute has caused to this town & its inhabitants almost every shop & store is shut. No business of any kind going on. You will here wish to know how it is with me. I can only say that I am with the multitude rendered very unhappy, the little I had collected entirely lost, the Cloaths upon my back & a few Dollers in my pocket are now the only property which I have the least Command of, what is due to me I can't get and have now an hundred guineas worth of business begun which will never afford me an hundred farthings. I can't but think myself very unfortunate thus

to have lost so much of the best part of Life to have my Business when my happyness greatly depends so abruptly cut short all my bright prospects, the little Property I had acquired rendered useless myself doomed either to stay at home & starve or leave my Country my Friends. Forced to give up those flattering expectations of domestic felicity which I once fondly hoped to realise to seek that Bread among strangers which I am thus cruallly deprived of at Home. This I long foresaw would be the case. The expectation of this distressing Scene was the cause of that illness which sent me to Philadelpha last fall. When I think of my present Situation it requires all my Philosophy to keep up my spirits under this acumulated Load of uneasiness. I cant help relating two Circumstances which amidst all my distress Afford me real pleasure and have tended greatly to relieve my anxiety, it has fully taught me that present disapontment may be productive of future good & that we are indispensable obliged after we have conscientiously done what appears to us our duty, to leave the issue to that Almighty being whose Fiat created & whose Providence Governs the World: & should either Adversity depress or Prosperity chear us we are equally bound humbly to adore his Wisdom & patiently submit to his all righteous Dispensations.

As narrated in the preceding letters, Copley's wife and children sailed for England, and so the next letter is from Pelham to Mrs. Copley, written July 23, 1775, after the battle of Bunker's Hill had been added to the chronology of events:—

MY DEAR MADAM, — I should ill deserve that friendship and Regard with which you have hitherto honour'd me & which I am ambitious ever to possess was I longer to omitt congratulating your departure from this land of Ruin & Distress, and arrival at a more friendly &

peacefull Shore where I sincerely pray you may long enjoy every blessing that can fall to the lot of Human Nature. You had scarcely left us before we began to experience all the inconveniences attending a siege and beheld the desolations ever consequential upon a War. As you have doubtless had the particulars of the destruction of property on Noddle Isle, of the Governour's proclamation declaring Adams & Hancock with their Abettors & aiders traitors & Rebels, of the suspension of all Civil Law & Courts and the establishment of the Martial Law and the important Battle & Victory at Charlestown and destruction of that Town of all which I had with my Telescope a very perfect, but very malencholly View, I shall forbear reciting an account which cannot fail of renewing Sensations which would be painful to a mind as yours susceptible of the finest feelings of Humanity, Benevolence & Compassion. A retrospect for a few Years back compared with the present Contest can but be a matter of uncommon surprize to the most inattentive Observer. Within the few years which indulgent Providence has permitted to rool over my head I well remember the Inhabitants of this Town and adjacent Country put into the greatest consternation and uneasiness upon a vague report of the approach of a small Army of France's & this at a time too when they had added to their own Strength the victorious Arms of the most powerfull Nation in Europe Drawn in their Defence. Now we see this very Country arming themselves & unsupported by any foreign Power ungenerously Waging War against their great Benefactors and endeavouring to Ruin that State to whom they owe their being; Whose Justice & Gennerosity has fostered them to the late flourishing & Happy Condition, and who sence has protected them in the uninterrupted Enjoyment of all the blessings of Peace.

We are at present invested by an

army of about 14000 Men, whose almost Continual Firi^s of Shot has in a gr^t degree reconciled us to Noise of Cannon & we are daily spectators of the Operations of War since the last Vessel sailed from this 500 Men in Whale boats attacked &, I am sorry to say it, within sight of the British Flag, carried off from long Island just below the Castle 13 Men who had fled to this Town from the Country, & Miss Lydia Sand Doct. Perkins Niece who was there for her Health. They have not since been heard off. Likewise a Number of sheep & cattle & returned the next day & burnt all the buildings with a Quantity of Hay. A few days ago they destroyed the light House at noon day within a Quarter of a Mile of a Man of War.

I with pleasure inform you that your Friends here are as happy if not more so than could be expected considering the narrow limmits to which we are confined & our being entirely cutt off from all supplies except what our Friends in Europe will let us have.

I was in hopes I should have had the Happyness of seeing you in England this fall but now give over all thoughts of it as I can't at present prevail upon my hon^d Mother to undertake the Voyage and should very uneasy at leaving her during this scene of Confusion. Your Son is a fine boy in good Health. My business is entirely ceased I have not now a single days business. But to fill up time I have begun a Survey of Charlestown for which I have permission from Genl Gage & Genl Howe who were polite eno to grant me a general Pass directed to all Officers commanding Guards for going to and returning from Charleston. Genl Howe to assist me in the laborious part of Measuring has kindly put a Sargant and two Men under my Commnd. This Plan when finished will give a good Idea of the late battles & I propose sending Home a Coppy to be engraved together with a View of it as it appears in its present

Ruins with the encampment on the Hills behind it. I have often Passed Doct. Warrens Grave. It is disagreeable thus To see a Townsman, an old Acquaintance led by unbounded Ambition to an untimely death and thus early to realise that Ruin which a lust of Power & Dominion has brought upon himself & partly through his means upon this unhappy Country. I would wish to forget his principles to Lament his Fate. I almost forgot to tell you that Mr. T. Mifflin of Philadel'a is aid de Camp to Genl Lee & that the Continental Congress have taken the entire direction of the War, have erected themselves into an Independant body, are addressed by the title of Excellencyes & call themselves the states General of the united american provinces and their Army the grand Confederate Army. They have appointed Mr. Washington of Virginia Lieutenant Genl & Ward Putnam & Lee Major Genls. They are all now at Cambridge. They have been very industrious in constructing fortifications all round this Town & it is said as far back as Worcester. What the Result of this Contest will be God only knows. I have not heard a Word of Brother Pelham since you left us. I wonder much at not having a single line from Brother Copley since one dated the 26th of last Sepr now near a twelve month. Mrs Cordis whom you have some knowledge off Capt Ruggles Niece & a near Neighbour at Cluny obligingly promises to deliver you this. My hon^d Mamma desires her kindest Love & Blessing to you, My dear Brother, & my little amiable & lovely Friends. Accept my Love and best Wishes which ever att^d You & them and beleive sincerely Dear Madam your very affectionat Brother & Humble Servat.

The last letter in our budget was written by Pelham to Copley, and shows how hard and cruelly the siege was bearing on the residents of Boston: —

MY DEAR BROTHER, — It was my intention to have wrote you a long Letter to have accompanied a plan which I have almost this moment finished proposing to have exhibited to the Publick as perfect an Idea as was possible upon Paper of the late most important and glorious action which I was an anxious Spectator of and to which under God I attribute my present capacity for writing and I hope will be our future security.

I was disapointed in my expectations this morning upon waiting upon Genl Gage he acquainted me that it would not be altogether proper to publish a plan of Charlestown in its present state as it would furnish those without with a knowledge of the fortification erected there & in a polite manner desired I would postpone the sending it at present. Mrs. Copley desired we would write word when we met with fresh Meat. You will form some Idea of our present disagreeable Situation when I tell you that last Monday I eat at Genl Howe's Table at Charlestown Camp the only bit of fresh Meat I have tasted for very near four Months past. And then not with a good Conscience considering the many Persons who in sickness are wanting that and most of the Conveny of Life. The usual pleas now made by those who beg a little Bacon or Salt fish is that its for a sick person.

Mr. Clarke says he has inclosed you Copies of some late intercepted Letters. By them you will find whot those who stile themselves patriots are after and where there Schems will drive us. Independency is what alone will content those who have insinuated themselves into the good Opinion (generally speaking) a well meaning but credulous people. Upon the supposition that this Country was totally independent on the parent State, in the Name of common sense what one advantage could accrue? Should we be freer from Taxes? We know we could not support a government for ten times the expence. Should

we be safer from foreign insults. Reason tells us that we should be exposed to every Inconvenience that a defenceless and impoverish'd people ever experienced. Would our internal Peace and Happiness be greater. Here alas, we may look back to those days of Felicity & Peace which we enjoyed under the fostering Care & indulgent Protection of Britain and contemplate ourselves as having ever been the happiest people in the Empire & on this View I am sure every unprejudiced Person will execrate those destructive Schemes & that unbounded Ambition which from the pinnacle of Ease has plunged us into the depths of Distress & Ruin. Judge Sewall who kindly takes the Care of this just setting out on his Voyage obliges me to conclude abruptly acquaint^e you that we are all as well as the times will permitt. Wishing My dear Sister and family ever possible felicity.

P. S. I write in this your house in

the Common where the Company unite with me in good Wishes. Our hon^d Mam^a desires her kind Love to you all. I must beg when you write me to be carefull what you say as all Letters that come into ther hands are price. I believe there is one or more of your Letters at Cambridge, I almost hope ther is as I should be grieved to find you had not wrote to me. When you write send your Letters directly to this Place.

Whether Copley's letters had been made a "price" (that is, prize) by the Continental army I cannot learn. Certainly it was a curious train of circumstances that made his letters equally seizable in Massachusetts and England. That they were never reclaimed is strange, but "what is, is right;" for had they been, they would not have been preserved, but would have suffered the destruction with his manuscripts which every biographer of Copley has deplored.

Paul Leicester Ford.

SURVIVAL.

THE knell that dooms the voiceless and obscure
Stills Memnon's music with its ghostly chime;
Strength is as weakness in the clasp of Time,
And for the things that were there is no cure.

The vineyard with its fair investiture,
The mountain summit with its hoary rime,
The throne of Cæsar, Cheops' tomb sublime,
Alike decay, and only dreams endure.

Dreams for Assyria her worship won,
And India is hallowed by her dreams;
The Sphinx with deathless visage views the race

That like the lotus of a summer seems;
And, rudderless, immortally sails on
The wingèd Victory of Samothrace.

Florence Earle Coates.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

IN the life of Phillips Brooks there appears no trace of an inward revolution by which he attained his spiritual development. He stepped at once into his heritage of power and renown. He was as great a preacher, receiving the same tribute of recognition, while still a young man, under thirty, as at any later time. From the first his peculiar way of apprehending truth and presenting it was mature and complete, as if he had gone forth from the schools equipped with his full armor. If we compare the sermons of different periods of his life, the earliest do not suffer by the comparison, nor do they differ in any essential feature.

Most men grow by inward struggles, by revolt against some earlier training, by what we call reaction. The sermons of Frederick William Robertson show traces everywhere of the process by which he passed from the limitations of his youth into the large liberty of his spiritual manhood. The late Henry Ward Beecher lived in a condition of theological ferment, a state of transition from the older New England Calvinism, and not without an inward agony accompanying the process. So it was, also, with the late Cardinal Newman, with Theodore Parker, with others who might be mentioned: they passed through some inner, perhaps bitter mood of thought and experience before they gained their independent footing; while the traces of the conflict remained in a certain combative attitude against old beliefs or errors from which they were emancipated. Or if we go further back into history, to Savonarola or to Martin Luther, with each of whom Phillips Brooks had striking points of resemblance in the rare gift of reaching men by direct address and of revolutionizing their lives, they, too, went through long stages of inward agitation before they found themselves and

were ready to face the world. But in Phillips Brooks the inward preparation does not seem to correspond with the vast influence he exerted, and certainly the negative attitude of antagonism toward rejected beliefs was almost wholly wanting. No one of his sermons is devoted to showing that certain theological formulas are no longer tenable, or that he is offering some better substitute for dead convictions. It was not his mission to combat errors; he was consumed with an eager haste to impart some positive truth, some fresh revelation of God to man.

In this aspect of his life is revealed one of the peculiar elements of his greatness, as well as what has been called the secret of his power. It constituted something new in the history of preaching as an art. If no one ever preached quite like him before, so no one was ever listened to as he was, with an intensity of expectation, as if the very mystery of existence were at last to stand forth unveiled. It marks an epoch in many lives when he was heard for the first time. It seemed as if an infinite pressure were impelling him, so that he spoke because he must speak, and could not be silent, and was in such haste to communicate the message that he could scarce allow time for the enunciation of his words. This was the external man; but despite the outward tumultuousness there was an absolute serenity of the spirit within him, betrayed by the utter unconsciousness of self, and when he came down from the pulpit he was more composed than his audience.

In connection with this, it may be said of his sermons that he rarely quoted from authors, — from poets, as the custom is of many preachers; his sermons contain few allusions to contemporary incidents, although they are born out of the moods

of his age. The local and the transitory elements of life gave way before those of enduring and permanent validity. If he was preëminently a preacher to his own time, speaking to its inmost moods and deepest embarrassments as no one else could do, yet his sermons also impress one as though he would have met men of other times as successfully as in his own day he met men of every variety of religious belief, or of no belief at all. This feature of his work constitutes a ground for thinking that his sermons are destined to live after him. For most sermons are evanescent and transitory, intended to do their work for the moment; there is a fashion about them, as in the clothes we wear. But there are a few immortal sermons which will not cease to be read and pondered. Among them we may place St. Paul's sermon upon Mars' Hill, Tauler's sermon (attributed to him) for the second Sunday in Advent, Luther's Address to the German Nobility, Chalmers's discourse on the Expulsive Power of a New Affection, Caird's on Religion in Common Life, and that sermon of Robertson's on Baptism, to which so many owe their first real insight into the Christian faith. Are we mistaken when we think that there are more such immortal sermons preached by Phillips Brooks than the record of any other preacher can display? Indeed, were not all his sermons framed on the supreme principle which makes these few to hold an honored place in what we know as literature?

And now what is this principle? We may not be able to analyze the secret of his fascinating, absorbing eloquence, for the hidden personality of the man lay behind it, — something in the last analysis inexplicable. But one thing has long seemed clear regarding his work: he has contributed more material than any other man in his age to what we may call, for lack of a better name, spiritual psychology. There is a science of physiological psychology which traces the con-

nection between the brain and the mind, which aims to measure in its laboratories the rapidity of thought; but there is another psychology to which the laboratory cannot contribute. The true biography of man, his spiritual endowment, his real nature, the image of God within him, the imperative wants and necessities of that nature which cannot be fed by bread alone, the development of a true manhood according to some eternal ideal, — these constitute the science of spiritual psychology, whose materials are stored as in a treasure-house, unread or uninterpreted in the courses of human history. The need of the age, as Amiel has not only told us, but has impressively illustrated in the *Journal* which gives us the story of a human life, is the translation of Christian history into psychology, — “*Le déplacement du Christianisme de la région historique dans la région psychologique est le vœu de notre époque.*” Into this psychology Phillips Brooks was all his life translating his own experience, his wide reading, his vast, incessant observation. Here lay the opportunity for his subtle intellect, for that combination of powers which constituted his marvelous genius. Very early in life he discovered this hitherto almost unoccupied province, and from that moment he was himself, and the great preacher stood up before the world. Others resemble him to some extent. Newman had the power, but he was not wholly free or natural; his conclusions were biased by conventional theories of life. Robertson excelled in the use of this gift, but the personal equation and the tendency to deal with mere opinion, and that too often in a negative way, entered largely into his work. Beecher, also, was influenced by reactionary impulses, strong as was his appeal to spiritual law. But Phillips Brooks was hampered by no limitations of theory or conventionality; when he entered the pulpit, he was as impersonal as Shakespeare. This was what puzzled his hearers, that there was

no trace of individual experience or theological conflict by which he could be labeled, or the route by which he traveled known.

Some traces, however, of the process by which he grew may be detected. He was always enlarging himself by entering into the experience of others, making his spirit a reservoir for the reception of all that was vitally human. "Meditation" was the old word for the method he pursued; but in its older use it was regarded chiefly as a devotional accomplishment, while he made it the habit of his life. "The dwelling on truth, self-application, as loving as possible, — this," said Lacordaire, "is the essence of meditation." But the range of Lacordaire was narrow, and emotion more than intellect inspired the process. Phillips Brooks took home in self-application, and always as loving as possible, history, literature, art, as well as Scriptures or theology. His range was as wide as the interest of human life. In his method, the highest reason shared alike with conscience or emotion. Hence he could not be indifferent to religious dogmas. He penetrated beneath the formula to the truth for which it stood. It was almost an axiom of his procedure that anything with which humanity had ever been supremely concerned, as witnessed by creeds or confessions, could not, in the nature of the case, be false, but rather needed only to be seen in its relation to life or supplemented with other truth. Nor was he content with merely making this an admission which courtesy required. He explored the ancient formula in search of truth, forgotten or overlooked, but which men needed to-day in order to be fully alive. This contributed a certain originality and freshness as well as profundity to his sermons. What he brought out as apparently new was often in reality old, while much that he did not utter lay behind in the depth of his soul as motive and inspiration. From this point of view, what had been stigmatized as heresy was

also vitally related to man; even as full of significance for the interpretation of man to himself as the orthodox creed which anathematized it. In this respect he resembled one who has been called "the father of modern church history;" for who is there, since Neander's time, who has brought so rare a combination of powers to the interpretation of man, or to the revelation of his divine capacity? His sermons will hold a unique place in literature, because they have explored the hidden resources of human nature; opening up to the light the existence of disused and even unsuspected chambers of the soul, disclosing the diversified wealth of our human endowment. The attestation of their truth is in the response they have produced, as though the people had stamped them with approval, — that verdict from which there can be no appeal.

For a man occupying this high ground, from which he could survey the whole religious world, it was only natural that he should appeal with equal force to men of varied religious attitudes; nay, even with greater force, at times, than their chosen representatives could do. He gave their special truth a larger setting. He had a message for the Calvinist which no one else could bring to him so well. Unitarians and Universalists were inclined to claim him as their own, for no one else could preach so powerfully as he the positive truth for which they stood. But Methodists, also, holding to orthodox convictions, as they are called, delighted in him, as if he spoke the very word of unadulterated primitive Methodism. Candidates for the Methodist ministry sat under his ministrations as best fitting them to do their peculiar work.

It was not easy to say, if you tried to test him by a formula, exactly where he stood. He lived above the sphere of religious controversy. In the ancient Church, there had been a bitter discussion between Augustine and Pelagius as to whether a moral reformation could

be accomplished by man through the strength of his will, or whether man was so weak that his regeneration depended alone upon God. But he outdid Augustine in attributing the whole work to God, from beginning to end; and yet it sounded like mere humanitarianism, as ecclesiastics know it, because he also regarded the soul as charged with divine capacities, as thickly strown with the germs of immortal power.

How did he stand related to the institution, as it is called, and did he sufficiently appreciate the value which Christian institutionalism plays in the development and maintenance of human society? Or did he represent mere individualism, or some invisible church which could never be realized for the benefit of humanity? One church had the honor of claiming him as its own, and to this church he was loyal, in its creed, worship, and discipline. No one could have been more scrupulous than he in fulfilling its requirements. However he may have differed from others in his interpretation of its law or doctrine, it was no individual judgment which he set up for himself to follow. He stood as the illustrious representative of a great historical school in the Church of England, — the school which inherited in its large freedom the spirit and the principles of the Church in the age of the Reformation. Those who are familiar with these things never questioned his loyalty or his representative attitude as a Churchman. He had among his predecessors Cranmer and Jewell, Hooker and Jeremy Taylor; the school, also, of intuitive moralists in the seventeenth century, of whom Cudworth was an ornament; and in his own age, Coleridge, Whately, and Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Maurice, Kingsley, and Stanley, Robertson of Brighton, the present Bishop of London, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury: these were among the names which he loved and honored, whose teaching had inspired his youth. In the Church for which they stood he

had grown up from his boyhood; he knew no other; he entered with enthusiasm upon its ministry; he watched its progress with deep interest; he studied its peculiar place among Christian organizations; he felt entirely at home within its fold. He was one of the most practical of men, with no quixotic tendencies in his nature. He knew the world he lived in; and if it seemed as though he limited himself by conforming to rubrics or liturgies, yet it was, on the contrary, a means to a larger influence and helpfulness. He did not tilt against institutions: he recognized their worth; they were indispensable.

All this is true, yet still it must be said that his life work will always suggest the importance of the individual man as compared with institutional Christianity. His true place is with those who loom up in the Church's history as larger than institutions. He belongs with St. Paul, whose mission it was to widen the conception of the original twelve apostles regarding the scope of their Master's teaching; with Athanasius, who forced an unwelcome doctrine upon a hostile clergy; with Francis of Assisi, the pioneer of a new epoch, who illumined with an intense light the more inward meaning of the eternal gospel; with Luther, who broke the chains which shut in the Church of the Middle Ages, and set humanity free to expand on its Godward side. In an age when many had grown indifferent to churches, or could find in no church the food for which their souls were hungering; to whom the Bible had become unfamiliar, and the conventionalities of religious expression had lost their meaning, — who, somehow, amid the distractions of modern life, had fallen out of sympathy with historic Christianity; to those so shaken by doubt that they could no longer understand, or were impatient with, creeds, catechisms, or confessions, — to all these, and they are thousands whom no man can number, Phillips

Brooks was the divine instrument for restoring faith toward God and love toward man. To such as these he was an institution in himself; in the old phrase, the Institution of the Christian Man. They did not need to have heard him often; it was enough to have heard him once, or even to have seen him, of whose existence they had become aware, as of some mysterious spiritual potency who could restore them to their true selves. To meet him on the street was a reminder of faith and hope, as if his presence held their world together. So, at least, he was regarded. It was like a new fulfillment of the ancient prophecy, "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Because such men come to us but rarely, in the course of long ages, institutions are essential, where the faith of the many shelters, educates, and strengthens the individual solitary heart.

It was a characteristic mark of the power of Phillips Brooks as a preacher that he appealed with equal success to the educated and to the illiterate. It fell to his lot to minister to the cultivated and fashionable, for the most part, whether at the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, Trinity Church, Boston, or the chapel of Harvard University. But if ever there was a man of whom, after his Divine Master, it might be said that the poor heard him gladly, it was he. In later years, more especially, he gave himself to them with all the resources at his disposal. He did not need to preach down to them, as the expression goes; he gave them the one truth which ran through all his teaching, the manner and the form unchanged; and the sermon which delighted a fastidious taste or illumined the specialist for his task was heard with rapt attention by the man of no education.

"For evermore the deepest words of God
Are yet the easiest to understand."

There was another class to whom he ministered, and who claimed him as their own,—the graduates, as it were, from the various religious communions, who failed any longer to find in their own religious homes the direction or help which they required. All that could be done for them had only left them yearning for something higher or fuller, or left them painfully conscious of some great want. For the work of the different churches consists, for the greater part, in laying the foundation of faith and character. To receive the young, to educate them, to retain them at the most critical moment within the fold, and so preserve them from the contagion of evil influence,—this is the primary task entrusted to the churches, to fulfill each in its own way. The clergy have been sometimes classified as foundation men and superstructure men. The latter are the more rare, since the demand for them is less and the opportunities are few. So important is it to get hold of the young that ability in this respect is generally considered the first requisite, in calling a minister. It is pathetic to see the old and those of middle age sacrifice themselves to this necessity, content to go unfed, to be turned out to pasture, provided only that the young can be retained within the fold. Here again our great preacher found his opportunity. To such as these he seemed to have a special message; to lead them forth into richer fields, to make them feel at home still in God's world, to teach them how to minister to themselves. These were always among the crowd that poured into the churches when he was to preach, to listen with amazement, almost with awe, as he traced the laws of spiritual growth, or revealed the richness of life, or showed them the open heaven descending to their need. But there was something still more extraordinary than this; for if he met men in the maturity of experience as others could not do, yet he appeared as one who was forever laying

anew the foundations of Christian manhood, so that what he uttered applied to young as well as to old. Young men formed a large part of his audience; he was the favorite preacher at Harvard College, and wherever young men were gathered together.

There is something here which is phenomenal, which was never recorded before. No one could address more powerfully the mature Christian mind, the professed Christian believer, the ministers of religion; and yet when he spoke to men absorbed in business, as during one Lent in the city of New York, or again in Boston, he seemed to be disclosing the unknown reserves of his vast power. In all this he had not to adapt himself, but only to be still more himself. He touched the hidden springs of life because he spoke out as man to man, apart from any preconceptions; he made the reality stand forth; he went behind the external appearance to the thing in itself. His beautiful letter to little Helen Keller reads not unlike a page from one of his printed sermons.

Under such circumstances, other men have been tempted to become the founders of a new order; but while he ministered to individual needs, he also aimed to serve existing institutions. No one ever complained that the influence which drew men from every direction to his preaching, like some powerful magnet, was hurting the local parishes, or weakening the hold of any pastor upon his congregation. On the contrary, he was reconciling men to the different households of faith who might otherwise have been alienated. He led them to see a deeper meaning in that which they had begun to think they had outgrown. He did not deny nor underrate the diverse dogmas under which they had been trained; he taught them rather to expect these diversities, to value them as so many rich manifestations of the divine purpose in educating human character. He was very far from thinking that be-

cause character was the end of religion, therefore it stood in opposition to creeds or doctrines. What he aimed at was to make doctrine minister to life, and so vindicate its truth. He could not have done all this if he had not been at home in the sphere of religious thought, discerning its relations to the real life of man. If he moved easily from one denomination to another, receiving a welcome from all, he broke down no fences as he went. Whatever purpose the fences were intended to serve, it was all the same to him. He went his way in God's world by the direct light of the divine mind, so that he could not be lost. If he found streams without bridges, he forded them with unconscious ease. Sometimes he did so even where bridges had been carefully and anxiously provided. In this way he became the property of us all; he solved in himself, in his loving heart, his large nature, the problem of Christian unity, though generations may yet pass by before the promise of his career can be fulfilled.

When we study Phillips Brooks with reference to the preparation for his work, he appears as the resultant of the spiritual processes of history. The most influential factors of the last hundred years combined to produce him. He was the direct outcome of that wave of inspiration which swept over Europe and America from the close of the last century. His place is secure among the greatest: with Schleiermacher and Goethe; with Coleridge, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning; with Hawthorne, Emerson, Channing, Longfellow, and Whittier. Though the last to appear, he was in some respects the greatest of them all. He stood for the supremacy of the pulpit, the awakening and reassertion of the moral conscience and the spiritual life; yet had he gone into literature, toward which his earliest taste inclined him, it seems as if his excellence would have been equally assured. That he was a poet by nature is witnessed by all his sermons. One

brief song which he wrote, O Little Town of Bethlehem, has secured almost universal recognition, as if it were destined to be sung so long as Christmas Day is remembered. The conception which he reached at an early age, that in literature the soul of humanity is revealed, gave to his preaching a peculiar charm, as though in every sermon he sought to produce a literary masterpiece. His sermons, therefore, are related to the best literature not only by the rhythm of the style, the command of language, the ear for the music of words, but by the gift of penetration which reads the instincts of the heart in their free, spontaneous expression. His mission was to combine the fruits of the great humanitarian movement, which has made so many names immortal in the Victorian age, with the idea of God as their source and their goal. He was always showing how genuinely human is the religious sentiment, and therefore how divine. It was his work to mediate, as it were, between literature and theology; to restore theology to the place which it had lost since it died as a science in the abstractions of the Schoolmen. Great as was his love for pure literature as such, yet he so read it as if it were only another form of theology, and drew from it an inspiration for the work of the preacher.

It was his good fortune to have inherited the best traditions of New England history, coming as he did by direct descent from the Rev. John Cotton, a better type of Puritan than were the Mathers, whose reputation has eclipsed him. His mother's family name, which became his Christian name, stood for the devotion of New England to the highest learning, but also in combination with the church. In his family, too, had been felt the evil effects of the schism which divided the New England churches, and to his mother was due the transition from Puritanism to the Episcopal Church. If, as an Episcopalian, he occupied what

must seem like a position hostile to Puritan traditions, yet in his attitude there was no antagonism or hostility. He believed that the Episcopal Church could reap the fruits of the long and bitter controversy only as it discerned the spiritual worth of Puritanism, and the value of its contribution to the history of religious thought or to the capital of Christian character. No chapter in the records of the Christian church seemed to him richer in materials than that which had been written in New England history. For this reason, his mission to the world may be said to have been foreordained from his birth. His heart went forth to both the divisions of Puritanism, to the so-called orthodox Calvinists and to the heterodox Unitarians; the one standing for the sovereignty of God, the other for the sacred rights and dignity of man. He stood for both, as one and indivisible.

He loved New England with all the strength of his large nature. One of the features of his character was, that while rejoicing in things that were world-wide in their range, seeming to live as if for humanity alone, yet he took such a deep interest in lesser things, as if he could have been content to live and die for them. There was in him a singular power of concentration of the affections. To those who had the privilege of his more intimate friendship, it seemed as though he loved them to the exclusion of all else; as though, when he withdrew for a moment from the sphere of public life into this small inner circle, he was entirely at home, in the one place where he most wished to be and to remain. He carried the personal interests of his friends so close to his heart that it was hard to realize how he could make this compatible with his wider obligations, as if one or other of these devotions must be unreal. This must have been the method by which he grew, rising to the universal by means of the individual affection. He loved the country, and was above all else a typical citizen of

America; yet his love for the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and for the city of Boston in particular, was so strong that it might have degenerated into absurdity, if it had not coexisted with the larger love. But so it was that he loved Boston and Harvard College, as if he could have been satisfied if all the rest of the world had not existed. If there be anything provincial in such devotion to a city or a college, he had it, he was proud of it, he cultivated it, as if making it his business to lead others, and rouse them to an enthusiasm equal to his own. It stirred his nature to its inmost depths to travel as bishop over the State of Massachusetts, to penetrate its remoter towns, recalling wherever he went the associations of a great history. One of his most perfect literary productions was an address made at an anniversary of the Boston Latin School, when he reviewed its record and disclosed its meaning. On the Tuesday morning of that last sad week of his life, when he was preparing, whether consciously or not we shall never know, for his impending translation, he laid aside his work, telling his assistant that he might go; and then he did what he himself regarded as unusual, — he spent the morning roaming about the streets of Boston.

But now we must recall that strong as he was in individual or local attachments, yet as a citizen of the world he surpassed every other man of his generation. Where shall we turn for any one who had studied humanity on so large a scale as he, sojourning in almost every country, as if he were restless or his education incomplete until he had seen for himself all that the world had to offer? For about thirty years it had been his custom to go abroad every alternate summer. In this way, visiting England so often, he was as much at home there, and his name as familiar, as

in his own land. He was a favorite preacher in rural churches and in the great Abbey, and was sent for to preach before the Queen. The same phenomena attended his preaching there as here, — the thronging congregation, the thousands who were turned away for lack of room, as when he preached last summer at Westminster. He made it an object to have the acquaintance of great Englishmen of whom he knew through their books or their work. He became the warm friend of Dean Stanley.¹ He visited Tennyson at various times, one of the visitors whom the poet welcomed and loved. Only last summer he spent a day with him, talking over the great theme to which Tennyson so often reverted, the weird fascination of death. He was struck with the poet's hopefulness despite the pessimistic mood with which he struggled, with his power to extract blessedness from the sorrow and the misery of life. He made also a summer's sojourn in the other countries of Europe. Norway and Russia, Holland and Spain, were taken in this way, Italy, Germany, and France, and also Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. He gave one year to India, one of the most fruitful years in his experience, impressing him with the supreme importance of foreign missions. A summer was given to China and Japan, with the double journey across America. But he could go nowhere that his fame had not preceded him. He traveled for the increase of life and education; but as if it might seem like amusement or recreation only, he spent alternate summers at home, where he was found each Sunday in his pulpit. Many were thus enabled to hear him who would not otherwise have found the opportunity, — the dwellers at home whose churches were closed, or the traveler passing through the city.

That which strikes us, then, most forcibly, in what we may call his preparatory work on Dean Stanley for *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1881.

¹ Perhaps Dr. Brooks's solitary contribution to magazine literature was the paper which he

tion for his work, is the way in which he put the whole world under tribute to his genius. As we say of some mighty tree in the forest, he was a rich feeder; he needed a large amount as well as a great variety of food to support the demand of his soul for life. Only as he saw things related to life did he seem to value them; nothing was significant to him as mere theory or opinion; by some instinct he rejected whatever was artificial or unreal. Because he was so thoroughly alive himself, he made things live which to others seemed dead, whether past or present, near or remote, at home or abroad. His friends can recall how, on casual visits, he was desirous to know what they were thinking or doing, as if he would exhaust and appropriate the life that was in them. It would not do to remain too long, when he was in this mood, for it put them, with their smaller resources, at too great a strain to keep up with him.

Among the sources from which he drew most deeply were works of art, — sculpture, architecture, and painting. He was conversant with the history of art, whether in galleries or private collections, in churches or cathedrals. He was an art critic, as if it were his profession, knowing and loving only the best. He was the friend and companion of artists, who saw in him a kindred spirit. In the decoration of Trinity Church he was consulted, so that his advice or suggestion written upon its walls makes it almost a personal monument to his name. He had a love of symbols, of rare things, of which he accumulated many; beautiful things were all about him in that forever sacred room, his study; mementos, too, of every kind, as though he felt the spirit of ancient relic worship. On this side of his nature, he was not guided nor limited by any theory of the function of art, but rejoiced in its higher manifestations as in the ways and works of God. One limitation he had: he lacked appreciation of music, the one form of

art most distinctive of the age. There is something here deserving of explanation, if we only knew how to explain it. Perhaps, had he known the refreshment which music brings, it might have afforded an opportunity of rest to his ceaseless activity, or retarded the exhaustion of his power.

But his chief study was man as he stood revealed in life; in this pursuit all the manifestations of life were as first sources of information. He was always studying, always observing; smallest details did not escape him, much as he rejoiced in the grander manifestations of human power; he was attracted by every illustration of power, especially in all naive, unconscious strength, whether of purity or beauty or goodness. He might have been called a humanist but that he also studied in order to the knowledge of God; reading the Creator in the image, glorying in the incarnation of God in Christ as the supreme principle of human existence. Shall we ask concerning such a man how far he was a scholar or a thinker, or how he is to be compared with those who pass for such? It throws no light upon Shakespeare if we seek to ascertain the extent of his classical or historical learning, or his mode of acquiring it; nor does it seem becoming to put him in comparison with a Casaubon or Bentley, or at least we are not helped to any truer estimate by the comparison. Of Phillips Brooks it may be said that a hint was more suggestive to him than labored volumes are to many. He grew by what he saw, by the expansion of the germ of life within. But he was also a great reader of books, and of the best books. With the limited time at his disposal, it was astonishing how much he read, till it even seemed as though he read more than those who had nothing else to do. While he followed the rule of reading important works as they appeared, and so kept himself in sympathy with the more popular culture, yet he read far and wide outside the popular

range. On his table was to be found everything of fresh interest, — the latest books, whether published at home or abroad; somehow he obtained them in advance of others; he was one from whom to seek information as to what must be read. In this respect, his large library, selected carefully, and embracing the standard works in history, art, literature, or theology, reflected the character of his mind. He had also the first requisite of a scholar: he knew where to go for what he wanted.

There are many things concerning him upon which one would like to dwell, — his charm in conversation, the wit and humor with which he overflowed, the high courtesy of his manner combined with freedom from conventionality, the naturalness and spontaneity of all he did and in all of which he so gracefully reflected himself, the exquisite modesty which clothed him as in a garment, the absence of self-consciousness. He was at home with children, reading with natural ease the child nature, and delighting to share their life. What scorn he had for hypocrisy and shams of every kind and degree, what keenness in detecting folly or weakness! He was like Carlyle in his power of depicting character in a few bold strokes. The beautiful face, also, especially when illumined with a smile; the voice, which no other voice resembled or could be put in comparison with, tender and gentle, yet full of strength, so expressive of the great soul within him, — a voice which went to the heart, which gave a new meaning to old or familiar things. How careful he was in attending to all the minutest details of life! With his immense correspondence, which must have taxed his patience and strength, he never left the smallest note unanswered, even when asked not to respond. His capacity for business was something extraordinary, but, because he was so much else besides, one never thought of mentioning it, so that some feared he might be

lacking in the administrative power required for a great diocese. If he seemed to weary of committees and of routine work, it was because he needed no discussion to get at the heart of the matter. He never appeared confused, or doubtful as to how he should proceed. His force of will was like the elemental powers of nature; and as to intellectual power, he had more than any other man of his generation. The power which he wasted was enough to constitute a respectable endowment. There was a subtlety and elasticity about his intellect, as also a comprehensiveness of grasp, which astonished when he talked. He had a capacity of saying the one thing which no one else ever thought of saying, and which, when once it had been said, put an end to further discussion. Had he given himself to speculation, he would have been a philosopher of the highest order.

There remains one other feature of Phillips Brooks as a man, which was at once a source and a revelation of his power, requiring a fuller notice than can be given here, but which must at least be mentioned. He was always to be found in sympathy with great popular sentiments. He made the watchwords of the age his own, identifying himself with every cause which moved the people. That which was limited in its influence to a few, which seemed likely to remain the mere badge of a school or sect, whether in church or state, had no interest for him. He first became known as great by throwing himself into the civil war beyond any other of the Philadelphia clergy. His sermon on the death of Lincoln, and another, after the war was over, entitled *Mercies of Reoccupation*, are two of his most memorable utterances. The latter in particular is noteworthy as containing some of his profoundest thought, the outline of his philosophy of history. He still continued to hold the conviction that America should stand open to the world as an asylum for the poor and the oppressed.

It was this which had made the country great; and to restrict immigration seemed like the abandonment of a great principle. It made him indignant that the attempt at limitation should begin with any one people as such, as for example the Chinese.

His profound respect for accepted results made him believe in Protestantism as the greatest onward movement in the annals of Christianity, and in Puritanism as among its highest ideals. But he also affirmed with the whole strength of his nature the principle of tolerance, in which both Protestantism and Puritanism had been wanting, — the popular motive of the last century, painfully educed from the untold misery and anguish which intolerance had cost; the motive which had inspired the founders of American nationality. It may have been that he foresaw the evils which threatened from the rising spirit of intolerance among the American churches, or it may have been a chapter from his own experience; but he also discerned that toleration had never yet been rested on its true basis, the only ground on which it can continue to exist. Because it had degenerated, as some conceived it, into the cultivation of indifference, he would not, like Carlyle, abandon the word with a sneer. It was one of the great words of history, to be taken up and redeemed. The spirit of true tolerance must grow, not out of a sense of uncertainty as to what is truth, but out of a deeper certainty and assurance of the possession of truth. When a man knew that he was right beyond the possibility of being shaken in adherence to his belief, he was strong to tolerate the conviction of others in the spirit of hopefulness and charity. To those whose faith was without this inward assurance and direct vision of truth, who rested on external authority, whether of ecclesiastical councils or the letter of Scripture, toleration must be always a forced necessity, a disguised spirit of persecution waiting for its opportunity.

They could not, therefore, understand how he could affiliate with men of every variety of religious belief; they thought him treacherous to his creed; they designated him an Arian, a Socinian, or a Pelagian. His book entitled *Tolerance* deserves especial mention, because for once he dropped the rôle of preacher, and assumed the chair of lecturer, in order to teach the world what tolerance means. In this book more than in any other of his writings, we see how the man himself had been made. He has given us a description of himself more true than any of his followers or admirers can give.

Other illustrations of these universal attitudes of his mind might be given. He not only believed in progress with all his soul, but he applied the doctrine fearlessly in every direction. He constantly dwelt on the larger inheritance awaiting the world; he regretted that he should not be here to share in its higher, diviner life. He had no sympathy with those who, from theological points of view, suspected or decried the gifts that science was offering to the modern world. All that he asked, as in one of the latest of his sermons, was that the rising generation should so prepare themselves by faith in God as to be worthy to receive the richer blessings which were descending upon the age, which were yet to be poured out in fuller measure on the expanding life of humanity. With these catholic, massive convictions there was one truth which adequately corresponded, which was the burden and the refrain of all his preaching, — that all men were the sons of God; all men everywhere, sons of God by creation and by redemption. In this large application of the divine sonship he was announcing no new truth, but only the old truth which had been from the beginning. This had been the teaching of Christ himself, reaffirmed by St. Paul at Athens, the first principle of the ancient Catholic Church; it had been reasserted by the

Church of England with solemn emphasis in the age of the Reformation. Whenever it had been limited, great prophets like Maurice or Robertson had risen to re-proclaim it. He was, then, denying no standards of his own church, but rather defending them, when he threw the weight of his eloquence and of his life into the cause of humanity as the offspring of God. But he did so illustrate and illumine and apply this truth that it sounded, when he preached it, like something which had never been heard in the world before. Those who listened to it were struck as if with awe, when ushered into the presence of the sacredness, the majesty, of the divine potentiality of the true self within them.

For thirty years and more he has stood for the revelation of this truth with an eloquence peculiarly his own, which has found no imitators or rivals. At first he delivered his message with the joyous freedom of unconscious power, with a certain objectivity of manner, as though he were merely an instrument on which the Spirit played. But in these later years we have seen a change. It might seem as though for a long time he resisted the idea that he was more to the world than any ordinary man. In his deep humility, he refused to recognize the tokens of a people's gratitude and love. The change consisted in a growing tenderness of manner, — a tenderness which became inexpressibly deep, as though he were brooding in love over the world whose love toward him was passing all ordinary bounds; a deep anxiety, too, sometimes almost passionate in its manifestation, lest any whom he loved should miss the way of life. His soul went out to the world as the soul of the world seemed to enter within him. For here again was another, the last and the greatest, source of his preparation and his power. It was the people who were contributing to make the preacher, imparting to him something of the strength which made him great.

Those who have sat where they could watch his audience have hardly known with which spectacle they were most entranced, the inspired orator, or the vast congregation whom he thrilled with his words. He was afraid that, as the forces of youth diminished, he must gradually be shut off from the world to which he ministered. As he entered the forties, he was depressed with each recurring anniversary. But as the years went on, they brought no loss of influence; they grew richer in the increase of a people's devotion. The text of one of his last sermons reveals to us what he was beginning to realize as true: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." At last he must have known, perhaps even have confessed to himself, that he stood to the people in some unique relationship, as it were their idol and their king. It was at this moment that he welcomed the episcopate as giving him a larger chance to respond to their devotion. He submitted as he had not done before to be admired and loved; but the humiliation of his spirit kept pace with the growing devotion. Like some saint of earlier ages, he was receiving the honors of canonization before his departure. For in these last years we were coming to reverence the man for the character which seemed almost without a flaw, for his Christian manhood, more even than the preacher with his brilliant, transcendent power.

There is something strange, unwonted, about his entrance upon the episcopate. A bishop, to the typical New England mind, had hitherto been an object of indifference, if not aversion. It had been the intention of the Puritans to set up a church without a bishop, as a state without a king. But the prejudices of the past died out in his presence. If there were any office where Phillips Brooks could exert a wider influence, it should be his. Superintendence, shepherding oversight, episcopacy, if he could exercise it, would be only a richer blessing. But it must belong to all in common. Like

all God's richest gifts, it could not, should not, be the peculiar property of any one religious communion. He should be a bishop to them all. In life and in death he belonged to the people. The massive response of the country, of the commonwealth, and of the city, the universal recognition, the unparalleled

grief, — these are the fittest expressions of what he has been to the world. If extravagant things may seem to have been uttered about him, if the language of eulogy and laudation seems to have been stretched beyond its warrant, yet this also is part of the fuller revelation of the man.

Alexander V. G. Allen.

THE COUNTRY UNEXPLORED.

OCEANS are drained and earth's dark heart is riven,
Man's daring spirit knows nor bound nor bar;
He wrests its secrets from the very heaven,
Weighing and measuring farthest sun and star!

Only one land is left, — not far away,
And yet more strange than where, in spectral skies,
Hangs the weird midnight sun, or burning day
Over mysterious deserts sinks and dies:

The Country Unexplored of Sleep and Dreams,
Whose shores we reach with mind and senses chained,
And where no compass guides, no beacon gleams,
To show how some safe harbor might be gained.

But this of that dim, phantom land we know,
This through all maze and blindness clearly see, —
That in those dells where Sleep's dark poppies grow
We seek and find and touch unconsciously

Those secret springs of life whence first we drew
Being and nurture at God's primal call,
And in their mystic deeps refresh, renew,
Each force, each power, whereby we live at all.

So, fearless and alone, night after night,
Through that strange country still we come and go,
What though its paths may skirt the fields where white
Death's lilies glimmer like eternal snow:

Fields that we enter still more darkly blind
Than Sleep's dim, unknown land, yet it may be
He who gives life even there will let us find
The hidden springs of Immortality!

Stuart Sterne.

IMMORTALITY.

My window is the open sky,
 The flower in farthest wood is mine;
 I am the heir to all gone by,
 The eldest son of all the line.
 And when the robbers Time and Death
 Athwart my path conspiring stand,
 I cheat them with a clod, a breath,
 And pass the sword from hand to hand!

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

ARCHITECTURE AMONG THE POETS.

I HAVE often wondered at the inadequate way in which architecture has been treated by the poets. The art is so closely connected with the development of humanity, so curiously in sympathy with the progress of civilization, so interwoven with the aspirations of the race, that, with its own intrinsic and infinite expressions of grace and fitness, apart from these associations, one might suppose it would present peculiar attractions to them; that they would delight not only to describe and interpret its manifestations as they appear in historical monuments, but to imagine new forms fit to illustrate and adorn poetry's various moods. And yet, with one or two possible exceptions, whenever the muse does celebrate architecture, she seems to stoop from her high career, and to be afflicted with a paralysis either of the intellect or of the imagination, which leaves her unfit to express an intelligible idea on the subject.

It is well known that no two architects who have attempted to restore, on paper, the villa Laurentinum of Pliny, by following the detailed and elaborate description of it in his famous letter to Gallus, have succeeded in producing similar designs. Disraeli, in his *Curi-*

osities of Literature, infers from this that it is idle to indulge in architectural descriptions, as they cannot succeed in presenting clear pictures, and that the pen should not intrude on the province of the pencil. But the question is not so much one of description as of interpretation. Architectural ideas and motifs excite in the minds of architects certain emotions, which are rarely shared in their fullness by the laity. But I hesitate to believe that it is impossible for the pen to convey to the public at least some part of these emotions. It seems unreasonable that certain defined capacities of delicate enjoyment should be in a condition of permanent and hopeless atrophy in the minds of the great mass of mankind. It is contrary to experience in other domains of human effort that there should exist in one art powers of expression which are incapable of some sort of intelligible exegesis. Of course, every fine art appeals to a certain range of faculties of appreciation which cannot be reached by other fine arts. Painting has something to say which sculpture cannot say; architecture has a message which cannot be repeated in music; and *vice versa*. If this were not the case, these arts

would hardly have an excuse for separate existence. Yet it would seem that the inspired insight and passion of the poet should be able to sympathize with, and to impart at least somewhat of, the peculiar intellectual excitement created by these arts. Indeed, poets have successfully attempted this in the case of painting and sculpture and music. But the art of the architect is hardly more technical than that of the musician, and surely his appeals to the intelligence of mankind should arouse emotions as capable of translation by the art of the poet. If a monument of architecture is like a "song without words," it certainly touches the mind and heart as much as it moves the senses. The work of Calliocrates, of Apollodorus, of Anthemius of Tralles, of the builder monks of Cluny, of the Abbé Suger, of Palladio and Sansovino, of the other masters of architecture, ancient and modern, is no more a mere pedantic display of technique than the work of Mendelssohn. The art is not merely conventional or academic; it is essentially an expression of humanity in its noblest and most God-like moods.

Under these circumstances, it is remarkable that this magnificent and inspiring art is generally reduced by the poets to the subordinate function of furnishing an indispensable background to the persons and movements of the poem, and is referred to with certain commonplace of description which nearly always fail to suggest the really essential values of the theme, which betray either indifference or ignorance as to fact, and which often present impossibilities of form and structure. Sculpture, painting, statues, tapestries, all often receive worthy recognition in verse, but the noble shrine which incloses and protects them, for which they were made and of which they are a part, is passed by with a conventional epithet, conveying to the mind no recognizable image. In fact, the intrinsic qualities of architecture seem, for

the most part, to be invisible to the poets and inaccessible to their sympathies. When they refer to a monument of this art, it is generally to recall some historical association or incident connected with it, to draw an inference, to point a moral or adorn a tale. They do not seem to realize that its pilasters or buttresses, its base and cornice, its windows and doors, its panels and stringcourses, its columns and arches, have assumed shape and character coincidently with the progress of mankind; that these features can be interpreted as demonstrations of humanity and as evidences of civilization, all highly idealized and converted into visible poetry; that their ornaments of sculpture are a re-creation of the works of the great Creator, reflections of nature, slowly developed in types and conventional forms by the action of the human mind through centuries.

The old metrical romances, like those of *Lydgate*, the monk of Bury, *Piers the Plowman*, the Romance of *Sir Degrevant*, or *Henry Bradshaw's* quaint translation in verse of *The Lyfe of Saynt Werburge*, or the *Faerie Queene* contain occasional references to architectural effects, more or less fanciful, but indicating an intelligent basis of observation, and a certain appreciation of some of the characteristics of mediæval ornament. These references, however, deal, for the most part, with details of furniture and fittings, and, though they have proved mines of wealth to the antiquarian, never, even where they are most definite, convey to the mind a distinct architectural image, or touch upon the essential and vital qualities of the art.

Even Shakespeare, with his world-wide range of sympathy and his immortal intuitions, apparently is unaware of the real relations of this art to mankind. His almost divine imagination seems, in this one respect, to have no loftier vision than that common to the time of Elizabeth. Bacon has a very intelligent inter-

est in architecture, and writes of it with far more sympathy than any of his contemporaries ; but Shakespeare makes no use of the frequent opportunities of his dramas to refer to it, save once, very indirectly, in the second part of *Henry IV.* :

"When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the
model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all?"

Even this, however, is a recognition of practical processes of building, and not of architecture as an art. This absence of adequate allusion may serve as another proof, if another were needed, that the two great Elizabethan names do not stand for one personality.

Milton, in his description of the Satanic hall of council,

"Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculpture graven,"

affords us but a glimpse of what he might have done with an architectural subject; and we are grateful to Thomson's rare muse for condescending to give us, in his *Liberty*, this brief summary, which in fact seems to comprehend all the literary knowledge of his time in respect to this art:—

"First unadorned,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
The Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton
wreath.
The whole so measured true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still and stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aerial rise."

But we search in vain through the elegant rhymed heroics of Dryden, Pope, and their imitators of the eighteenth century for a single appreciative or intelligible architectural idea. When they

attempted it, the result was a shapeless, disordered, heterogeneous mass; set to most harmonious verse, indeed, but hopelessly inharmonious in the image. Vanbrugh, one of the numerous fashionable gentleman-poets of the time, himself the architect of *Blenheim* and *Castle Howard*, is not inspired, in his own verse, to correct the ignorant incongruities of his contemporaries. When Pope, imitating Chaucer in the scheme of his poem, and Milton in his architectural imagery, essays to present a poetic idea of *The Temple of Fame*, we have, in elegant and facile rhymes, an horrific intermingling of crude hints of Doric, Barbaric, and Gothic styles, which can convey absolutely no sane impression of structure or form in outline or detail. If the poet of *Twickenham villa*, in his insatiable greed for knowledge, had considered it worth his while to master the simplest elements of architecture, how readily could he have enshrined, in the elegant artificiality of his lines, a subject so much in sympathy with his poetic methods as a classic composition, with its ordered peristyle, its walls rich with color and incrustations behind the open screen of marble shafts, its pilastered pavilions and sculptured pediments, its decorations of statues and painting, and, over all, its storied dome! It is hard to conceive how such an imagination could be indifferent to a fact so poetic, so orderly, so easy to comprehend, so adjustable to the purpose of his verse.

In fact, the general insensibility to effects of art in the eighteenth century is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the intellect. Gothic art in especial suffered from this eclipse of feeling. Its most magnificent monuments, the great metropolitan cathedrals of the Middle Ages, were not only neglected during this long period, but despised, insulted, and misunderstood. When they were referred to at all, they were stigmatized as demonstrations of barbarism. They touched no responsive

chord in the human heart until the modern romantic school arose, and Boissérée in Germany, Viollet-le-Duc and Victor Hugo in France, Pugin and Ruskin in England, restored them to the admiration and affection of mankind. Until then, through all those long years, to the poets as well as to the common herd, they uttered absolutely no word, and gave no breath of inspiration. To the literature of this time architecture was merely a series of stiff, unpliant formulas of classic art, without principles, only half comprehended, — a fetic to pedants, an enigma to the people. Since the enlightenment furnished by the romanticists, since the exposition by certain late writers of the theory and principles of the art, the sentiment of architecture has begun to penetrate the tardy perceptions of the poetic instinct; yet only in two or three instances has it received anything like an intelligent recognition.

Towards the close of the period of sterility, one strong, clear voice broke the long silence with strains which accomplished more for the recognition of architecture in literature than all other agencies combined. Among all the poets, Sir Walter Scott seems to stand alone in his thorough appreciation of the value of real architectural background and accessories to the interest of romantic verse. He used his archæological knowledge and his fondness for mediæval architecture with the skill of a practiced romancer and the sympathy of a poet. His example was the potent factor in the creation of that particular romantic school in English literature which followed him. But none of his imitators approached this mighty minstrel in the truth with which the characteristic details of chapel, castle, or abbey were made essential parts of his picturesque stories. Abbotsford itself, the realization in material substance of Scott's architectural ideals, is but indifferent architecture; it is at best but pinchbeck mediævalism. These ideals of structure,

however, found much happier expression in his verse, the plan of which did not necessitate exactness of portrayal, much less any attempt to interpret the intrinsic properties of his mediæval models. The architect is relieved to find that this one poet, at least, did not make nonsense of his buildings. Whether the scene of his poem was laid in Melrose Abbey or Norham Castle, or whether it took him to the Saxon monastery of "St. Cuthbert's holy isle," to the stronghold of Crichtoun, or to the towers of Tantallon, the wizard's touch was true. His poetic visions never betrayed an historical monument. The flow of his imagination was corrected and held in check by the rare quality of honest loyalty to the facts of architecture as he understood them. Even in his details of description, though he touched them but lightly, the architect recognizes the salient points of the style of the building which he celebrates. His archæological knowledge was ever sufficient to his theme, and in great part inspired it, as was the case with Victor Hugo in *Notre Dame*. If the schools created by these masters had, with poetic penetration and sympathy, continued the investigations of romantic art so brilliantly begun, literature would have been enriched with a new light out of the past, and architecture would, in some of its phases at least, have become an open book instead of an undecipherable myth or hieroglyph, of which the interest to the world resides in its outward grace, and not in its inward meaning.

If we turn to the entrancing stanzas of *Childe Harold*, whose pilgrimages included the contemplation of the great masterpieces of art in Greece, Florence, Venice, and Rome, and who dwelt in immortal verse on the *Venus de Medici*, the *Dying Gladiator*, and the *Laocoön*, on the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and St. Peter's, we find that the architectural subjects, among all the works of art, are alone, from the point of view of the

architect, inadequately treated. Byron's active and virile genius, prompt to appreciate a few palpable points of outline, and to enlarge upon the historical and romantic suggestions connected with the subject, exhausts itself with these. His quick insight and his descriptive powers are sufficiently evident, but, though the scheme of his poem certainly invites him to employ them on the most august themes that the art can present, he fails to touch the really vital points. We cannot but be thankful for what he deigns to give us, and regret his failure to complete the work which in each case he begins with such splendid promise. He lingers long with fine historical emotions and tuneful meditations on the Acropolis of Athens, but the Parthenon furnishes no other inspiration than a spirited denunciation of Lord Elgin for stealing the Panathenaic frieze! The Erechtheum he does not see at all, nor the Theseion; but he does espy the few remaining columns of the Roman temple of Jupiter Olympius. He visits the Bosphorus, but cannot find the matchless dome of St. Sophia, from beneath which the arts of Christianity and Islam parted on their divergent careers. What a subject for his muse! He is magnificent, however, when he enters St. Peter's, and shows clearly enough that his poetic powers can grow colossal with the greatness of his theme, and can, when he pleases, express an architectural emotion; but the pagan art by which this Christian pomp is expressed, and all that this art, as developed in the great basilica, stands for in the history of the human race, have absolutely no recognition. So far as his architectural description or references are concerned, his words would apply quite as well to the hypostyle hall at Karnak or to the Cologne cathedral. He enters the Pantheon without noticing the portico (which, however, another and later poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, did see in his time); he observes within that the sole source of light is from one aperture,

and he sees the altars and the busts, but there is nothing to show that this sole aperture is open to the sky, and forms the eye of the dome, whose vast coffered concave, itself an epic poem, appeals to him in vain.

Perhaps the attitude of Byron towards this art is revealed in the stanza of the fourth canto wherein, with lofty disdain, he refers to the students of sculpture:—

“I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable.”

But surely, to leave untouched all the deep human meanings involved in the purely architectural points of the great monuments of which he sings; much more, to remain insensible to such points as appeals of art, betrays at least an astonishing indolence of mind. In fact, like most of his tuneful brethren, he was a mere impressionist as regards architecture. Like them, he had not patience enough to study the subject, nor cared to penetrate the veil of conventionalism which shuts out from casual view its richest and most potent significances. They flattered and caressed the blurred and imperfect images made upon their minds by these objects of art, and delighted the world with their unstudied reflections.

Rogers is another poet who, like Byron, wandered through the old lands of art in search of inspirations; but if Byron did, at rare moments, break into irrepressible panegyric when some one of these great monuments of human intelligence and aspiration forced itself upon his reluctant apprehension, Rogers ransacked all Italy for poetic emotions, but apparently did not see a building from the beginning to the end of his metrical career.

Wordsworth, with less fire than Byron, but with a far sweeter and more patient poetic instinct, at times seemed almost to enter the enchanted castle, and

to arouse to life its sleeping beauty. No architect can read his forty-third and forty-fourth ecclesiastical sonnets on King's College Chapel at Cambridge without grateful recognition.

"Vex not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who
planned —
Albeit laboring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only — this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the
lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the
sense
These lofty pillars, spread this branching
roof,
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand
cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music
dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth
proof
That they were born for immortality.

"What awful perspective! while from our
sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraits, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft checkerings of sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!
But, from the arms of silence, — list! oh
list! —
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the
eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build."

There is another master who penetrated deeper yet behind the veil, and showed that he not only appreciated a work of architecture, but understood somewhat of the structural form through which its sentiment found expression. No architect could ask for a clearer picture than that presented by Browning's half-pagan Bishop when he ordered his

cinque-cento Tomb in St. Praxed's Church. The voluptuous Renaissance of the episcopal cenotaph suggests a definite image in shape and color, not only of the material object, but of the idea behind it. It is but a sketch, yet it is touched with the hand of a master, whose inspiration has behind it not only feeling, but knowledge.

Tennyson, in his *Palace of Art*, gives us the merest phantasm, like Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, or like the temple in Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*. These are all cloud-capped visions in a "pleasing land of drowsyhed," without foundation or tangible substance.

Lowell, too, in his *Cathedral*, is beautifully vague, and, though his poem is rich with precious thought, it wanders from its theme, and misses nearly all those points of true Gothic design and sentiment which present themselves with inspiring suggestion to the imagination of every architect who knows and loves his cathedral of Chartres. He himself frankly says: —

"I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye
And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
Scarcely saw the minster for the thoughts it
stirred
Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest."

But we could not ask for a more exquisite sketch, as the work of an impressionist, than this of the exterior: —

"Looking up suddenly, I found mine eyes
Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
That hears afar the breeze-borne rote and
longs,
Remembering shocks of surf that elomb and
fell,

Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
It rose before me, patiently remote
From the great tides of life it breasted once,
Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
I stood before the triple northern port,
Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
Looked down benignly grave and seemed to
say,

*Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past;*

*Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this.*

. I give thanks

For a new relish, careless to inquire
My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please,
Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to art.
The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world,
Forever finished, though the barbarous pit,
Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout
As if a miracle could be encoined.
But ah! this other, this that never ends,
Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half-divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone!
With one long sigh of infinite release
From pedantries past, present, or to come,
I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth."

If, with such affluence of imagination and diction, Lowell had not been, as he confessed, "careless of his pleasure's pedigree," like the rest of the impressionists in verse and in art; if he had had more of the pre-Raphaelite qualities, which inspect and analyze the source of pleasure before attempting to portray, he would have interpreted this lovely mediæval enigma like a prophet.

Emerson, with a delicate and almost unequalled depth of poetic insight, touched, as it has never been touched before or since, one truthful chord in *The Problem*:

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

But he left his brief architectural strain too soon, and left how much unsung!

Longfellow's muse, it must be admitted, is indebted for some of its happiest imagery to his fine consciousness of the romantic sentiment in Gothic art. No European poet, born and bred in the shadow of cathedral or cloister, ever felt more deeply than this sweet minstrel from Maine, or expressed more tenderly,

the emotions which a true poet should feel under these influences. But he never wrote an architectural poem, and it is very evident that he never studied and did not really comprehend the true Gothic, which he loved so much, and which inspired so much of his verse, nor imagine the infinite lights and shadows of human life hidden behind the mediæval mask. If we read his lovely lines on his translation of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, we may see that, when he touched upon architecture, he merely used it as a rhetorical image, secondary to a thought outside of the art. As an example of the delicacy and truth of his poetical workmanship under such limitations, I may be permitted to quote his second stanza: —

"How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!

This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves

Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves

Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,

And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyle'd eaves

Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,

And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!

Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,

What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,

What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,

This mediæval miracle of song!"

The architect can never forget that noblest of all the poetic tributes to his art which Longfellow puts in the mouth of his Michael Angelo: —

"Ah, to build, to build!

That is the noblest art of all the arts.

Painting and sculpture are but images,
Are merely shadows cast by outward things

On stone or canvas, having in themselves

No separate existence. Architecture,

Existing in itself, and not in seeming

A something it is not, surpasses them

As substance, shadow."

The architect who completed for the Duchess Marguerite the church of Brou, and the sculptor who carved the tomb within, though they aimed to appeal to such refined intelligence as that of Matthew Arnold, and to touch with their art such sensitive hearts as his, studied their careful details and created their harmonies of form in vain so far as he was concerned. His lovely lines on this church and tomb have no recognition of the fullness of the message which these objects were intended to convey, and present no clear picture even of their apparent form. His delicate instinct, when confronted by the visible poetry in these monuments of art, felt no sympathetic thrill, and saw only the effect of the tinted light from the windows as it played upon the pavement; the shafts and groined vaulting of the church appeared to him only a "foliated marble forest;" and his poetic eye discovered only "chisell'd broideries rare" and "carved stone fret-work" on the tomb, where were sculptured the two forms, —

"One, the Duke in helm and armour;
One, the Duchess in her veil."

The competent interpretation which the "frozen music" of one art had a right to demand from the inspired insight of the other is vainly sought for in this beautiful verse. Here, as elsewhere, the sister arts remained strangers one to the other, and the real architecture of the church of Brou was invisible to one who should have been its oracle.

The emotions aroused in the mind of an intelligent expert by the contemplation of a work of pure architecture, in whatever style and of whatever race, are necessarily complex and difficult to describe; but I am persuaded that the quality and keenness of these emotions are such as have been awakened by no other work of human hands. To the "capable eye" there is, in the first place, the charm of repose, which includes al-

most all the virtues of design. Then follow the gracious and caressing appeal of technical harmony and grace in outline and proportion, in symmetry or balance of parts, in color, texture, detail, and distribution of ornament; the pleasing evidences of scholarship without pedantry, if the work is modern, of the intelligent study and adaptation of historical styles to modern use, of reserved power, of the absence of affectation or caprice; the just subordination of the personality of the author to his theme; the skillful adjustment of means to ends; the perfect agreement between construction and decoration; and, in certain cases, the glad recognition of the audacity of genius in breaking through the trammels of convention, and creating a surprise which does not offend. In the second place, outside of technique, the student is moved, in the contemplation of an historical monument, by its poetic suggestions; by the effect of national or local spirit on the treatment of outline and detail, and of that unconscious but inevitable imprint made by contemporaneous political, religious, social, or commercial conditions, which differentiates an architectural achievement from any other work of fine art, and makes it an evidence in the history of civilization. He has learned that the architectural monument is saturated with humanity; that it contains the essential spirit of history; and that even a Grecian Ionic capital, for instance, the decoration of a Roman frieze, of a Gothic spandrel or capital, or of the panel of an Italian pilaster of the fifteenth century, is a highly figurative image of a phase of civilization. Every movement of their lines, all their combinations, their various methods of presenting natural forms, are eloquent to those who can understand them. But all these remoter suggestions are conveyed to the mind by implication, by figure or symbol, as in poetry, and not, as in prose, by direct statement. The language of architectural forms is

one of infinite artifice ; it is born of traditions, is shaped by conventions, and speaks in parables and apologues, which can be interpreted only by those who have studied the growth of thought in the development of its signs and symbols. This language is not so much in construction as in the decoration of construction. It becomes articulate in ornament, whether, like that of Egypt, its apparent motif is a remote paraphrase of the lily and papyrus ; or, like that of Greece, a highly conventionalized and chastened apotheosis of the acanthus, the honeysuckle, and the seashell ; or, like that of Rome, an ostentatious, opulent, sensuous development of the Greek forms ; or, like that of the early Christians, a spiritualized reminiscence of the conventions of Greece and Rome, and a new creation of the flowers and fruits of nature ; or, like the mediæval ornament, an embroidery of cusps and crockets, and an artificial adjustment of natural forms to the rhythm of architectural order and harmony ; or, like the ornament of the Moslems, an intricate but orderly tangle of geometrical lines ; or, finally, like that of the Renaissance, an elegant profusion of wreaths, garlands, and emblems, with flowing stalks of artificial foliage, mingled with human figures and chimæras, all created and arranged to make symmetry more beautiful. These conventions were used merely to ornament construction, with no deeper object in view ; nevertheless, the spirit of the times in which they were executed unconsciously gives them a peculiar character and significance.

Much of the sentiment, many of the emotions, to be derived from architecture are of course enjoyed by the layman according to the degree of his natural sensitiveness to impressions from works of art, and according to the liberality of his education ; but it is apparent that to his complete comprehension of the full meaning of an architectural monument there is needed an interpreter, who can

not only feel it, as an expert, in its evident and remoter meanings, but who, if possible, can analyze and demonstrate it, thus opening to the world this most fertile and most delicate source of intellectual and emotional delight.

We would first look for such an interpreter among the poets ; but apparently no poet, even in this century, the most inquisitive of all in the history of our race, has as yet endeavored to penetrate this difficult region of art, although Browning, Wordsworth to some extent, and perhaps one or two others seem to have shown that the obstacles are not insurmountable, when the spirit is willing and the mind informed.

Byron's haughty disdain for the study of a work of art may be something more than a personal idiosyncrasy ; it may represent the characteristic attitude of all his poetic brothers and sisters. But a mind familiar with this noblest of the fine arts, and trained to its practice, finds it difficult to condone this indolence or indifference of the tuneful choir. Of course it may be said that a poet need not be a geologist or a botanist to enable him to treat a landscape in adequate poetic phrase, and that, therefore, to celebrate justly an architectural theme, the equipment of an architect or of an archæologist is not necessary to him ; that the Tintern Abbey of Wordsworth, for instance, is a beautiful and satisfactory poem as it stands, and that it would have been no more acceptable if, instead of the exquisite reflections which were actually incited in his mind by the neighborhood of that monument, it had inspired him with thoughts more germane to its intrinsic architectural and human conditions. In fact, it is because of these conditions, because it is a creation of the culminated and combined wisdom of mankind at the moment of its erection, and a poetic expression of the civilization of its times, that a monument of architecture has a different sort of interest from the works of nature, a signifi-

cance which cannot be reached by a casual impression of some of its external effects. The Tintern Abbey of Wordsworth was not intended to be a poem of architecture. For the purposes of the poet, this building did not differ in value from a demonstration of nature; to him it was a mere mark of locality, inducing a certain range of thought because of association. An architectural poem on such a subject would be at least equally well worth writing: it would celebrate in poetic form the structural and decorative harmonies of the subject, and would enter into the feelings of the men who created it; it would reveal the deep significance of its individuality of character in form and detail; it would touch upon the human aspirations and passions unconsciously built into its walls, and would draw its inferences and lessons from these inherent conditions; it would be a poem of humanity, based upon one of humanity's most exquisite manifestations. Such a poem, apparently, has not been written.

Now, pondering these things, it occurred to me to question whether the explanation of this silence of the poets lies in the fact that no expert has as yet shown the way to this region of difficult access, so that the inspired ones might at last find an entrance by following his footsteps, and gather there the flowers that so long have blushed unseen and wasted their sweetness in vain; or whether, after all, it may be impossible to describe architecture adequately in sympathetic poetic diction, avoiding technicalities, which would be the merest stumbling-blocks to inspiration, and to express, by the same medium, somewhat of its true sentiment and meaning. The answering of the questions seemed to be worth a somewhat hazardous experiment. To this end, quite conscious of the absence of the divine afflatus in my own composition, though with a lively appreciation of its results in others, and encouraged by the reflection that genius

has been called the art of taking pains, and that patience is one of its most potent ingredients, I timidly, and with no exalted expectations, ventured to try my 'prentice hand on

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

For the sake of its simplicity, mainly, and because its capacities for the purpose seemed to be reasonably obvious and manageable, I have chosen for a subject a doorway in southern Romanesque, having in my mind, not an individual example, but rather a type; so that the characteristics of the style might not be subjected to the accidents, or limited to the idiosyncrasies, of a single monument. Perhaps, however, features of the porch of St. Trophème at Arles may have had a somewhat prevailing influence over the ideal which I have attempted to portray. Though of course the development of my thought has been materially embarrassed by the unfamiliar obstructions of rhyme, rhythm, and poetic diction, and my progress has been consequently slow, laborious, and plodding, quite without anything approaching what I understand to be meant by "fine frenzy," the performance of this self-imposed task has not been without somewhat of the "pleasure of poetic pains." The theme was at the beginning mapped out in cold blood, but I fancy that the form of the composition has forced it not only to overflow the original prudent boundaries of the argument, but at several points to take an unexpected turn of emphasis or imagination, which I dare to hope may possibly be explained or condoned as the process of the evolution of prose into what may be called poetry. I am not at all sure on this point; but the process, I believe, if it has to some extent idealized the thought, or perhaps led it astray, has not betrayed the architecture, for the integrity of which I must be held responsible.

Possibly the method of presentation which I have employed may, in skilled

and practiced hands, render architecture intelligible to those who, as Burke said, are ready to yield to sympathy what they refuse to description. At all events, if the results which mere plodding industry, under the impulse of long-cherished enthusiasm and corrected by a reasonable knowledge of the subject, has reached may not afford a sort of pleasure to others, it may at least interest them, as, under the circumstances of its production, a curiosity of literature.

If it is remembered that in this modest experiment I do not rashly pretend to compete with the poets, nor even to prove that the field, which I still believe to be rich in poetic thought and abounding in food for the imagination, is accessible to them, the obvious comment will not be made, that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

I am tempted, therefore, to release this child of painful endeavor from its secret place, with the pathetic inquiry upon its lips, "Have I a right to exist?"

THE CHURCH DOOR.

A STUDY IN ROMANESQUE.

Twice four hundred years have borne
To this doorway, gray and worn,
Weary weights of grief and sin;
Contrite, have they entered in,
And, beneath the arch of stone,
Laid their burdens down, and known
That to faith, whate'er betide,
The doors of heaven are opened wide.
For, with invitation sweet,
The pastoral Church, her flock to greet,
To fold, to comfort, and to feed,
This Portal Beautiful decreed.

The narrowing arch is deep and wide;
Nicked in its jambs on either side,
Shaft beyond shaft in ordered state
Stand on their solid stylobate,
Their leafy capitals upholding
Archivolt and fretted moulding;
Arch within arch, with lessening leap,
From shaft to shaft concentric sweep,
Echoing inward o'er and o'er,
Inward to the vaulted door,
Every arch by subtle hand
Wrought with roll or bead or band,
Wrought with fillet or with fret,

Dentil, billet, or rosette,
While, between the sculptured rings,
Angel choirs spread their wings,
And, soaring as the arches soar,
With viol and with voice adore.

For the happy masons said,
As the radial stones they laid,
Truly wedged, with every joint
Loyal to the central point,
And by touch of chisel taught
Utterance of human thought,—
"Let the choral arches sing
Joyfully a welcoming,
Every one in concord fair
Moulded and attuned to share
By the cunning of the mason
In a solemn diapason,
While the great arch over all,
Silent, bears the mighty wall;
Silent, while its arch-stones deep
Under the sheltering label sleep,
And the corbel-heads intone
Vespers with their lips of stone."

Then with reverent hands they laid,
Deep in the archèd frame embayed,
Circled with immortal song,
Upon a lintel deep and strong,
A sculptured slab, to symbolize
Grace Divine to human eyes.
Oaken doors they hung below,
On forgèd hinges turning slow,
The rigid iron branching wide
With foliate growth from side to side.
Blessèd they who enter here!
For, upon the midway pier,
The gentle Mother, undefiled,
Bears on her breast the Holy Child,
And, born of superstitions old,
Consecrated types unfold
To purer meanings, and impart
Dignity to childlike art.
Ranged along the lintel stone,
Each like each, and all like one,
Side by side in sad debate,
The twelve apostles sit in state.
High on the stone where Grace Divine
Shows to mankind the sacred sign,
The blessed Lord, in glory crowned,
Sits majestic, while around
His central throne, on either hand,
The four mysterious Creatures stand,
Ready to bear, with wings unfurled,
His great Evangel to the world;
His hand, upraised in benediction,
Comforts pain and soothes affliction,
Ever blessing year by year
All who humbly enter here,
Saying at the open door,
Pax vobiscum evermore.

With craft by gray traditions bound,
 The builder raised these arches round,
 Developing in progress true
 The ruder forms his fathers knew.
 He built them strong with honest care,
 With heart of pride he built them fair,
 Prodigal of labor spent
 In joyfulness of ornament;
 Not yet by learning led astray
 From nature's strong and simple way,
 Not trained as yet to analyze
 The gifts of God with questioning eyes,
 Nor by sophistication cold
 Made timid where he should be bold,
 No fine restraint the builder knew;
 Barbaric force to beauty grew
 In types of unaffected form,
 From the heart of nature warm, —
 Prolific roots with strength innate
 In future growths to germinate,
 The perfect flower, yet unblown,
 Hidden in the sheath of stone.

To him no rich, historic Past,
 With strange ideals and visions vast,
 Held bitter fruit of knowledge out
 To tempt his innocence with doubt.
 In narrow bounds his course was laid;
 Not distracted, nor afraid,
 Here he worked with earnest heart,
 Nor knew his handiwork was art;
 In images, as nature taught,
 And not in learned words, he thought;
 Carved as his fathers carved of yore,
 But with a touch unknown before,
 And kept his living art apace
 With the progress of his race.

The sterile stones to life awake;
 O'er the naked fabric break
 Growths from ancient classic seed,
 Acanthus, ovolo, and bead,
 But the flowers of the field
 Secrets to the carver yield,
 And, new-created, play their part
 In the symmetries of art.
 Stem and tendril, bud and bloom,
 Here an order new assume,
 Trained to fit the builder's place
 With artifice of formal grace.
 All living things, by art transformed,
 In this new creation warmed,
 To new uses strangely grown,
 Animate the bossy stone.
 From these vital forces spring
 Forms of prophet, priest, or king,
 Scarcely wrought on nature's plan,
 More of stone, and less of man,
 Tall, attenuate, and still,
 Like the niches which they fill;
 Right and left, the door they keep,

Watching, while the ages sleep.
 Here the carver's wayward tool
 Breaks through order's rigid rule,
 And grotesquely, as he works,
 Humor gross with worship lurks.
 Creatures of invention strange
 Through the sculptured leafage range,
 As with strains of music stirred,
 By all ears but theirs unheard,
 Moving rhythmic with the bent
 Of structural line and ornament,
 Pursue their sports or chase their prey
 In a carver's holiday.
 Tales of Scripture, legends old,
 In the crowded caps are told,
 Which, with leaf or figure, still
 Under the abacus fulfill
 In various forms their double duty
 To bear with strength and crown with beauty.

Now, nature, with her soft caress,
 Has stooped the carver's work to bless
 With the mystery and surprise
 Of her silent sympathies.
 Centuries, whose mellow tones
 Sleep upon these votive stones,
 Have smoothed the thresholds with the beat
 Of their penitential feet;
 And age to art a grace has lent
 Quite beyond the art's intent,
 To conscious stone, to human thought,
 A new interpretation brought.

Out of the quarry's sleeping heart,
 The spirit, waked by patient art,
 Taught to repeat its lessons clear
 On fretted arch and storied pier
 In utterance beautiful, that finds
 Quick access to lowly minds,
 Whispers from the graphic stone
 Solemn secrets of its own, —
 Runes which, heard aright, betray
 Stories of the ancient day;
 Tell what never scribe nor sage
 Wrote on the historic page
 Of arts and manners, and the place
 Reached in the progress of the race,
 When builders toiled, untaught but true,
 And "built better than they knew;"
 Tell, in some new exotic grace
 In turn of leaf or chisel's trace,
 In flower's shape or carver's thought,
 The sources whence the people caught
 The strength to rise from old to new,
 From dark to light, from false to true;
 What Byzantine fires came
 To set their smouldering arts aflame;
 How from Roman shrines was brought
 Pagan wealth to Christian thought;
 What forces and what fates combined
 To change the courses of the mind,

Pointing paths which men must take,
Nations yet unborn to make.

Thus the witness of the stone
Is not for date or style alone ;
Still beneath these arches low
Humble generations go
To receive the peace that falls
From these visionary walls, —
Rest from toil and peace from strife,
Glimpses of the nobler life ;
But what is hidden few may read
Behind the church's sculptured screed. ✓
If the powers which shaped the fate
Alike of lowly and of great
Hieroglyphic record made
When these humble stones were laid ;
If acanthus and volute,
If this growth of leaf and fruit,
This new creative force, which brings
New life to all created things,
Kindling with its vital flame
The lifeless geometric frame,
Gathered in from race to race
Increments of time and place,
And the nations set their signs
In the carver's forms and lines ;
If the spirit that awoke,
'Neath the unconscious chisel-stroke,
Was the soul of history, —
Deep into its mystery
Let my new-world vision see,

When these doors unfold for me,
When upon this threshold-seat
Linger my expectant feet,
And the blessing on my head
From the lifted Hand is shed.

When, beneath far Western skies,
Seeds of this ancient art surprise
The children of a younger race
With blossoms of exotic grace ;
When, in sweet and virgin earth,
They find a new and prosperous birth,
And, in spacious, strenuous air,
A growth more free, a bloom more fair,
While the vigorous germs retain
The virtues of their primal strain, —
So may a strong and simple art,
Born in innocence of heart,
Unfold beyond the builder's hope
In purer line and larger scope,
And modern life and light fulfill,
With studied aim and conscious skill,
The promises which, all unknown,
Slept in the old prolific stone ;
So may the later spendthrift age
Waste no more its heritage,
In the mazes of the past
Wandering aimless, but at last
Find for art a path which leads
Out of the doubt of varying creeds,
And onward from the Christian arch
Begin a new triumphant march.

Henry Van Brunt.

BETWIXT A SMILE AND TEAR.

A CALENDAR WITHOUT DATES.

I FIND the spring, even proud pied April, is not averse to long memories and backward glimpses into the quiet years. In truth, there is a point of time when the vernal season, like youthful humanity, seems prone to brooding and to gentle melancholy of reminiscence, as though it found its Intimations of Immortality in the tokens vouchsafed of a preëxistence. The spring looks back, and we look back with it. And so, the keeper of a desultory year-book may perhaps be indulged in gathering from it, here and there, leaves bearing the date of many Aprils past ; while seasonable sunbeam, light shadow,

and fleeting rain are invoked to illuminate the transient page. Special entries are not noted ; they are all, however, within the thirty days which April hath, in the ancient rote rule. Special localities are not indicated ; but Aprilian caprice permits them, now to be the shore of a Western lake, now more near the "road of the bold," now the country or country village, and perhaps even the stony precinct of the great city.

THE CALENDAR.

"Winter-sorry" describes the worn and wan look of nature just after the

great snows are gone, and before the first traces of reviving life. The spirit of humankind, too, is a little winter-sorry at that time. But this torpid interval is past. To-day, we feel life to be stirring from root to uttermost branch. There are April lights in the hazy gray sky, nooks and alcoves of pale opal and amber, sudden glooms, sudden radiances, and soft punctuation of rain between these phases. I hear the patter of the fitful raindrops rather than see them, the atmosphere itself being of rain color.

The rain is past, and all nature has the appearance of having been hung or spread out to dry in the thorough-going west wind. The air is warm, but only in draughts is it so, or as if by importations from summer latitudes; for it is constantly crossed by cold vapors from the soaked and yet chilly earth, so that one entertains at once a vernal glow and a wintry shiver. The wrinkled pools in the meadows and pastures are driven by the wind into mimic surge, and the slender grass blades that have shot up prodigiously to fathom the height of these shallow pools are laid along the ruffled surface. The sodden leaves of last fall are being plucked up from their three months' repose, and are sent abroad by the sportive wind for flocks of living things. In fact, they rise from the ground all together, much like the sudden starts made by feeding companies of the English sparrows, or other small birds dead-leaf colored. Dead leaves! But the air is almost portentous with the flight and numbers of them! Do not they belong to those old parchment books which the Sibyl cast away, and which contained both history and prophecy? The wind utters them abroad; but no one can read, no one now understands them.

In our world of waters, also, it is early spring. I shall not soon forget the sight I had of the lake this morning, — that vast half-moon figure of seamed

and scarred ice. Far out on this expanse was the semblance of a band of watery gray and white, — the free channel with its burden of broken ice. The beach was unusually wide, and the solid lake lay upon it with a scalloped edge, just as the retiring wave had frozen. It was a novel adventure to climb the crest of such a wave, and from that point of vantage look out over the frozen field. But these immobile surges on the shore were beginning to feel the force of the vernal sun at last, and their shelving edges were already considerably worn away, thus producing many small shallow porches or caves set with stalactites of ice. Least rillets and cascades of melting water glided down from these transient cliffs of the winter's building. It seemed suitable to speak of "the time of water-drops," as in Esquimau parlance set down by Dr. Kane; for was not *our* frozen deep at last yielding to the higher sun and more element winds?

To-day I heard the song sparrow in the willows by the creek, just as I heard him, or one of his fluttering feather, springs ago, singing alternate songs with a distant rival. In the musical duello this little bird has no equal that I know of; so patient is he, so pertinacious, so animated, throughout the entire performance. I heard, too, the notes of the grass finch, — at least those two initial notes of his song that suggest a lazy seesaw. Did I hear, also, the liquid allegretto of the wren, from the orchard? The meadow lark's was well discerned in the *mélange* of bird voices; in it, but not of it, —

The meadow lark that laves with pure, clear
sound

The greening hollows and the wintry hillside
bound.

Nearer than ever before came the mourning dove's melancholy, slow intoning; bewilderment and unsatisfied inquiry its language. With this, too, I heard a sound, half sighing, half painful

indrawing of the breath, between the notes of inquiry. One would be moved to say that the bird is heart-broken, and this just at the dawn of the spring and better days. A robin sat on a low branch, softly whistling, to whomsoever it concerned, about nest-making. There was no heart-break in her note. She had the appearance of wearing whiskers, having in her bill a large sheaf of grass. How, with this encumbrance, she contrived to whistle, I cannot guess. At this time of the year, the feathered folk have enough to do, — enough of social and domestic employment to make their singing-time a luxury. A pair of blue-birds were crying and fluttering about a knot-hole in the old willow. I watched, to learn the cause of their anxiety. First one, then the other, would poise in air, with quivering wings, before the cavity, as though challenging some ambushed party. I disturbed their movements a little to give their enemy a chance to reconnoitre, when behold a woodpecker bobbed its head out of the knot-hole, uttering several sharp squeaks, like a mouse, but louder. Then the male blue-bird flew at the woodpecker, and away both went to decide their differences by a duel in the air; the female bluebird staying composedly in the willow.

I have been listening with new delight and speculation to the song of the red-shouldered blackbird. This, it seems to me, consists of several distinct tones, blending agreeably as in a harmony of thirds. It has the quality of the mouth-organ prized by children. Certainly, to my ear, the bird was accomplishing a feat equivalent to a vocalist singing at one and the same time what is written on the tenor and on the bass staff. But I remember that the humming of the bee has often impressed me with a similar quality of composite melody, — as though I were listening to a little choir singing far away, the sounds of the several voices coming as one through mellowing distance.

On the way home, I found a dead robin, and yielded him funeral rites, remembering what had been done by his relatives, the English robins, for the Babes in the Wood; nor was his tiny requiem wanting.

Thou shalt have a little bed
Made for thee, and overspread
With brown leaves for coverlet,
Which the tearful dew has wet.
I, among the songs of spring,
Will miss the song thou didst not sing.

I see time as a stream slipping by me.
I forget that I am not as sure to sit upon
its banks forever as the stream is sure
to flow forever. Others are bold by
rushing forward. It is almost as great
presumption to remain behind, and to be
a Bold Loiterer.

O brave and swift, I give ye hail,
With whom nor sloth nor doubt prevail!
Your feet tread out adventurous ways,
And days to dawn shall speak your praise,
Still bounding on, with shining face,
All fates to challenge, or embrace.
But leave me here to mine own lot, —
But leave me here, and censure not!
So bold are ye — so bold am I
Who dare to halt while time fleets by.

"Vernat humus, floresque et mollia
pabula surgunt."

That old miracle of the growing grass! How much has it drunk to-day from the heavenly fountains? How many shades deeper in color to-night than it showed this morning? It is so vividly green where it borders the road that the wet ground takes on a reddish tint by law of complement.

The maples are in blossom. Many of the trees, standing out against the clear western sky, and thick set with swollen buds, have the appearance of harboring swarms of bees. A higher polish is put, day by day, on the branches and twigs of the peach-trees. The buds of the cherry-trees are encased in a rich brown enamel. Brambles are reddening, and the stems of the sumach look

like those of the moss rose, being clothed with a gluey furze which stains the hands as with soot. A faint flame of low heat springs up through the ashes of the year. Henceforward it will but deepen in blossoming tree and wine-colored leaf-buds, until it is finally lost in impatient freshets of greenness, put out by the inrolling summertide.

This morning I heard a blue jay trying to whistle the robin's tune, in short, rather ineffective chirrup (or cheer-ups); and he attempted imitation not only of the robin, but of the grackle as well. I did not know before that the blue jay possessed mimetic talent. Perhaps it is the gift of the spring. However this may be, his long, strident winter war-cry of a note has given place usually to a somewhat plaintive creaking cry, with a little jangle of bells at the close. I should mention that the blue jay, when uttering this peculiar note, has a curious gymnastic trick of bobbing up and down, like a toy bird on a wire. It is very amusing to see several of these birds performing this new singing exercise and bobbing in concert. One is reminded of the blackbird and his antics, which seem to have reference to the production of the characteristic vocal sounds he indulges in.

I sit on the fallen (or felled) trunk of the old sycamore, the fragments of his stalwart arms lying around on the ground or piled up for cord wood. His heart was sound, I see by the solid and smooth grain of the stump. This I note of the sycamore: the branches nearest the top of the tree are the lightest in color, the bark ripening there first, and falling off; while nearer the ground the bark is thicker, and, apparently, not so soon shed. With the sycamore went the black walnut and the bladder-nut shrubs, and the clambering and caressing thickets of bittersweet. The ash-tree hanging over the water is not taken yet, but he seems to be pulling

his roots out of the bank, and to be leaning more heavily forward, as though grief-stricken at the ruin wrought around him. The high water laughs and gurgles among the intricacies of the roots, and collects thereunder its foolish treasures of yellow-white foam. The sun's reflection in the stream is like the fusion of gold and silver ingots, liquid and inconstant, or like an intolerably bright cirrus cloud, irregular and confused in outline, which the water would fain drown, but cannot. This submerged sunshine, as I sit on the bank, is often darted up into my face, as though some mischievous urchin under the bank were practicing with a bit of broken looking-glass, directing the flash towards me.

What simple, kindly pleasure Mother Nature has provided me in a certain low, springy pasture on the south side of the woods, where every winter the chopper exercises his discretion, slowly decimating the old graybeard and infirm trees! There are some stumps of wild cherry there, or of maple, with posthumous offshoots growing up around them, — such hope of a tree if it be cut down! All the better if the chopping has been done lately, so that there shall be a *débris* of sweet and fresh-smelling chips. In the sunshiny pools that lie about this pasture batrachian felicity has no stint. The water seems drinking itself, with much bubbling suspiration, with nasal and guttural variations. The chorus of frogs! — or might it not be as well a symphony performed by a company of ancient afternoon sleepers snoring out an invocation to Morpheus? On this sunny wood border are the first installments of wild flowers. What low but sightly knolls, dressed with the first blue violets, adder's-tongue, and cress, or displaying the mysterious little drama of the springing mandrake in all stages of development, waxen pyramid, praying monk, and the Chinese mandarin with raised umbrellas at the last!

Great Morning! may I be
 Thy joyous votary!
 So shall my spirit mount
 To bathe within the fount
 That bursts through night and spills
 Splendor upon the hills.
 May I, like Memnon, lift
 A voice above the drift
 Of desert levels drear,
 Though none but thee should hear.
 Possess me of a joy
 Fierce noon cannot destroy,
 If I must stay behind.
 Or else, give me, to bind
 On these slow, mortal feet,
 The wings of Hermes fleet;
 And I will follow far
 On the rose way thy car,
 And, as we rush along,
 The Hours will teach their song!

Two great isolators are late night and early morning, but different. He who walks alone at night seems to himself to be a watcher, the sentinel of a camp of sleepers. He who walks in the early morning is, in his fancy, allowed to be a participant in matutinal mysteries, an auxiliary light-bringer and reorganizer of a lapsed and oblivious world. The first moment of awaking, after a long night's sleep, is as a watershed, or high dividing ridge, down which go the currents of thought in contrary directions,—these to the deep of yesterday and unremembering abysmal shadow, those to the bright main sea of the coming day. Something of mere mental fashion, of whim or prejudice, has become obsolete during the reign of sleep; some goad or irritation ceases to trouble; some craving is assuaged, or something lacked is seen to be unessential. There is now no obscurity or evasiveness of memory, no confusion of purpose or desire, no feather's weight on the sensitive scales of conscience.

Such thoughts came to me on first waking. And moreover this: if an interval of sleep, if the common nightly truce to conscious existence, can so recreate and rejoice us, what shall not the deep sleep of all do? We shall be all

the better and brighter for death, I thought.

This morning, as I threw open my window, in came the mornings of long ago. The languishing, vivacious, fitful April air so subtly played on the chords of reminiscence! In that moment I was old in many springs glancingly seen in long vista. But soon the intervening years dropped out of the perspective, and I was spirited away to childhood's happy vernal places: a region of rolling farm land, orchard and woods; a little stream winding out of the green near distance, to be lost in far meadows, themselves lost in sunny haze; for sounds, the tinkle of sheep-bells, the bleating of young lambs, while, like the distant laughter that might run around some amphitheatre (as a child, I thought of the circus-tent), there comes the antiphonal crowing of the cocks from neighboring farms.

Always, what pleasant intimations and solicitings of the fancy come to me with the early morning! A single thread of a spider's web thrown across the window pane is singularly beguiling to my eye. The wind gently stirs, without breaking, the gluey thread; the sun glances upon it, turning it now to amber, now to ruby. I can see this shining filament either as a floating bridge for the sylphs, or as a lance thrown in elfin challenge by a hand ethereal and invisible.

This evening there was a distinct zodiacal light. This mysterious ghostly mountain, or "sugar loaf," that leans towards the southern heaven, what is it? One of the domes of Valhalla, a watch-tower of the warrior shades? Or shall we merely say, Spring's early candle-light, or her taper to light her up betimes in the morning? In its quality of faint adumbration, it suggests the weak shadow which any object throws on the wall when there are many lamps in the room.

The comforting unity and simplicity of the night picture appeal to me, especially of the night picture in winter, or in early spring, before the leaves have come upon the trees. To-night, a half-moon, like a bright flying mask (of Thalia), hurries through clouds that bear a hint of iridescence woven into their frail texture; a few brilliant stars in the glimpses of the deep night blue. This is all, when you except the tree-tops with their clinging swarms of swollen leaf-buds, which, however, do not now show as they did against the glow of the sunset sky. Contemplative quiet is in the air. It looks like a night of the nights primeval, the work of creation suspended until the morrow.

A crow winging its way across Manhattan Island, incurious and undelaying, across defile after defile of the stony and clattering streets, is perhaps no remarkable sight. But to me it was a piece of live heraldry; I wished to know what provoked his transit. I did not inquire of those whom I met, "Did you know that a crow flew over New York this morning?" but the speculative interest the voyager excited in my mind remained through the day.

Yielding to desultoriness and idleness, this rainy morning, I look out of my window, and observe the castaway and collapsed umbrellas that strew the city street, after the gusty rainstorm of last night; they look like so many dilapidated bats after a nocturnal orgy. In the city, alas, there is little difference in the quality of the rain, be it November's or April's. How different where there is anything to give it welcome! But the big stone pillars, and the flagging of the piazza upon which my window opens, look saturate with the moisture. Then I think of some solitary rough old landmark stone of the lonely fields, in the steady rain. Has not such a stone sometimes looked to me as though it enjoyed

the flood from heaven, even like some organic creature of fleshy or vegetable tissues? At least, it seemed to be generously aware of the enjoyment felt by the lichen garden it supported on its north side.

What is the service of the rain?
We in the city want the sun!
Upon the wires that pass the pane
The idle drops together run.

I watch them idly; and below,
"Twixt wet and wind, in struggle vain,
I watch the crowd toil to and fro.
What is the service of the rain?

Somewhere in hollows, slow and still
The great drops bead upon the whips
Of willow, while the brooks upfill,
And to the dead turf lay their lips.

Then, all about the fields, unseen,
The Spring will go with naked feet,
And make small winding paths of green,
And even the dead leaves smell sweet!

Then, buds like eyes begin to peer,
The bladed grass takes heart again;
There may be violets, too! But here
What is the service of the rain?

There is no sense of spring, approaching or realized, in the unalterable bosom of the sea, — at least, none that I can discern. But this may be because I have been wonted to the spectacle of the sun warming the sculptured Galatea into responsive and mobile life, of Erie awaking after her winter sleep. There may be unobvious changes betokening vernal impulse in the heart of great Neptune. There may be spring wild flowers in the deep meadows beloved of the young mermaid. Why should not all seaweeds, as well as land vegetation, have their seasons of florescence, of seeding, and of rest from growth? But if the sea has no revelation to make of springtime processes within his own domain, his touch upon the land is not unsympathetic. I have nowhere seen a more living green than that of yonder marshes, which twice a day feel the salt kisses of the sea.

The combination of ocean, rock, and bold openness of landscape here on the New England coast gives different skies from those observed inland, sublimer effects of cloud-massing, diviner coloring in the sunsets. Here I am more often put in mind of great old Chapman and his Jovian wonder-work in the lines, —

“As when from top of some steep hill the
Lightener strips a cloud,
And lets a great sky out of heaven!”

I have just heard the story of their Scotch governess, whom my friends remember to have wept the nights through, but who brightened visibly on foggy days; for, as she said, they reminded her of home. She loved mist and rain, and, very suitably, had been in love with a blind man. She would have gone into transports with the weather to-day. A white and nubilous wilderness! Why has no one described that sense we have, in the mist, of vast reaches and sublime distances which, unmeasured and unexplored, may stretch illimitably from our very door? Imagination invents the landscape and scene beyond and out of sight, plains, mountains, frowning cliffs, still and dark forests; strange meetings with creatures of fable seem possible. One listens, too, in expectation of unwonted sounds. To-day, I hear only the rhythmical pulsings of the sea on the shore, in the midst of all this vagueness, like the metronome for some silent music, — the melodies unheard, that are sweeter.

A snipe's nest in the border of the salt marsh, under a little sheaf of dry grasses left by the high water of a few weeks ago. Eggs colored like the mottled field of grasses and earth all around; white with brown blotches. The nest is made in what is scarcely a dimple of the ground, and is a mere displacing of the surrounding grasses, — the lowliest domi-

cile in the neighborhood! Blessed are the poor in spirit, and Blessed are the meek! The meekest things I know are the snipe and its nest. Yet these seem, more than any other objects in the landscape, to relate themselves to the universal; to the polished floor of the sea at sunset, to the vastness of the sky and the freedom of the air. At evening, more especially, fancy is called upon to represent the peace, the heaven-guarded serenity, of that nest, as the mother snipe, with a last “peet-weet,” sinks under the “protective coloring” of the grassy roof which covers herself and her hope of the coming brood.

To-day, April looks over into May, and, at what she sees there, laughs like a child. It would be bad faith, and like old ice clinging to some last footholds of winter in the woods, if we of the human world would not melt in and fuse with the general current of joy.

Away with old sorrow, away with dim tears,
That were shed all in vain for the wreckage
of years!

It is spring in the land, it is spring at the
morn!

The forest forgets the leaf sodden and lost,
The grass forgets the fell scythe of the frost,
And the green of the bramble creeps over its
thorn.

Ah, see in the fields the white flocks stray!
They forget the cold hill where they shivering
lay;

The ewe has forgotten her lamb that died!
And the bird — oh, listen! — remembers not
The mate it loved by the fowler was shot!
They forget — they are glad! Who is it would
chide?

Doth the old leaf fret at the new-budding leaf?
Who knows that the dead desire our long
grief?

Peace be to memory, truce be to fears!
We have wept, and shall weep, but here, at the
height
Of the spring and the morn, we lay hold on
delight!

Away with old sorrow, away with dim tears!

Edith M. Thomas.

MONEY AS AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION.

IN his charming address opening the Monetary Conference at Brussels, on the 22d of last November, M. Beernaert, prime minister of Belgium, spoke as follows: —

“That which will in the future be looked upon as the characteristic mark of our century, this century so strange and grand in many respects, will be the prodigious and incessant development in it of international relations. Formerly, one belonged to his village, his province, or, at most, to his country. A man knew only his neighborhood. He shared its prejudices and its passions. The foreigner he viewed either with indifference or as an enemy. To-day, the horizon of humanity is enlarged. An immense movement is extending life and well-being everywhere. Peoples daily become better acquainted with one another, and mingle more freely with one another. The world itself hardly suffices longer for our activity. Hence the many international understandings for administering with uniformity the common interests of the civilized world. Agreements, which already apply almost universally, regulate telegraph systems, the mails, railroads, weights and measures, the publication of tariff laws, industrial and literary property. Tentatives in the same line are making to unify commercial law in several of its essential elements. Why should it not be the same with money, that instrument which is international *par excellence*, the one upon which we are all the most dependent?”

These words will serve as a text for the following paragraphs.

Every careful student of contemporary things must be impressed with the rapidity at which the world is becoming smaller. No two nations on earth are in effect so far apart to-day as were

New Hampshire and Georgia when our Union was formed. This is why the growth of great states in territory and in the sweep of the central power in each is found to be, for the most part, safe and healthful as well as inevitable. In the United States, the general government now exercises authority which the stoutest Federalist of 1789 would have shuddered to foresee, yet does this with the approval of all.

It is not usually observed that the same force which shakes so many different nations into one, and consolidates so many individual nations, is compelling greater intimacy on the part of states which still remain governmentally separate. Even the mightiest sovereignties on earth cannot resist it. We have here the secret of the extraordinary advance which the science of international law has recently made. It is cultivated more than ever. The law of nations is viewed more than ever before as law proper, and its devotees cherish a project, which will never sleep until realized, of an international commission, a world court or world congress, for the trial of international disputes. Not only are sections giving way to nations, but nations are becoming one. We are hastening to a veritable “parliament of man,” a “federation of the world.”

The condensation of population upon our globe introduces a new necessity for conscious action by men in the direction of their greatest affairs. As civilization advances, the Power above takes man more and more into his counsel in shaping it. Idle trust in the so-called natural laws of social growth was once not so unsafe; but now the crowding and jostling occasioned by the density of society demand all possible thoughtfulness on men's part. Grave problems arise that once had no exist-

ence. They will not down, nor will they solve themselves.

The formation of an ecumenical postal union, in 1863, 1874, and 1878, was one long and benign step in this development. If we mistake not, the next, equally imperative, and destined, when taken, to be viewed as equally advantageous, will be the practical recognition of money as a matter for international agreement and action.

How splendid an achievement it would be if the nations of Europe and America would provide themselves with a few gold coins for use in common! No one can measure the good which would hence arise, from the extra ease with which accounts, prices, and statistics pertaining to one of these countries would then be understood by the people of other countries who had occasion to examine them. The perplexity which proceeds from the absence of such a common price denominator is a great barrier to international trade, making it a sort of occult science, wherein those specially skilled profit at the cost of the ignorant. Travelers as well as merchants would be saved from much trouble and loss by an international coinage. If it were introduced, a man from one country, journeying in another, would not be put to the necessity of visiting a bank at once on his arrival, in order to supply himself, at much expense, with the special money of the land.

So easy would this reform be, at least in countries using gold as fundamental money, it is surprising how little demand there is that the thing be done. The decimal system has been adopted nearly all over Europe, and, in money, also in the United States. Not merely the Latin Union, namely, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Roumania, but Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia as well, have so far introduced the decimal element into their moneys as, with but slight changes, to make possible cer-

tain highly convenient monetary unities among them.

The twenty-franc piece is already at home, under one name or another, — so many "frances," "lire," "drachmas," "lei," or "florins," — throughout the Latin Union, in the new State of Congo, and, as a trade coin, in Austria. Just to be odd, one would think, Austria is making her new twenty-crown piece a little heavier than the twenty-franc piece, putting into it 6.09756 grams of fine gold, instead of 5.806 grams. It is a pity that this coin should not have been made to agree at least with Holland's ten-florin piece, which contains only 6.048 grams fine. The Spanish piece of twenty-five pesetas is precisely equal in value to one and a quarter of the twenty-franc piece. Take about six cents' worth of gold from the English sovereign, and augment by about the same sum the German twenty-mark piece, and each of these, also, becomes a twenty-five-franc piece, exactly equaling in value one and one fourth of the twenty-franc piece. Our five-dollar gold piece could be reduced to this same value by removing some two and a half per cent of its fine gold. The Scandinavian Union would have to enlarge its twenty-crown piece but a little to make it equal to thirty francs. Can it be that such vexing diversity in the moneys of neighboring peoples will be tolerated much longer, when these trifling changes would introduce practical parity in moneys throughout the gold-using world? It will perhaps be said that the changes proposed would necessitate corresponding alterations in other gold coins. True, but the main modifications required would relate to the minor coins, of ten marks, ten crowns, etc., — coins which ought in any event to be melted, making way for silver money, to circulate in the form of certificates. This measure, which would strengthen immensely the gold holdings of national banks and treasuries, has everything to

recommend it, and not an objection to it would be offered by any one, provided the change could be made general.

A subject no less important, to which attention has not so frequently been drawn, is that of international gold and silver certificates. How insane it is that whenever exchange between Europe and America, for instance, reaches a certain figure, gold, in quantities more or less immense, must be carted to the wharf, placed in vessels, and, at great expense for freight and insurance, carried across the ocean, only to be returned after a few months in the same expensive way! Not seldom the cost of recoinage is added to that of transportation. A million pounds sterling in gold, a sum which the Rothschilds frequently have to send from one nation to another, weighs eight and ninety-three hundredths tons. The same amount in silver would, at the present market value relation between the two metals, weigh a little over one hundred and ninety-six tons. I have never tried to compute the expense of this continual movement of the precious metals, but it certainly is very great.

And it is needless, at least among nations so highly civilized as those of Europe and North America. All of it might be saved by an arrangement on the part of national treasuries or banks parallel with that between the principal banks of New York, by which, in times of crisis, they utter clearing-house certificates. Such an arrangement, once become fixed and popular, would, I believe, be able to continue even through a war.

The thought at this point, so far as concerns Europe and America, relates mainly to gold certificates, because in these lands gold is now the sole means of ultimate payment; but there is no reason why much use should not be made of silver certificates as well. To be sure, they would not serve in the final settlement of balances, because silver is practically a commodity. Such

papers would be like Standard Oil and other certificates used to mobilize heavy goods. But the international traffic to which silver is subject is so very important that the passing of these warrants from one side of the ocean to the other, in lieu of the metal itself, would effect great saving to all.

The necessity for international agreement in the matter of money is further seen in what occurs when, for any reason, a nation gives up the use of metallic money, and goes over to a *régime* of irredeemable paper, as we did in the civil war. One versed in political economy easily understands that such an act by one nation, liberating nearly all its gold and silver money and sending it abroad, elevates prices and cheats creditors in all the nations receiving it. That this occurs silently, and is always accompanied by certain phenomena in themselves felicitous, such as the lightening of producers' debts and taxes, does not, after all, make it desirable. It is the less so because the nations relieved enjoy the rise of prices only to suffer the reverse movement, sure to come whenever the nation first concerned resumes specie payment. There can be no doubt that the return to specie by the United States in 1877 and 1878, calling vast sums of gold from Europe, occasioned some part of the industrial distress that was experienced in England, Germany, and France during those years. Since about that time there has been, among the nations using it for money, a struggle for gold such as never occurred before. It has not yet ceased, and, unless some scheme can be devised for the rehabilitation of silver money, will not cease. About a billion dollars of gold money in excess of their previous holdings has been called for by the nations of the West since 1873. The United States required a great part of this. Germany and Italy also had to stock up with the yellow metal. More recently, Russia has been buying it far more copiously

than most surmise. That country now has a supply of about \$481,600,000. Roumania has purchased largely for several years. For some months Austria has been buying, in order to range herself with the gold monometallic lands. The agency of Austria appears in the exportation of gold from the United States last year and this year, most of which has left us at moments when foreign exchange was below the gold exporting figure, showing the artificiality of this current. Austria has agents in New York, who are, directly or indirectly, securing the exportation of gold by offering for it special inducements of some kind.

The writer views this efflux of gold, not as resulting from the return of American securities held in Europe, but as the cause of that. There may be a few Europeans who doubt the continued gold solvency of the United States. Such persons are very rare, and have sent home but a small proportion of the valuable papers that have reached us since the Baring failure. The secret of both the gold outflow and the paper inflow lies in the determination of the European powers and great banks to be well supplied with gold, which can be carried into effect only by special measures. Our abnormally large importation of commodities during January of the present year is to be accounted for mostly in the same way.

Still another momentous evil, due to the fact that the world's monetary arrangements lack all coördination, is the fall in general prices which has been taking place since 1873. As I have elsewhere observed, many writers of great intelligence fall into a curious confusion of cause and effect upon this point, identifying fall of general prices with intrinsic cheapening of commodities. For instance, the Berlin Nation had, some years ago, an editorial on *The Decline in Prices an Advance in Civilization*, wherein such decline was set forth, not as a *sign* of economic advance, which, under the world's pre-

sent economic system, it often is, but as itself an *element* in such advance, which it is not. That many manufactured articles have long been decreasing in intrinsic cost is a great blessing, and articles of this class would doubtless have gone down more or less under an ideal system of money. But it was not necessary that general prices should fall; and this fall, I maintain, has been an absolute and unmitigated curse to human civilization. Mark, it is not low prices which I condemn. Low prices, once established, are as desirable as high. That is to say, the words "high" and "low" in respect to prices are not absolute, but relative terms. The continual *fall* of prices, the act of sinking, is the accursed thing. None profit from it but such as are annuitants without being producers; and we may be sure that no civilized state is going to legislate to keep prices falling, when it is once seen, as it must soon be seen, that the fall injures all but the very few unproductive people who live upon their incomes. Bankers and money-lenders, as such, are not interested to have prices fall and the value of money increase. What enriches bankers is lively business, plentiful trade, demand for capital, high interest, — phenomena which never accompany appreciating money, and in the nature of the case cannot do so. In the absence of wars and all such acute causes narrowing the demand for loanable funds, the present abundance of these in all directions, and the consequent low rates of discount, ought to be read as indubitable signs of a morbid paucity of money in the general circulation.

All are glad, certainly, to have the costs of things become less and less. This process has been going on since 1873. Had this alone occurred, no one would complain. There are two proofs that this is not the whole of what has been going on. Intrinsic costs were falling between 1848 and 1873,

— falling as rapidly as they have done since 1873. But at that time prices were rising rather than falling, and it was a period of extraordinary prosperity everywhere. The other evidence that the fall in the intrinsic costs of things since 1873 has had an occult, baneful accompaniment of some sort is as follows: Falling costs imply prosperity. The signs of a régime of falling costs are, high interest and dividends, good wages and profits, happy merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and workmen, few failures, few strikes and lockouts, rapidly multiplying industrial undertakings, and rapidly increasing wealth. This is not a picture of men's economic life for the last twenty years. Costs have fallen, doubtless, but the fall in prices has not consisted solely or mainly in reduced costs.

Just so, an advance in prices may mean an advance in costs, as is generally, or often, the case when prices are put up by tariffs; or it may mean merely an increase in the volume of money, without increase, or even with decrease, in costs, as was the case after 1850.

I have nowhere seen these distinctions properly traced; and because they are not heeded, people of much intelligence often talk absurdly upon this subject. One class hails with joy a rise of prices, whatever its cause; when prices decline, many imagine that it must mean a lessening of the effort necessary to get commodities, and they raise hallelujahs accordingly. How many speeches in the last presidential campaign illustrated this deep confusion!

The dislocation of prices is infinitely the most important aspect of the silver question. The trouble is intensely real. It is at once economic and moral in nature, hindering productive investments and exchanges, and necessitating a measure of injustice in a vast proportion of the exchanges which do occur. The malady affects all alike, Europe as well as the United States, Germany and Aus-

tria no less than England and France. How long shall we let it continue?

Still more recondite is another evil from which modern society suffers greatly. I refer to the rupture of the industrial world into monetary hemispheres by the demonetization of silver which began in the year 1873. The result is substantially a new phenomenon in human history. Before 1873, silver as well as gold had practically been for centuries full money in all the important nations. After 1816, to be sure, silver was not full legal tender in England; but for all this, payments could be made to England in silver just the same, because France, near by, would receive this in settling her balances with England, and return gold.

This new state of affairs is a very serious one. Nations in the gold group can no longer trade freely with nations in the silver group. There is between the two worlds no mint par; that is, no stable par of any kind. As to trade, these two sections of humanity stand to each other in precisely the same relation which a nation using irredeemable paper money occupies to other nations. Under such circumstances, it can never be known how much of the money of one country will equal a given sum in that of the other at the moment when the trade is consummated or the goods are delivered. An element of specially distressing and perplexing risk thus enters into all such transactions, rendering them a veritable form of gambling. It is well known how greatly this curse is affecting England's trade with India, occasioning widespread bankruptcy and strikes without number. Lancashire, usually so prosperous, has become, in consequence of its disturbed commerce with India, the scene of nearly universal distress and complaint. No one denies this, but the remedies which various parties suggest are very diverse.

What has been written and said upon this subject, relating so exclusively to

its British phase, causes many to overlook the fact that friction of the same sort is felt all over the world, where countries whose ultimate money is gold seek to trade with countries whose ultimate money is silver. The United States, too, is hampered by this infelicity. It stands with the tariff as one of the reasons why our trade with Central and South America, Japan and China, is so insignificant.

Perhaps the worst victim of the disease at present is Mexico. The Mexican delegates at the Brussels Conference submitted a long paper, in which they rehearsed the distresses which have come to their country through the loss of

their old-time freedom of exchange with the gold-using world. The picture which they drew was very dark. They did not complain of a loss in the purchasing power of silver, for net loss of this kind in the silver-using countries there has been none, but bewailed the uncertainty of the value of silver from day to day in terms of gold, which would, of course, be the all-important consideration in their foreign trade. I transfer to these pages a table which these gentlemen presented to the Conference, showing the number and the sweep of the variations in Mexican exchange on London for the two years 1889-90.

1889.					1890.			
Month.	Max- imum.	Min- imum.	Vari- ations.	No. of Vari- ations.	Max- imum.	Min- imum.	Vari- ations.	No. of Vari- ations.
January	35 $\frac{3}{4}$	35 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	7	37 $\frac{5}{8}$	37 $\frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{1}{4}$	8
February	35 $\frac{5}{8}$	35	$\frac{5}{8}$	6	37 $\frac{3}{8}$	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	9
March	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	1	37 $\frac{5}{8}$	37 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{8}$	15
April	35 $\frac{5}{8}$	35 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	39	37 $\frac{1}{8}$	1 $\frac{7}{8}$	13
May	35 9-16	35 $\frac{3}{8}$	3-16	2	39 $\frac{3}{4}$	38 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	8
June	35 $\frac{5}{8}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{8}$	2	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	39 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	11
July	35 $\frac{7}{8}$	35 $\frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	3	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	40 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	8
August	35 11-16	35 $\frac{5}{8}$	5-16	3	45 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	9
September	36 $\frac{1}{8}$	35 $\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{3}{8}$	6	45 $\frac{5}{8}$	44	2 $\frac{3}{8}$	10
October	37 $\frac{7}{8}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	6	43 $\frac{1}{4}$	40 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	17
November	37 $\frac{3}{4}$	37 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	11	41 $\frac{3}{8}$	37	4 $\frac{3}{8}$	14
December	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	37 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$	12	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	39 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	13

There are those, I know, who fancy that the precise difficulty here under survey must be temporary. They think that silver will "find its level," and that then it will be possible to forecast the course of exchanges between the different parts of the world, just as before 1873, or as between Europe and America now; the rates of exchange being sometimes higher and sometimes lower, but always oscillating back and forth past a fixed par. In my judgment, this thought is entirely illusory. If silver is left a commodity, there will never again be a fixed par between it and gold, any more than

there now is between iron and gold, or lead and zinc. Not only so, but, as gold becomes more scarce, the gap between the units of the two moneys, gold and silver, must slowly and irregularly increase. It is not a pleasing prospect, for one who believes in the progress of human civilization, to see the two great sections of humanity thus held asunder by a gulf in their monetary relations; not impassable, indeed, but passable only through deepening storm and tempest.

The outlook is the darker because the portions of the earth thus unnaturally forced apart are precisely the ones that

ought to be trading together most freely. Many, of course, believe in erecting trade barriers between such different nations as produce the same things, but you must search far to find a man who does not favor closer trade between the nations of the southern world and the nations of the northern world. Now, this classification is almost exactly the monetary classification to which I have referred. Unless something can be done to close the chasm spoken of, it will yawn more and more as the years pass. It will be worse than a Chinese wall between those monetary zones, having more effect to prevent trade and the accompanying influences of civilization than the highest tariffs of which protectionists ever dreamed.

It is obvious that these evils can never be cured while nations continue upon their present *laissez-faire* monetary basis. So long as each nation acts for and by itself in these matters, society is inevitably a prey to the afflictions which have been enumerated; while, in respect to the last two of them, the fall of prices and the splitting of the world into diverse monetary camps, things are going from bad to worse.

Two parties make light of all efforts to bring nations together in monetary union. The ultra gold monometallists do this. They pretend that there is gold enough in the world, and deny, or incline to do so, that any such strife for this metal as has been alleged is going on. We notice, however, that at present none among the advocates of gold monometallism have the temerity to demand, as used to be done ten years ago by a few, that silver should be demonetized universally. But why ought not this to be done, if there is gold enough? Also, I have yet to hear of any gold monometallist who has dared, within the last five years, or would now dare, to recommend the United States, Germany, and the Latin Union to demonetize their full legal-

tender silver. But again, why not, if there is gold enough? The most enthusiastic gold monometallists thus virtually admit, as regards the last and worst of the evils of which we have spoken, the powerlessness of what they recommend, to effect a cure. For the monetary chasm which gapes between the industrial world that uses gold and the industrial world that uses silver they provide no bridge.

But it is equally impossible, with the means favored by them, to remedy that other bane which we mentioned, — the bane of the fall in general prices. There is not, within the lands which now use gold, gold money enough to prevent a most serious and distressing fall in general prices. If only the exchange function of money be had in view, there is, doubtless, gold enough. There is sufficient to "go round." You can have gold in plenty for all exchange work, if you take each coin and divide it in two. Then the gold at present with us will go twice as far as now, relieving us of all difficulty in effecting whatever exchanges we wish to effect. But what would be the influence upon prices of such a division of coins? I leave the reader to imagine. Of course, it would be confusing and disastrous in the extreme.

Another class of influential persons who mock all attempts to secure an international monetary agreement are the ultra silver men, who desire free coinage by the United States alone. Among these are no doubt some who wish this result quite regardless of consequences, desiring only to make money more plentiful in order to render easier the unpleasant business of paying debts; but it is unfair to charge the whole class with such a motive. Many, if not most of them, sincerely believe that the free coinage of silver by us, independently of other nations, would not lead to the expulsion of our gold. They think that what France accomplished between 1803 and 1873, in maintaining

for all Europe the practical concurrence of gold and silver money at a value relation between the metals of fifteen and a half to one, doing this both during the penury of gold before 1850 and during the affluence of gold after that date, the United States could much more easily accomplish to-day. Not only do many thoughtful Americans believe this, but as well several of the ablest European students of monetary science, such as Henry Hucks Gibbs, Moreton Frewen, and Sir Guilford L. Molesworth. It is easier to laugh at this opinion than it is to refute it.

These thinkers make much of the fact that the abundance of money metal, including silver, produced since 1873 bears a much smaller proportion to the quantity in existence at that date than did the new money metal brought to light between 1850 and 1870 to that which existed just previous to 1850. Strong as this consideration is, I cannot, for my part, think these gentlemen right in their conclusion. They seem to overlook three important considerations: first, the hostility and discredit into which silver, rightly or wrongly, has fallen; secondly, the low cost at which silver can now be produced, owing largely to the circumstance that most of it is merely a by-product of lead, copper, and gold; and thirdly, the intense fight for gold which is now going on. These facts had no parallels at the time when Michel Chevalier wished to demonetize gold, and they are of such moment that neither the United States nor any other nation would be wise in undertaking, alone, to reinstate silver. The result of such an effort would be, I think, that the nation making it would simply bid farewell to the gold-using section of mankind, and go over to the users of silver.

Were we, in our present condition, to institute the free coinage of silver, the first consequence would be the hegira of our gold, leading to dreadful stringency, and a much greater fall in prices than

we have thus far seen. This agony being over, as the mints began to turn out great piles of silver dollars, to circulate either directly or by proxy, prices would slowly rise to the Mexican level. We should have left Europe in order to join Mexico, Central and South America, Japan and China. I can see how high-protectionists might earnestly desire such a result, for the wall which the change would erect between Europe and America would be more impassable than any that McKinley tariffs could create. This would be bad enough, but, from the point of view of the advancement of civilization, it would not be the worst effect. The fall of prices in the countries still retaining gold would of course be checked for a time. These countries would receive our gold, affording them great temporary relief. Only temporary, however. After a time, the struggle for gold would be on once more in the gold-using group, just as it is now; for that gold is destined to become more and more scarce, not only relatively, but at last absolutely, seems to the present writer as certain as anything future can be. The distress of falling prices would, in the course of years, lead some other nation, at whatever sacrifice, to incur the distress of changing its basal money from gold to silver. Then another and another would do the same. If this process must be gone through by one nation at a time clear to the bitter end, civilization will be hindered thus more than by the permanent continuance of the militarism which now burdens Europe.

No one nation can solve this serious problem. It requires international action. The only scheme by which the difficulty can be surmounted in anything like a permanent manner is international bimetallism, which I believe to be as perfectly feasible as its theoretical operation is simple.

A great many admit the troubles enumerated above, which in my judg-

ment bimetallism would cure, but do not wish to go so far in the way of remedy. Hence the innumerable *soi-disant* palliatives short of bimetallism that are offered for those difficulties. It would be tedious to enumerate these, interesting as many of them are from the ingenuity which they display. But it is to be remarked that none of these partial remedies could be carried into effect without international action, and that the concert which most of them would require would be of a much more intricate kind than that called for by

out-and-out bimetallism. Compare, for instance, the simple provisions of bimetallism with the complex, minute, diverse, and numerous specifications of the pro-silver scheme put forward last year by the late lamented Professor Soetbeer. It were better to adopt at the outset a plan whose operation would be thorough. The best which could come from any superficial measure would be that it would soon reveal its inefficiency, having meantime committed the nations to common action in monetary affairs.

E. Benj. Andrews.

THE DAWN OF ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.

EVEN if there be no reality to that symmetrical hypothesis which gives immutable laws for the regular and connected development of a nation or a race, the united expression of which, in all races and in all times, some call the philosophy of history, we cannot but recognize an almost uniform sequence of conditions, though we may refuse to call it a law, in the history of all the great nations. We see a sort of broad formula, to which the history of each separate race is more or less conformable in the various steps of its rise, progress, and decline. Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, the two great trilogies of antiquity, confirm this principle, and it is illustrated by a host of lesser nations. Each race rises from a dim obscurity, a hidden, confused reservoir of great forces, gradually forms and moulds itself by conquering adversity and resisting peril, until at last it reaches the pinnacle of its greatness. The first steps of its decline are gracefully hidden in a pleasing efflorescence of material prosperity, when the arts are most encouraged and letters shine; then it sinks gradually into decay, until some external conqueror comes as the apparent cause

of its sudden downfall. We say that Greece broke the power of Persia, that Rome conquered Greece, that the northern barbarians overthrew Rome; but in each case we refer only to the immediate cause of downfall, not the primary one. That is to be found in the internal condition of the nation itself, and not in any outward circumstance. It is this fact which makes the catastrophe seem complete and irremediable; which marks the political life of that nation as ended, and turns the attention of the world to its successor. We say it has fallen not to rise again, and the general verdict of history proves us right.

But what if, in the nineteenth century, we are to see an exception to the rule? What if we are to see a fallen nation, with the heritage of a great past, a nation which for centuries has been crushed to the earth, which has suffered the lowest degradation in the political scale for hundreds of years, rise from its chains, and if not become great, at least hold a high place among the great nations of the earth? This is what Mr. Thayer, in his enthusiasm for the young Italy of to-day, would have us believe, and it is a view that the record of each year of the

new Italian nation seems to confirm. From the moment when the London Conference of 1867 recognized her as the sixth great power, Italy as such, Italy as a national unity, returned to the stage of the world's history, and time alone can tell how important a part she is to play.

But the work ¹ before us does not deal with this pleasant season of the nation's history, the time when something begins to be realized from all the struggles and suffering of the long agony of foreign rule and internal oppression. It is the story of these struggles and of this suffering that the author tells us, the darkest and most obscure period of modern Italian history, — the period when all Europe was engaged with the fierce death struggle of the Old, and the first life pangs of the New; when the great spectre of Reaction was walking to and fro in the continent, grinding down its peoples with a force bred of fear, keeping them from breathing, from the dread that one free breath would give them a power it could not control, and a new life which meant certain death to the old. The French Revolution had taught one lesson, Napoleon had taught another; but to those "who learn nothing and forget nothing," these landmarks in the progress of man's development had taught nothing. Instead of seeing in them potent signs of the great change which had taken place in the undercurrents of society, they recognized only their events, — only the circumstances which attended them, and not the real meaning of the hidden power which these events expressed. They thought that if the expression of it could be prevented by judicious means, the power would be as if it were not, and the privileged few could still control the turbulent mass beneath them. That they were able to continue this self-deception, this ignorance that seems folly to us of the present

day, as long a time as they did, at first seems incomprehensible. Especially is this the case when we consider the great forces they were holding in leash. But the explanation is easy, and shows what at first sight is a paradox. In a measure, these reactionists were right. The people of Europe needed control, or at least they needed guidance; not a Napoleon, perhaps, certainly not a Metternich, but a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, and into the promised land of freedom. They were not ready for self-government, even for so much of it as is represented by a nineteenth-century constitutional monarchy. They needed education in governing themselves, and were as unfit to realize the golden dreams of Mazzini and the prophets as children are to regulate their own lives. A people that has been in practical political servitude for centuries cannot be made free by the fiat of itself or of another. The attempt is soon crushed by tyranny, as history has always shown. To adopt a popular government requires a people capable of governing. This is not the reason why the crowned heads of Europe, in the early nineteenth century, refused to let their peoples govern themselves; but it is the principal reason why these rulers were able for so long to prevent their peoples from having even a share in the government of themselves. On one side was perfect organization, mutual sympathy of aims and methods, control of the existing administration in all its parts, and a firm and united intention to keep that control. On the other was disorganization, sectional and individual rivalry, ignorance of ways and means, questionable material to work with, inexperience and uncertainty, even vagueness of aim and object, and an indeterminate longing for a freedom which, when attained at rare intervals, left its possessors doubtful how to act. They were

¹ *The Dawn of Italian Independence.* Italy from the Congress of Vienna, 1814, to the Fall of Venice, 1849. By WILLIAM ROSCOE

THAYER. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

unable to make use of it, and therefore unable to retain it. Metternich ruled because he knew how to rule; Mazzini and his followers did not govern, because they did not know how to govern. These are the hard facts which history must recognize. At first sight they seem sad and to be regretted, but they are really not so; for out of the struggle, out of the failure and all the suffering it involved, came the power which enabled the sons of Mazzini's followers to do precisely what the earlier patriots could not accomplish. It gave them knowledge bred of suffering; it gave them experience bred of failure; it trained the character of the new generation, so that they could accomplish where their fathers simply "agitated."

Although this struggle of the old and the new was going on in slightly different forms and with varying success in nearly every country of continental Europe, no case serves better to illustrate the truth of what we have said than the history of the Italian states from 1815 to 1848. Here we have the various warring elements that were constantly striking against each other, ceaselessly fermenting beneath the surface, kept down by the crust of an absolutist rule only superficially strong. Like the formless, seething masses under the thin covering of a volcano nearing eruption, all were ready to burst beyond control from many crevices, at the first break in the covering. In Italy, it was the age of conspiracy, of agitation, of secret societies, and of much plotting, and it was only the inherited sectional rivalry of the Italian states, and the lack of a great leader to guide and whom all would follow, that prevented it from being an age of great revolution. With the traditions of over a thousand years the Italians inherited a provincialism, a sectional rivalry, which amounted almost to hatred; and this is one of the most important factors to be considered in getting a true estimate of the confused events of their long struggle for independence. It explains many apparent

contradictions; gives the reason for many failures when success seemed almost assured, and when united action was so necessary as to seem inevitable. In many ways the character of the modern Italian can be compared with that of the Greek of the age of Pericles: ardent; easily swayed by what touches the emotions; brave, but fickle; with passions easily raised, but quickly cooled; brilliant in mind, but unsteady of purpose; intensely patriotic and eager for freedom, but with difficulty comprehending the broad conception of the emancipation of a whole race. The great idea of nationality is in many countries a product of the nineteenth century, and in none more so than in Italy. Prophets proclaiming Italian nationality, Italian unity, appeared, and had devoted followers; they aroused a personal love and enthusiasm which is one of the great memories of the present Italian nation; but what they accomplished before 1848 is sadly out of proportion to their sufferings and their sacrifices. Italy had no Baron von Stein to make practical the dreams of those who preached a united Italian nation. Even the moderate scheme of Gioberti and the Neo-Guelphs met no support. It was too much for one party, the people; too little for the other party, the prophets. It was full of contradictions and impracticable, founded as it was on that modern anomaly, a *papa-re*, a pope-king, therefore destined to failure; for in matters temporal the modern papacy has unfortunately turned the rock of the Church to a shifting sand, no fit foundation for a new nationality. The other alternative, the strong, cohesive power of a military, constitutional monarchy, we now see to have been the means destined to succeed; but the author of this book well points out the almost frantic opposition which had to be overcome before such a possible saviour of Italian independence could be endured, rather than welcomed, in the times of Custoza and Novara.

The rise to power of the little kingdom of Sardinia, or, as Mr. Thayer very properly prefers to call it, Piedmont, can in many ways be fitly compared with that of Brandenburg and Prussia. Both performed similar missions for the respective national unities which they now dominate, and both represented similar elements in the various states which were to constitute a new nation. Each held the more rugged, warlike stock of their respective races; each started with the idea of individual aggrandizement; and each had thrust upon it a part in a larger drama than was at first contemplated by either. In Piedmont, the character about which most interest centres is that of Charles Albert, the king who was by turns monk, soldier, patriot, autocrat; the man who pledged his future policy to Metternich at Verona in 1822, and yet the man who sacrificed Piedmont and himself to Italian unity and his honor after Goito in 1848. A "nineteenth-century Hamlet" our author calls him, and the comparison is a good one; for a character more full of contradictions, of uncertainties, of paradoxes, it were difficult to find. He was allowed only to catch sight of where the promised land lay in the sunshine, before his life went out in disappointment and failure, leaving the fulfillment of his dream to his son, Victor Emmanuel, who, though made of grosser clay than his father, was still the *re galant' uomo*.

The other characters in this exciting drama of the struggle of a people for a national life are well drawn by Mr. Thayer, who also does not fail to recognize the important fact that the prophets of freedom had a double battle to fight. This is almost always the case where a popular movement has its origin in the intelligent class, and is not simply an expression of the permanent discontent of the lowest elements of society. In Italy, especially in the northern and central states, it was the intelligent middle class, markedly the professional men,

with a few liberal-minded nobles, who gave their energies, and even their lives, for the cause of national freedom. Not only did they have to fight against the rulers and the privileged class, backed by the ever present reality of Austrian troops with the dark shadow of Metternich in the background, but they had to contend with the equally disheartening difficulty of an apathetic, priest-ridden peasantry, who had yet to learn that they wanted to be free. The campaign of education had to go hand in hand with the campaign of resistance, and at the same time the turbulent outbreaks of Naples and Leghorn had to be moulded into that "divine discontent" from which all progress springs. The period was one in which moderate counsels were almost always the best; and though the extremists did a great work in propaganda and in raising the enthusiasm of the inert mass whose aid was necessary to produce the final issue, still most of the tangible successes were the result of the compromise policy of the moderates. The problem of Italy striving to be free was different from that of either France or England in the same position. In these, the people had but to rise in their strength and overthrow the tyranny of a Bourbon or a Stuart. It was their own affair, and there was no question of any really important interference from outside. If the Italian people had had simply the task of overthrowing their local rulers, it would have been comparatively easy; for the internal rottenness of their administration, if we except Piedmont, and perhaps Tuscany, made them too weak to resist the shock of a popular rising, as was repeatedly shown in the outbreaks of 1820, 1821, and 1831, to say nothing of 1848. But unhappy Italy had been the battleground of Europe for too many centuries to be left to work out her own salvation. Like the Turkey of to-day, she was an international problem, and the fiat of the greatest diplomat of this

age of diplomacy declared her "but a geographical expression." Moreover, she was, in the eyes of European governments, useful as an example to be harrowed and chastised, so as to show other people the uselessness and the consequences of attempting to throw off the yoke of the divinely appointed rulers of the more important monarchies of Europe. Austria, being first in the field, was the self-appointed mistress to teach the hard lesson to the suffering Italians; and she did not even hesitate to admonish roughly those sacred majesties who might show the slightest indication of betraying her policy, or in the smallest degree disobeying her orders. It was this external power that rendered the task of the Italian agitators of the first half of the century seemingly so hopeless. The solution of the problem was simply one of brute force; and until some power could be found that could prove itself superior to the armies of Austria, all attempts, though invaluable as educators of the people, were predestined to end in defeat and failure. Charles Albert knew this when he made the desperate stroke which ended in Custoza and Novara, and we see the proof of it in the final solution of the problem, at Magenta and Solferino. It was this grinding despotism of a foreign and an alien power which rendered vain the efforts of the Italian patriots, and which seems sufficient to have broken the spirit and embittered the lives of the most enthusiastic. Like a stone wall it reared itself in the face of all advancement; and whenever a temporary advantage was gained over local tyranny, it stepped in like a *deus ex machina* to restore the tyrant and chastise the rebellious. If the Italian people as a whole had been ready for free and united action, they might have made headway against this evil genius of their race, for enthusiasm when combined with intelligence can overcome great odds. But with a people untrained in war or in

government, divided into factions, and those factions again into cliques; with every ruler at home either an enemy or a traitor, and a reactionist minority ever ready to aid the oppressor, there was room for nothing but failure, and the despair of thwarted endeavor and shattered hopes.

In the book before us, the author has given a fair and impartial account of the events producing the conditions we have described. He has judiciously drawn the portraits of the various leaders in both the liberal and the reactionist camps, characters by the study of which we can perhaps best learn the various tendencies of a time so full of dramatic interest, and also the various principles for which they lived, and sometimes died. If in dealing with his hero, Mazzini, he loses sight a little of the demagogue and the conspirator in the patriot and the reformer, and if he fail somewhat, on account of its later turpitudes, in allowing to the papal power a more dignified position, we can forgive him in view of the frame of mind of righteous indignation which must take hold of any close student of the inner history of Italy during the period of which he treats. For his authorities, he has drawn from the large list of Italian writers on the dawn of Italian independence, and he would have done well to add a bibliography of these to the copious index at the end of the work. Taken as a whole, the book will be of great value to English readers who wish to gain an insight into the complicated events of this period of ferment and transition in Italy. The author has adopted a style well suited to present the picturesque character of the dramatic events he describes, and which makes very interesting reading where one less skillful might easily have become tedious. We can only hope that he may see his way, some day, to continue the work so well begun, and give the brighter side of the Italian medal, stamped with the image of Cavour.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN *The Atlantic* for October, 1890, we reviewed Captain Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon History*; pointing out the originality and worth of the book, and expressing the hope that it would be received with such favor as to insure a continuation. This continuation has now appeared in the shape of two admirable volumes,¹ in which Captain Mahan treats of the effect of the sea power of England upon France under the First Republic and under the great Napoleon. We are glad to see that the author promises further to continue his labor by devoting a special work to the War of 1812. When this is done, it may be treated in connection with his excellent biography of Farragut,² recently published. We earnestly hope that Captain Mahan will not be content with writing merely of the War of 1812. The effect of the naval power of the Union upon the war with the Confederate States has never been considered from the standpoint assumed by Captain Mahan, and it is probable that in no way could he do as much good to his country as by writing a volume on our civil war. In philosophic spirit and grasp of his subject in its larger aspects, he is not approached by any other naval writer whom we can at the moment recall. Such a work as he could write is especially needed for the civil war, moreover, for it is really curious to see how fundamentally the great body of Americans misconstrue the lessons to be learned from the naval operations of that struggle. Incidentally, cordial praise must be awarded the Naval War College as being entitled to much of the honor of bringing about the production of Captain Mahan's works.

When a man has written a book of such marked excellence and originality that it takes rank as a classic, we always look forward to the appearance of his next with a certain amount of trepidation. We fear that he may have reached a level on which he cannot stay, or that he may have had but one message to deliver, and that, having delivered it, what else he may say will be surplusage. It is therefore with great pleasure that we recognize in Mahan's new work a thoroughly fit companion piece for his former book. Of course, in one way his old work possesses a value which the newer volumes cannot equal. In his first book he covered a wider range than he covers in the present one, and he dealt with the influence of sea power, as such, upon the fate of nations from a standpoint never assumed by any previous writer. He did — what is so very rare — something absolutely original: he wrote with a philosophic comprehension of naval history in its relation to history generally such as no one else has shown. In this work, on the other hand, he deals with a single series of wars, covering but a score of years, and often described by previous writers, and with the feats of a naval hero whose exploits have been a stock theme for every kind of historian, novelist, and poet. However, his work has certainly gained in interest, for he portrays the most striking drama ever played upon the ocean, where the most important naval power the world has ever seen was pitted against one of the world's two or three consummate military geniuses and conquerors, and where the sea power triumphed, and produced,

¹ *The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution.* By Captain A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1892.

² *Admiral Farragut.* By Captain A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1893.

in the course of the struggle, the greatest of all admirals. Of the hundreds of books which have been written on this same subject, there is but one which can in any way admit of comparison with Captain Mahan's: this is Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's *Guerres Maritimes*. It is rather singular, by the way, that much the best accounts of the deeds of Nelson should have been written, one by a French and one by an American naval officer. However, Gravière's book is not written from the same standpoint as Mahan's, and we mention it merely because it is in its own way so excellent.

Captain Mahan's work begins with the opening of the French Revolution. He sketches very vividly the condition of European countries at that time, especially with reference to their sea power; showing in this sketch, as he always does, the breadth of view which makes his utterances so well worth heeding. One of the curious matters to which he calls attention is the then existing relation between Russia and England, when the tendency was to regard these two powers as natural allies against France and Turkey. He also shows the curious condition of the Low Countries, jealously watched by England, France, and Austria, in part independent and in part held in vassalage to outside powers, and portrays the effects that this anomalous condition of things in the neighborhood of the many mouths of the Rhine had upon the normal development of trade, and of that war power which originally grew up to protect trade.

Our author brings into bold relief the absolute demoralization which swept over the French navy in consequence of the Revolution. There had been great abuses even in the navy, under the old *régime*, but the folly of the revolutionists, in sweeping away these abuses, swept away every good characteristic likewise. In the navy, the Revolution did far more evil than good,—the direct reverse of what happened in the army. It is a

severe commentary upon the ability of a people to recognize even elementary facts that the French should have permitted such outrageous mutiny and insubordination in the navy as they actually did permit. As a consequence, the revolutionary spirit reduced the French navy to absolute incompetence during the earlier years of the revolutionary period. In reading the accounts of the mutinies, the revolts, and the like, one becomes thoroughly convinced that no species of over-severity can be quite as damaging as the silly and bloody anarchy which ruined the fleets of France, and no species of misconduct quite so contemptible as that flabbiness of character which condones and acquiesces in deeds of mob violence, and hesitates to shed blood in putting it down. Fortunately for France, by the time that hostile operations between it and England were fully under way, the revolutionary government had at least come to act with great vigor, and, in the name of the people and the Revolution, to crush out revolutionary and popular excesses directed against itself. This put a little life into the navy, and prevented the absolute break-up which would have occurred had the French fleets met those of England in the early days of their complete disorganization; but even thus it could not save them from disaster.

In the war of the American Revolution, the French navy had shown itself no unfit match for the British. In but one great battle, that known as Rodney's action, had a French fleet suffered a decisive overthrow, while at least one French admiral, Suffren, had shown fighting ability of the very highest order. In this war, any conflict between the armed vessels of the two countries was sure to be waged on both sides with obstinacy and skill, and success perched alternately on the banners of each. In the war of the French Revolution, all this was changed. The single-ship actions and the fleet actions alike show a

monotonous list of English victories; and this in spite of the fact that, during the early years of the contest, no especial ability was shown by the English commanders, who manœuvred and fought with a rustiness which betrayed the effects of peace. The French fleets had lost the great bulk of their best officers, and there had been a very marked deterioration in discipline and seamanship. The attempt to supply the places of those who had gone by promoting enthusiastic republicans from the ranks, or weather-worn old seamen from the merchant marine, resulted in total failure. In this respect, the contrast between the French army and navy was curiously sharp. On the whole, the Revolution rendered the French army vastly more efficient than it had been; the evils done to discipline and the driving-out of the officers of superior grade being more than offset by the fiery enthusiasm given to the troops, and by the opportunities allowed men of talent, of whatever social standing, to rise immediately to the high positions for which they were fitted. In the navy, however, no amount of fiery enthusiasm or natural talent could take the place of cool, methodical courage, and of the skill acquired in the course of long years employed solely in handling such formidable and delicate engines of war as were the ships even of that day. The United States would do well to take to heart the lesson taught by the French Revolution,—that it is impossible to improve an efficient navy in the face of a trained, hostile navy of superior force; and of course it is infinitely more difficult now, in the days of huge steam vessels, and mechanism as delicate and intricate as it is formidable.

During the first years of the war, the English admirals and captains failed to break through the routine in which they had been brought up. They fought their battles and carried on their campaigns according to the respectable old standards,

and without any especial energy or audacity. In consequence, though the French were everywhere beaten, nowhere were they decisively overthrown; the most noted of the English victories being that won by Lord Howe. These constant defeats, however, though not decisive, yet kept down the spirits of the French, and prevented the development of really efficient cruising and fighting fleets until such time as the English began themselves to develop great commanders and to inaugurate a system of close blockade, which not only eventually confined the French fleets to their ports, but literally sapped the life strength of France during the years of Napoleon's rule.

Easily first among these great commanders, easily first among the great admirals of all time, was Nelson. Captain Mahan goes over the familiar tale of his exploits, through all his cruises and fights, from the day when he gained a renown only second to that of Admiral Jervis in the battle of Cape St. Vincent, through the all-important victory of the Nile and the campaign against Copenhagen, to the crowning glory of Trafalgar. He not only tells the story well, with great clearness and vividness, bringing into marked relief the noteworthy combination of boldness and sagacity which distinguished Nelson's operations, but he also draws from each of his actions the needed lessons. He shows how carefully Nelson prepared for every contingency; how wisely he insisted upon the proper combination of strict obedience to orders with liberty of individual action among subordinates; and how he appreciated the necessity of initiative and self-reliance, whether in his own person when serving under Jervis, or among his comrades when he himself was in command. He also shows that, with Nelson, audacity did not mean foolhardiness, and that, so far from merely dashing at his foes and fighting them anyhow, according to the popular theory of his methods, he, wherever possi-

ble, planned the assault so as to bring an overwhelming force upon the portion of the enemy's line attacked, paying as much heed to manœuvring as to boldness and promptness.

Of even more value than his account of the career of Nelson is Captain Mahan's estimate of the way in which the whole sea power of England worked throughout the contest against Napoleon. He shows, of course, how it brought about the ruin of Napoleon's plans in the East, after his successful Egyptian invasion; and he also brings out, what is perhaps dimly understood, but is rarely clearly expressed, the fact that the Peninsular War was carried to a successful conclusion solely because of the overwhelming advantage given to Wellington's armies by England's entire control of the seas. Even occasional interruptions in the hold the British navies had of the waters around the Spanish peninsula would have proved fatal to the English armies, and without these English armies the Spanish uprisings would have amounted to little more than annoyance. Finally, in a succession of masterly chapters, he makes clear how Great Britain's absolute control of the seas, uncontested after Trafalgar, together with the policy of unremitting hostility to France which her statesmen pursued with characteristic stubbornness of purpose, at last wore out and broke down Napoleon's strength. It was the influence of the sea power, exerted to its utmost against him in a great contest of endurance, where both sides suffered terribly, but where his side suffered most, which, working silently, and often almost overlooked, forced him, in order to keep up the struggle at all, to go farther and farther in his scheme of uniting all Europe against England, and thus finally to precipitate the struggles which ended in his own

downfall. Captain Mahan is the first historian who has fully recognized and given proper prominence to this key-stone fact of the Napoleonic wars. It was the sea power of England which was the real cause of the overthrow of the greatest of modern conquerors and commanders.

For Americans, there is special interest in those portions of Captain Mahan's concluding chapters which deal with the effects upon American commerce of Napoleon's decrees and the British orders in council. Incidentally, Captain Mahan makes very clear the folly of trying to rely upon privateering or commerce-destroying of any kind as a method for crippling, or even disheartening, a resolute and powerful enemy, and shows that the only way in which to make head against sea power is by sea power itself, — a lesson which the United States should keep in mind until we have a thoroughly first-class navy, able to hold its own with the navy of any European nation. But aside from making clear this point about commerce-destroying, Captain Mahan takes a very healthy view of the attitude of our country, under Jefferson and Madison, toward foreign foes, actual or possible. He shows how contemptible the American policy of that day was in submitting to the wanton aggressions of the European powers, and not making immediate and ample preparations to repel them by force. While the outrages committed by England upon our commerce may not have been defensible, it was much less defensible for us to be in a position where we had to submit to them. We dislike, reprobate, and, if possible, punish the man who strikes another unprovoked; but, after all, in our hearts, we despise him less than we do the timid being who submits to the blow without retaliation.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Books of Reference. The tenth and closing volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge (Lippincott), gives occasion for once more commending the excellent judgment with which the work has been designed and carried out. It is a dictionary; therefore the articles are not treatises, but compact presentations, under natural heads, of the essential features of a subject. There is no waste of words, there are no exhaustive essays; but the reader is supposed to desire a working knowledge of a great many subjects. The maps are admirable, the more extensive and important subjects are given their due value, and in general the proportion of the work is well considered. The scale is preserved, and the encyclopædia stands midway between a brief compendium and a full treatise. It is a very full dictionary, a very concise encyclopedia, and it is brought to date in a commendable fashion. — *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities*, by William S. Walsh. (Lippincott.) The alphabetical arrangement followed in this book indicates that it may be used for reference, but the treatment of the longer subjects is so full and leisurely that the reader suspects the editor means to make him forget what he set out to look up, and beguile him into an hour's entertainment. Here one may find under *Crank* a sketch of one of the persistent followers of Miss Anderson, the actress, and under *Criticism*, *Curiosities* of, nearly eight pages of random notes. *Nonsense Verse and Prose* has as many pages of examples. *Impromptus* furnishes fourteen pages. Besides these longer essays — for such they are — there are a great many explanations of slang words and phrases, like "daisy," "Tell that to the marines;" proverbs, like "There's nothing like leather;" literary events, like the *Garrick Club Controversy*; and a scrapbook of odds and ends of literature. The book is rich in American political slang. — *A Guide to the Paintings of Florence. Being a Complete Historical and Critical Account of all the Pictures and Frescoes in Florence, with Quotations from the Best Authorities, Short Notices of the Legends and Stories connected with them or their Subjects, and Lives of the Saints*

and Chief Personages represented. By Karl Károly. (George Bell & Sons, London.) A handy little volume which can be slipped into the pocket. It is edited with great skill; the necessary information being clear and compact, the unnecessary information rigorously excluded. — *References for Literary Workers, with Introductions to Topics and Questions for Debate*, by Henry Matson. (McClurg.) Under the several heads of History, much subdivided, Biography, Politics, Political Economy, Education, Literature, Art, Science, Philosophy, Ethics, and Religion, the author sets forth a great number of subjects in the form of questions for debate, with a brief statement of the principles involved, and a large number of books which may be consulted. The book ought to be very useful to debating clubs and literary societies.

History. The Refounding of the German Empire, 1848-1871, by Colonel G. B. Malleon. (Scribners.) An interesting history of modern events, written from the point of view of a military man, whose habit of mind has been so formed under his profession as to look upon historic action as the almost scientific execution of predetermined thought on the part of emperors, prime ministers, and governments generally. One gets far away, in this book, from conceptions which minimize persons and exalt movements, though it need not be supposed that Colonel Malleon is blind to the great motive power which lay in the passion for German unity. — *France in the Nineteenth Century, 1830-1890*, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. (McClurg.) The intimation in the preface that this work had not been originally intended for publication leads us to infer that it may have been in its first form a course of lectures, which would account for its somewhat conversational tone, and the special prominence given to picturesque or dramatic episodes. The writer has drawn her materials from various sources, notably from contemporaneous magazine and newspaper articles, as well as from the usual histories and memoirs; and the result is an entertaining and readable, if rather journalistic sketch of the course of French history, and especially of

some of the principal actors concerned therein, from the days of July to the death of Boulanger. — The *Tuscan Republics* (Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Lucca), with Genoa, by Bella Duffy. Story of the Nations series. (Putnams.) Miss Duffy has been fairly successful in the far from easy task of giving an interesting, accurate, and at the same time a very concise account of the rise, glory, and decline of the Tuscan republics. That a narrative which attempts to follow the complex and often confusing history of five different states during four centuries, within the limits here imposed, should sometimes lack continuity, and often suffer from undue compression, is not surprising. The latter condition may account for the fact that Guelph and Ghibelline appear upon the scene in which they are to play such memorable parts without introduction or explanation other than is conveyed in one curt sentence, though we fear that the author hardly realizes the slightness of the previous knowledge which the general reader will usually bring to the book. But in spite of its shortcomings the work has a real value, and deserves to rank among the better volumes of the series to which it belongs. — An *Introduction to the Study of the Constitution*, a Study showing the Play of Physical and Social Factors in the Creation of Institutional Law, by Morris M. Cohn. (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.) The attitude toward the Constitution which apprehends it as but a formal statement of a very much greater institute of law, to be interpreted by much that is unwritten, is here maintained even more positively than is common with publicists. Mr. Cohn's Introduction will serve a most admirable purpose if it strengthen in students the habits of penetrating formal institutions, in their search for the real process of growth in the nation. He finds the foundations of the nation deep in organic law, and he hints at the psychological origin of organic law itself. He seems to be near the final step. — *Manners and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples*, by the Marquis de Nadaillac; translated by N. D'Anvers. With one hundred and thirteen illustrations. (Putnams.) Both the author and translator of this work have busied themselves frequently with the special subjects included in it, and this volume is in effect a gathering in of the latest results in an orderly fashion,

so that the reader may acquire from it a good survey of the archeological field as it relates to food, cannibalism, mammals, fish, hunting, navigation, weapons, tools, pottery, clothing, ornaments, caves, kitchen-middings, lake stations, commerce, camps, fortifications, tombs, the use of fire, and many other marks and signs of human adaptation to nature in prehistoric ages. The dust and rubbish heap of early humanity is laid open by these industrious chiffoniers. — *Outlines of Ancient Egyptian History*, by Auguste Mariette; translated and edited, with Notes, by Mary Brodrick. (Scribners.) A serviceable epitome of Egyptian history; useful, however, rather to one already tolerably informed. It would scarcely win one to the study of the subject, but it would serve as a convenient manual in more general reading.

Fiction. The *Last Touches, and Other Stories*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Macmillan.) The nine short stories collected in this volume have already appeared in various magazines, and, on turning to them again, one finds, with perhaps a little surprise, how distinct and accurate an impression they have left upon the memory. Most of them are sombre in tone, and, with widely different forms of expression, have, to speak briefly, one prevailing motive, — woman's constancy and man's fickleness; though the situation is reversed in the sketch, admirable in construction and finish, which deservedly gives its name to the book. Mrs. Clifford's insight, imagination, and humor, though the latter quality is sparingly used in this volume, together with her clearness and precision of style and artistic feeling, give unusual interest to her short stories, even when, as occasionally happens, they are experiments rather than successes. — *Anthony Melgrave*, by Thomas M'Caleb. (Putnams.) A curiously stiff novel, in which the letters and the conversation are put together with a studied care which implies an unfamiliarity of the author with anything livelier than the novels of the last century. The behavior of the various characters is most commendable, except for the outrageous lie which the mild villain tells, to the discomfiture of the heroine, but not of the reader. — *Wolfenberg*, by William Black. (Harpers.) This is another of what may be called the series of novels of which *The Strange Adventures*

of a Phaeton was the first, and remains the best. This time it is on the deck of the Orient S. S. Orotania that we meet the shadowy teller of the story and his very evident wife, accompanied by Peggy, the charming American heroine of the House-Boat, now Lady Cameron of Inverfask. To them, the Chorus, enter Wolfenberg, "the most imaginative painter that America has yet produced," and his countrywoman, Amélie Dumaresq, also an artist, a brilliant, passionate, self-willed girl, with all the characteristics of a spoilt child. How, while cruising in Italian, Greek, and Turkish waters, Amélie wrecks her life, and, while doing so, inflicts cruel suffering on her faithful friend, is what the tale sets forth. But perhaps, to some hardened novel-readers, this tragedy will prove less interesting than the pleasant desultory sketches of the voyage, — it need not be said that Mr. Black is a most agreeable companion afloat, whether in northern or southern seas, — the renewal of old friendships, and the humors of some of the minor characters. — The Great Shadow, by A. Conan Doyle. (Harpers.) It is the author of Micah Clarke rather than of Sherlock Holmes that we meet in this story. The Borderer, Jack Calder of West Inch, who tells the tale, as a child remembers the night when the beacons were lighted, and a false alarm spread through all the countryside that the French had landed, and he grows to manhood while yet the fear of Napoleon hangs like a dark shadow over Europe. Jack himself, his dearest friend, his coquettish cousin, and a mysterious French refugee are the actors in the drama. The heroine jilts both the hero and his friend, eloping with the stranger, who proves to be an officer of the Imperial Guard; and the story, which has been told simply and naturally, yet always effectively, finds a fitting climax in an extraordinarily vivid and forcible description of the battle of Waterloo. — Messrs. Roberts Brothers have added to their edition of Balzac The Chouans, the first book published with the author's name, and his earliest success after his laborious and discouraging literary apprenticeship. An enthusiastic admirer of Scott, the young writer had naturally projected a series of historical novels, a scheme soon to be abandoned for the true work of his life; but his presentment, at once realistic and powerful, of

the distracted Brittany of 1799 shows what he might have achieved in the field first chosen. As usual, Miss Wormeley's translation is altogether admirable. — Late additions to Harper's Franklin Square Library are: In Summer Shade, by Mary E. Mann; The Veiled Hand, by Frederick Wicks; and A Girl with a Temper, by H. B. Finlay Knight.

Travel and Nature. The Praise of Paris, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) Mr. Child wrote, not as a stranger in Paris, yet with a keen sense of what the stranger most affected. So his book, in its chapters on the Banks of the Seine, Society, Life, the Parisienne, the Boulevard, the Comédie Française, the Institute, and other themes, lets the reader into intimacies of knowledge which the formal writer might miss. There is a mingling of description and narrative which ought to satisfy both the Duke of Omnium and his wife. Now and then the author lifts the lid of the pot, and shows one the bubbling concoction of Paris. The many illustrations are to the point, and often very clever, especially the single figures. — A Tour around New York, and My Summer Acre, being the Recreations of Mr. Felix Oldboy, by John Flavel Mines. (Harpers.) Dr. Mines's agreeable reminiscences of old New York and its neighborhood are made more attractive by a capital series of engravings, reproducing street scenes, buildings, old advertisements, and the like. The associations of the writer were with the substantial citizens of New York, and his anecdotes and personalia have a pleasant flavor of gentility. How far away the New York of his reminiscences seems from the New York of to-day! Yet only a generation or so intervenes. The story is worth reading by those who have left leisure out of their thoughts. — The Toilers of the Field, by Richard Jefferies. (Longmans.) A collection of the author's earliest work, — magazine and newspaper articles, letters to the Times, and unpublished fragments. Though one finds little of the charm of the later Jefferies in this book, it was well that the papers originally printed in Fraser's nearly twenty years ago, describing the daily lives of the Wiltshire farmer and farm laborer, should be republished. Not only were they written from exceptional knowledge, but they show extraordinary insight, and thus possess a permanent value, not-

withstanding the time that has elapsed since they first appeared, and the number of admirable studies akin to them which have been published in recent years ; the agricultural depression and the extension of the franchise having made the condition of the rural laborer a grave problem, both economically and politically. It is, however, to be regretted that a few unimportant or merely tentative essays have been resuscitated or printed for the first time in this volume. They might have been omitted with advantage to Jefferies' literary fame, and without loss even to his most ardent admirers. — Along New England Roads, by W. C. Prime. (Harpers.) A score of papers, which record in agreeable fashion the author's experience and observation, chiefly in driving about the mountainous parts of New Hampshire and Vermont. The sketches are free, sympathetic, and touched now and then with a sturdy sort of moralizing. It is life more than nature, after all, that interests the writer, though nature was the occasion of his jaunts. — Meehan's Monthly, a Magazine of Horticulture, Botany, and Kindred Subjects. Conducted by Thomas Meehan. Volumes I. and II. (Thos. Meehan & Sons, Germantown, Phila., Pa.) What immediately attracts the eye, in this double volume, is the series of colored lithographic plates of flowers and ferns, of which there are eighteen. These plates are described at length, and are a combination in this form of Meehan's *The Flowers and Ferns of the United States*. The rest of the number, in each case, is taken up with miscellaneous information, and notes on gardening, botany, books, and persons. The magazine in this collected form has a bright and unpretentious appearance. — *The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World we Live in*, by Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan.) This volume, by a cheerful enthusiast, may fairly be taken as an indication of a somewhat new attitude on the part of men of science. The stress and strain of the fight for position, kept up by scientists since the early days of modern science, are giving place to a frank expression of delight in nature. That is to say, what poets had done before them, men of science are now beginning to do themselves. There is a readjustment of position, and to knowledge is now added enjoyment in the thing itself. An educated love of nature is

to take the place of mere admiration, and Sir John Lubbock leads the way with his agreeable discourses on *Animal Life*, *Plant Life*, *Woods and Fields*, *Mountains*, *Water*, *Rivers and Lakes*, *the Sea*, and *the Starry Heavens*.

Current Affairs. The *New Exodus*, a Study of Israel in Russia, by Harold Frederic. (Putnams.) Mr. Frederic, with the swift intelligence of a journalist and the moral sense of an American, has related, in a series of chapters, the story of the recent movement in Russia for the expulsion of the Jews. He believes that it is but one symptom of a relapse of Russia from a surface civilization to a native barbarism, and he apprehends that the German will follow the Jew. But the German has a power behind him which the Jew has not. The story is one to stir the blood, and to make Americans, it may be, more tolerant of those who find here an asylum. Yet the expulsion means a grave problem for America. Mr. Frederic does not attempt a solution of the great problem for Russia herself, and he writes somewhat as a special pleader ; but his book is a strong one, and contains food for thought. — *The Maybrick Case*, English Criminal Law, by Dr. Helen Densmore. (Stillman & Co., New York.) This pamphlet of a hundred and fifty pages is devoted to an examination of the case, and a demand for justice to the unfortunate woman involved, as well as an arraignment of the process of English criminal law. — *Hygienic Measures in Relation to Infectious Diseases*, comprising in Condensed Form Information as to the Cause and Mode of Spreading of Certain Diseases, the Preventive Measures that should be resorted to, Isolation, Disinfection, etc., by George H. F. Nuttall. (Putnams.) A book of a hundred pages only, direct, positive, and to be regarded as a handbook for use especially "till the doctor comes."

Education and Textbooks. An Address to the Members of the Legislature and the Citizens of Montana, issued anonymously, pleads for the centralization of the proposed University, School of Mines, and Agricultural College, instead of the separation of the three in different towns. The plea is a strong one, and is reinforced by the almost unanimous testimony of a number of heads of colleges appealed to, whose letters are copied in the pamphlet ; but the

consideration urged by General Walker and President Thwing, that the School of Mines should be in close proximity to the mining district, seems unanswerable. — *A Greek Play and its Presentation*, by Henry M. Tyler. (The Author, Northampton, Mass.) Professor Tyler has given in this little volume a detailed account of the performance of *Electra* by the students of Smith College in 1889. It is an interesting record, and, with its illustrations, offers a convenient handbook for any other company of students who may essay a similar production. Unquestionably, the greatest service of such a performance is in the vivifying of the original in the minds of the performers. — *Studies in American History*, by Mary Sheldon Barnes. (Heath.) This is a teachers' manual, and, by means of sample lessons, bibliographic suggestions, and the like, aims to set both teachers and pupils on the track of investigation and illustration. The bibliography, apparently, is made up of the most accessible books. We think a little more fullness here would have been wise. — *Nature Stories for Young Readers*, by M. Florence Bass; illustrated by Mrs. M. Q. Burnett. (Heath.) This small book is designed to accompany a first or second reader. We are not sure that the writer has put herself alongside of the child, and in the effort to make her work simple she has made it too fragmentary. There is not enough continuity in the style. — *Rhythmical Gymnastics, Vocal and Physical*, by Mary S. Thompson. (Werner.) A series of exercises by a practical teacher. — *Elements of Deductive Logic*, by Noah K. Davis. (Harpers.) A stiff textbook for undergraduates in college. It seems to suggest the necessity for much illumination by the teacher. — *German Lessons*, by Charles Harris, an elementary book; *Andersen's Märchen*, edited by O. B. Super; and *Loti's Pêcheur d'Islande*, edited by R. J. Morich, are recent numbers of Heath's Modern Language series.

Art. Recent numbers of *L'Art* (Macmillan), the latest we record being that for December 15, 1892, continue the same judicious policy which has marked the magazine since its incorporation of the *Courrier de l'Art*. Nearly every number contains some monograph either of contemporary or of historic art, as, for example, articles on Cosimo Tara, J. B. Hüet, Élie Delaunay,

Ingres à Montauban, *Silhouettes d'Artistes Contemporains*, in which Pignet and Courcelles-Dumont figure, all interestingly illustrated; large etchings from early and late masters, as Pieter de Hooch, Rubens, and Brueghel, J. Dupré, Lapostelet, Cornélis de Vos; notes on contemporary literature, music, art, and the drama; and, in general, a well-chosen survey of whatever is most notable in museums and galleries. — *Scenes from the Life of Christ*, pictured in Holy Word and Sacred Art, edited by Jessica Cone. (Putnams.) A gift-book. It contains a series of photo-engravings from pictures by old and later masters, a variety of forms of treatment being given, with texts of Scripture or passages from the poets placed in decorative borders opposite the pictures.

Poetry. Birch-Rod Days, and Other Poems, by William C. Jones. (American Publishers' Association, Chicago.) The introductory poem is entitled *The Water-Lily*. We pause at the first stanza: —

"Rippling rills that run down to the sea
Are but tears which the winter has shed,
When the Flower-Angel melts them all free,
And her cold, chilly ice-chains have fled."

— *With Trumpet and Drum*, by Eugene Field. (Scribners.) Verses, sometimes poems, which have for their suggestion some bit of childhood, either what one observes or what one remembers. Now and then are pieces in which a child would take pleasure, but for the most part it is the older person who will now laugh, now cry, over these bright and pathetic rhymes. Mr. Field's sense of humor keeps him from going too far with his pathos. His sense of the ideal in childhood checks him in what otherwise might be merely fantastic nonsense. — *Amenophis, and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular*, by Francis T. Palgrave. (Macmillan.) The pretty little volume of Hymns and Sonnets which Mr. Palgrave issued twenty odd years ago is here expanded into a larger but still comely book. The verse is scholarly, tender at times, graceful always, and sometimes touched with an almost mystic simplicity. The religious element is pure and sweet. — A pretty edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* is included in the series of *Laurel-Crowned Verse*. (McClurg.) It contains the author's arguments and preface, but no notes. — *Poetry of the Gathered Years*, compiled by M. H. (McClurg.) The compiler has made a somewhat fanciful

classification of her poems. September represents the age of thirty-five, October of fifty, November of sixty, and December of seventy-seven. The sentiment of growing old is thus graded, and under each division the compiler has brought together poems, from a variety of sources, fit for the period. The scheme leads sometimes to the necessity of going out into the highways and byways and compelling the poets to come in, but it is more successful than one would suppose possible.

Science and Philosophy. Finger Prints, by Francis Galton. (Macmillan.) Instead of his portrait facing the volume, Dr. Galton prints on the title page an impress of his ten digits. Thus can one identify the venerable gentleman, if one meets him traveling incog. The study which he has given to this most interesting subject is worked out more fully in this volume than in the articles which led up to it, but, with the zeal of a genuine man of science, Dr. Galton advises the reader that his octavo is only a sort of prolegomenon. He writes with so keen a pursuit of his clues that the reader is irresistibly drawn into the chase with him. It is not unlikely that society will take up the hunt, and that we shall be invited, not to write our autographs, but to smear our thumbs lightly and print the fair page with our sign manual. There is a large field for science opened in this interesting study, and, oddly enough, its practical application is at once to the dangerous classes. — *A History of Modern Philosophy*, from the Renaissance to the Present, by B. C. Burt. (McClurg.) A two-volume encyclopædic and biographic history. The author makes his own contribution, in the main, in the classification and characterization

of periods, but for the most part contents himself with a condensed statement of the position taken by the large number of philosophers whose works he records. At the close of each summary of the creed of a man of great influence, Mr. Burt indicates what in his judgment is the result of the man's contribution to philosophy. So useful a book of reference would be aided by an index, though the analytical table of contents is a tolerable substitute. — *Experimental Evolution*, by Henry De Varigny. (Macmillan.) Five interesting lectures delivered in Edinburgh by this French scientist. Beginning with a rapid survey of the development of the scientific hypothesis of evolution, he proceeds to illustrate, in a very interesting manner, the experiments which have followed the acceptance of this working hypothesis, and to point out the wide field which awaits human activity in the transformation of plants and animals through processes which are in themselves tests of the evolution doctrine. — *The Supernatural, its Origin, Nature, and Evolution*, by John H. King. In two volumes. (Williams & Norgate, London; Putnam, New York.) Mr. King has collected a great deal of material, from undeveloped races largely, with the purpose of showing that the doctrine of the "united and universal Deity" is an evolution from lower forms, and that in the highest known concepts of the present day there lurk survivals of concepts of a lower stage. The reader lays down the book to speculate why the writer should have left out of account almost absolutely the Jewish contribution to the subject. There is barely enough reference to it to show that he has once or twice glanced at the Bible.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Sunrise
Service.

WE arrived the day before Easter in Bethlehem on the Lehigh, in time for the love-feast which takes place on the afternoon of Saturday. We sat among the "brothers" and "sisters" in the great church, together with their children of all ages, — for Moravians acquire the church-going habit in babyhood; we

joined in the hymns, both German and English; after which we partook with cheerful solemnity of the light brown, spongy buns, and the delicious coffee served in large white mugs. We went to our beds in the old Sun Inn very early that night, knowing that the morning would begin several hours before daybreak.

At three o'clock we were awakened in that gradual, delicious manner which is rarely effected save by music. The trumpeters had begun their rounds. Starting from the church, — having played a preliminary carol in the steeple, — they go through the old town, then across the river into South Bethlehem; joyously, if somewhat boisterously, proclaiming the dawning of Easter.

Already is heard the pattering of hastening feet upon the slate pavements. We do not hurry ourselves; consequently, two thousand people get into the church before us, while hundreds stand outside. We are able to reach only the inner vestibule door, whence we have a view of the big pulpit arch decorated for the festival. The white of lilies and the green of palms show upon a background of Florida moss. An anthem by the choir, a brief litany, a hymn or two; then the three clergymen, preceded by the trombones, pass out through the east door, and the congregation follows them. The crowd without separates, and lines either side of the broad brick walks of the parochial grounds.

Slowly upward moves the procession toward the graveyard lying on the ridge of the hill. A gibbous moon still hangs high in the west, but the eastern sky is smoky-gray and pink. As the clergy enter the cemetery gates, the horns play a joyful marching choral. In orderly fashion all the people now assemble, filling the paths, pressing close upon the edge of the grass, yet always respecting the graves. Those old, old graves! Some of the small flat stones tell that they have lain there almost a century and a half. Here are Count Zinzendorf's earliest Indian converts; there lies the count's second wife. Here is the latest interment, but the name upon the slab is one of the oldest; this man's great-great-grandfather assisted at the first Easter celebration in 1742. There is no sadness in this garden of the dead; undue mourning not being a part of the Moravian creed. The graveyard is a pleasure ground, where children play in the daytime, nor fear to cross it at night; where friends meet and chat together; where even lovers stroll, or sit happily upon the benches.

The three priests, with uncovered heads, have taken their places at the end of one of the great rectangular, tomb-dotted lawns.

Behind them stand the trumpeters. A hush seems to fall out of the frosty sky, but in the tall, bare trees a robin and a song sparrow are tuning their throats. This duet is a not unfitting prelude to the simple service about to take place below.

The bishop, in a scarcely raised voice which penetrates to the farthest lines of people, prays. During his short invocation the eastern rose has turned to gold. Then there bursts from the trombones a peal of Easter melody, and everybody sings. But the human voices and the instruments together cannot drown the song sparrow and the robin. These half-heavenly denizens, from their treetops, have also been watching for the now uprisen sun, and to them has been given the first sight of it.

We try to join in the carol. It is in vain; we choke, and our eyes fill. But, like dear Sophia Western, we "love a tender sensation, and would pay the price of a tear for it at any time." Perhaps we have doubted, denied, "rationalized," in the past, and we may go forth to do so again; but just now *we believe in the resurrection of the dead*. How can we help it? Analogy is not argument; yet this springtime, this dawn of day, this gentle, vivifying breeze, the breath of the new sun, all say, "The dead shall rise!" Then the faith of this multitude works unconsciously in us, and through sympathy, at least, we find ourselves grasping as a substance "things hoped for." These German Moravians — German still, though American for generations — do not suggest in their ordinary lives much that is generally known as sentiment; yet their observance of this greatest of Church feasts shows that they have retained a primitive purity of poetic feeling hardly to be met with elsewhere in our land. It reminds us that amid the engrossing demands of physical existence, and in spite of a sordid practicality which makes unduly important the homely details of daily life, the heavenly ideal may find a place; that underneath the most wooden and matter-of-fact exteriors, "fowks," to quote Sandy Cupples, "fowks is metaphysical."

At the Funeral of Phillips Brooks.

— The day was a winter day with a spring sky, when sudden glooms darkened the great church, and were followed by instant sunlight that made the windows glow, and shone again from the faces that

were turned upward. Upon all the black hangings were great triumphal wreaths of laurel; the people sat waiting as if to welcome a victor. If old men sobbed as they sat in their places, it was as if they were weighed down with a remembrance of those sorrows through which they had passed, and of the great fight of life in which he who had died had led them to victory, and healed them of their hurts by his own courage and sight of the peace to come.

That simple way of meeting a great moment, which is the finest flower of our New England behavior, was shown now as perhaps it had never been shown before. The city laid aside its work and hushed its noise. From narrow courts and high houses the people came out, and gathered at the place of mourning; they made a mighty mourning crowd about the church. The sense of a solemn rite pervaded every mind, as if an old inheritance of ancient days had waked again, and the compelling mysteries of a great triumphal scene were joined to the Christian service. The grave pageantry of white gowns and black, the altar heaped with flowers, the scarlet trophy that hung upon the empty pulpit of the great leader and inspirer of men, the weeping crowd,—all lifted themselves into emblems and mysteries of symbolic shape high toward the spiritual, high above the material plane. The scene grew into that unreality which is the true reality, the life of the world to come.

Expectancy spent itself, and tears ceased to fall; there came a moment that was full of the glory of remembrance, when each heart counted its treasures and renewed its vows. The sunlight came and went. There was a noise at the door, and sorrow fell again upon the place. The people rose to greet the work of death that was coming in. Then the heavy burden, borne shoulder-high on a purple pall, the sacrifice to mortality, the empty armor of God's warrior, was carried, with pride and tears, up the long aisle. The bearers, young in face, who felt their future unaccompanied; the old in face, who followed, whose past was now bereft; every heart that cried to itself, *My friend! my friend!* knew again in spirit the voice of him who had spoken words of hope so often in that place, and sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more.

When the last hymn was sung, a great

hymn of praise and courage, it began with a noble outburst, and the light came again to many a tear-dimmed eye. Then the burden was lifted, and with slow steps the young bearers went their way. The leave-taking was too much: the voices that tried to sing were stopped; they faltered one by one with grief, as when the sudden frost of autumn makes the shrill brave notes of summer twilight one by one to cease. A mighty chill of silence crept about; and when the eye could look once more at that which made such sorrow, the burden, with its purple and its lilies, had forever passed.

Mental Somersault.

—Who can throw a little light upon that common trouble with most of us, getting turned round? Who will make clear what mental somersault is, psychological topsy-turvy?—call it what you please; you all know what I mean.

Do we share this trouble with animals generally? May we ever acquire, what is a marked characteristic with many of the lower animals, that homing instinct, for the lack of which our Homers and Shakespeares lose their bearings sometimes, and cannot tell "where they are at"? Is there any cure for general debility in sense of direction? What has happened to our inner consciousness, our basic convictions, when the foundations of the compass are removed and set up where they do not belong, and when they persist in remaining there in spite of everything? Who has not gone far astray because of mental somersault? Who has not had a delightful journey strangely bewildered, if not made actually disagreeable, by the struggle entailed in keeping up a pretense of belief that he was going in exactly the opposite direction to that in which he believed himself to face? "How could I be happy in San Francisco?" writes a sufferer. "The West lay between me and Chicago, and the Pacific was the eastern boundary of the continent." "All my life long," writes another, "whenever I have turned off from an avenue running east and west, into my side-street, which runs north and south, my street at once swings round and runs eastward, as did the avenue. In my mind, my home, which actually faces the east, has always faced the north. Just across my garden, to the south, everything swings back again for me. There is that disordered section

of my brain which years and discipline have failed to regulate. My home will face the north, to me, as long as I live,—will stand on a line with the avenue. 'Not he is great,' says Emerson, 'who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind.'

This is no uncommon experience. Few are the mental maps whose every section stands square with the compass. Certain rooms in our houses, cupboards, or staircases have a trick of swinging away from their true relations to the compass, and forever staying where they once swung. Can our sense of direction, our homing instinct, ever be cultivated to that degree that we may rely upon it in a great hotel, for instance, in finding our room, as does the stormy petrel, far out to sea, trust to its infallible guide in reaching its nest, hundreds of miles away?

Now I have always believed that if, with the sluggard, we went to the ant for wisdom, we might learn something suggestive for regulating the sense of direction. Not so, if we take Lubbock for an authority. He says that the ant gets hopelessly turned round,—that it does not seem to possess any sense of direction. How, then, does it find its way through the labyrinthine jungles of grasses, the Yosemite of gravel, and the chaos of everything besetting its path? Ants, like many other insects and animals, says Lubbock, have nerve centres which indicate a possession of some sense which we have not. Lubbock experimented upon ants by taking a number of them fifty yards or more from their hills, leaving them to get home as they could. He found that they wandered about aimlessly, having evidently not the slightest idea of their bearings. Fabre studied the subject with bees. He put them into a bag, and carried them only a quarter of a mile from their hive, and whirled them round and round before giving them their liberty. Only three out of ten found their way home. So much for the bees when completely turned round.

Naturalists tell us that the homing instinct of the pigeon is due, not to a sense of direction, but to a development of its memory and observation by long stages of flight. The most of us know that if we put a cat into a bag, when we would dispense with its company effectually, and send it far away, the chances are that pussy will be mewing at

our door the next morning; and yet there is a chance of her losing her bearings. What is that chance? How did three out of ten bees find the hive again? Did the rest become victims to the lunacy which L. H. Morgan says is known to occur among animals when they are depressed or lost? He cites Dr. Kane's dogs, which became lunatics from absence of light during a long arctic winter. Some of us incline to think those dogs were hopelessly turned round; that what is to animals as the points of the compass had shifted with the icebergs. What do we know of the extent of observation of nature in animals, their dependence for guidance upon familiar landmarks and phenomena? The beaver notes the current of a stream, and builds accordingly, cutting his timber in the precise locality where it can be floated down to his lodge or dam. If a tree leans to the south, he gnaws deepest on the north side of that tree. He measures distance, and cuts the wood he is to carry accordingly. He knows his way in the dark, and under water and under ground. How does the salmon find his way back every year to the very stream where he was hatched? Why is it that pigeons cannot travel in dark or fog, while geese will fly due north or south in the night? Why is it that some of us cannot cross the town without getting turned round, while others never lose the points of the compass?—at least they say they do not.

One word about mental maps. Whenever we think of a place,—England, for illustration,—do we not see it on our mental map at once, and is it not definitely located as lying off in a direction to which we can point? Now, England, in my case, on my mental map, lies just opposite to where it really is, and Europe, Asia, and Africa are off to the southwest of western New York; for me, the Nile must flow forever to the south, and the children of Israel journey to the west; and only when I hang my mental map on a north wall, and look fixedly at it for some time, will things swing back where they belong. The secret for bringing about this swing of correction I learned of a practical educator. "Your first lessons in geography," said she, "were learned with maps which hung on a south wall." She was right, and I must suffer from the blunder the rest of my life.

Might it not be a good thing to organize

an Anti-Mental Somersault Society? Its field of usefulness would be wide: it would see that maps were hung on north walls, that railroad stations were never allowed to dispatch all their trains from one end of the building, and that arrows were conspicuous in pointing out the way the train was going. That old-time station at Buffalo, sending all its trains out of the remote end, and receiving them at the same, — what a vast amount of psychological topsy-turvy it was responsible for! The sign names of streets in all our cities might be supplemented by arrows telling in what direction they run; public buildings could be erected square to the compass, when possible, etc. Is it not in those cities where Indian trails and cow-paths were followed, in the early thoroughfares, that the subjective maps of the citizens are as a rule greatly at fault? A compilation of rules for the prevention and cure of somersault, with interesting experiences and other matter relating to the subject, would of course be found in the first publication of this society.

One woman tells me that she always looks for the sun, when starting out in a strange place, and then makes her shadow her guide. But if there be no sun, no shadow? Another says that whenever she arrives anywhere, and finds herself at a loss, she at once asks which direction is west. Her home faces the west. In fancy she sits down at once in her own room, and sits there until she has somehow worked that home room into her new surroundings. She looks out of her own window in fancy. Whatever is opposite, mountain, park, or Great Desert, she skillfully plumps it down upon the grounds of her neighbor "across the way" at home, and by and by the foundations of the earth are all right for her again. "I was so turned round in Cairo," she wrote, "I was simply wretched. After a while I succeeded in making the Nile into the Genesee, and the Mediterranean into Lake Ontario, and the pyramids into those two great red barns on the borders of Scottsville. Then I was all right again, and happy."

The author of *The Household* of Sir Thomas More makes Erasmus say of Plato: "He had clomb a Hill in the Darke, and stood calling to His Companions below, Come on, Come on, this way lies the East. I am advised we shall see the sun rise anon."

Think of it, fellow-sufferers from mental topsy-turvy, — climbing an unknown hill in the dark, and knowing for a certainty just where lay the east! Surely Plato was one who was never turned round, subjectively or objectively.

The Confession of a Misanthrope. — I sometimes wonder if, in this modern world of general bene-

volence, there are any misanthropes extant beside myself. Certainly, if any such exist, they keep themselves extremely dark. Every newspaper, every magazine, almost every book, has a plan for improving the lot of some portion of mankind. Everybody is, or professes to be, concerned about the poor, about the various ways of relieving them, about socialism. Philosophy itself has taken up the matter, and that horrible word "altruism" cuts a large figure in the discussions of the day. As for the clergy, they appear almost to have given up their ancient functions. I am told that they have ceased to preach repentance, and that they are ignorant of theology. But they are great on social and sanitary reform, — leaders in the vast movement to make everybody comfortable, which, I take it, is the ideal of the age. At the bottom of all this activity lies, I suppose, a real love for man. Shall I be thought a monster if I confess that I am utterly deficient in that feeling? I have no love, not even a fancy, for the species to which I have the honor to belong; and the more numerous they are brought together, the less do I like them. One man alone, indeed, gives me pleasure, — I enjoy his society; and even if you duplicate him, I am not driven away, although the situation seems to me perilous. But three men together (not counting myself) I find intolerable, and the sight of a crowd, such as gathers at a place of entertainment, fills me with horror. In fact, does not a great crowd of human beings resemble, in many respects, a great herd of wild beasts? You alarm them, for example, as by a cry of fire. In the twinkling of an eye, they are transformed into a struggling, fighting, remorseless horde, the strong males in which will trample upon the weaker females and upon the young. And so of political aggregations, the people who constitute a village, a town, a city, a county, a state, — the whole United States, — I have no love for them, no spontaneous desire to "do them

good." They worship other gods than mine. I dislike their fundamental ideas, their habits, their voices; they do not attract me. Why should I be concerned about their welfare? Let them gather at Chicago next summer, if they will, fifty million strong. I shall seek some quiet spot where nature is as yet more prevailing than man; where men are few and lazy and unobtrusive, and have no wants except a little tobacco and old clothes and liberty to bask in the sunshine.

Not very long ago, I read in one of our chief magazines an elaborate account of a scheme for elevating the workingman. It was as follows: the philanthropist was to select his man, to choose his prey, and then visit him at regular intervals, read books with him, talk with him; in short, by mere dint of association, to elevate the workingman from his own low plane to the lofty plane occupied by the philanthropist. The scheme, still more the assumption upon which it was founded, seemed to me most arrogant; and yet I have no doubt that it was inspired by a good motive, or at least by a motive to "do good."

My own notion is that the laborer must either work out his own salvation, or else go to the deuce in his own way; and that we of the better educated (not the better) class cannot greatly help or hinder him. However, this may be a mere excuse for laziness on my part, for I repeat that I have no benevolence; "altruism" does not attract me.

And now that I have poured my confession into the friendly ears of the Club, I look about me in suspense to see if the blush of conscious guilt does not betray some member who is of like mind with myself. Surely I must have awakened some response; there must be among us at least one other belated misanthrope,—a straggler from the eighteenth century. If so, by what moral suasion can we be reached? What motives will impel us to "do good," even to the fellow-beings whom we do not like? There is one,—the desire to avoid future remorse; and this can be cultivated till it becomes an effective working motive. How we came by this sense of duty to others, the violation of which leads to remorse, one need not inquire. It is there by instinct, by inheritance, by education, by reason. Therefore, my fellow-misanthrope,

do not, after the manner of the Pharisee and the Levite, pass by on the other side; for if you do, you will remember the occurrence at dinner, and your enjoyment of that meal will be impaired. Don't grind the faces of the poor, lest you store up for yourself unpleasant thoughts, lest you poison that solitude which is so precious to persons of our stamp. Thus, making conscience into a taste, a luxury, the misanthrope can do his duty toward mankind without hypocrisy or cant, without pretending to others or to himself that he is a philanthropist. How indeed can one who knows his own heart have any great respect or affection for the race of which he is a member!

A Roman Funeral. — "Il Giornio 2 Aprile, 1887, 10½ Ant Nella I. R. Chiesa Nazionale Teutonica de S. Maria dell' Anima, Solenne Esequie. A Suffragio dell' illustre Francesco de Liszt."

For weeks this requiem mass had been in practice, under the direction of Liszt's pupil, Sgambati, and when the above card reached us, and we found it conflicted with an audience of the Pope, we regretted that we could not be present.

S. Maria dell' Anima, which takes its name from a marble group, found among its foundations, of the Madonna invoked by two souls in purgatory, is the German national church in Rome, built by a German bequest, and is under the special patronage of Cardinal Hohenlohe. Hence it was fitting that honors to the dead maestro should be celebrated within its walls, even though thus were honored one of the arts so censured by the northern Pope lying there in effigy,—he who brought to his exalted station the austere characteristics of the German temperament, in contrast to his predecessor, pleasure-loving, music-lover Leo X.

During the winter, the long illness of Liszt's friend, the Princess Wittgenstein, had brought the abbé very often to our thoughts. Twenty-five years before, Caroline Wittgenstein (*altesse sérénissime*) was on the eve of marrying the master,—the church, even, having been prepared for the ceremony,—when Cardinal Hohenlohe prevented it. The brother of the cardinal, Prince Hohenlohe, had married the daughter of the princess, and that the latter should wed a musician, however distinguished, was not to be permitted. It was then that Liszt

adopted the dress of an abbé. Each year, of late, he had come to Rome to visit her, and he made her his executrix. Cardinal Hohenlohe, although he prevented Liszt's entrance into his family, was his attached friend, and Liszt spent many months in the cardinal's beautiful Villa d' Este, where he was surrounded by the same care and devoted attention that he received in Thuringia.

Liszt possessed a remarkable personal magnetism, a combination of *grand seigneur* and childlike *naïveté* extremely winning. As one recalls him, in the well-known rooms fitted up for him by the good Weimar duchess, the crimson hangings and soft gray walls, and window overlooking the beautiful park, his appearance was unique : the brushed-back straight white hair cut squarely across the neck, the face fairly seamed with expression and alive to every passing emotion, the long, mobile, delicate hands. We should almost have thought him, when he seated himself before his instrument and invoked the spirits of harmony at his command, a little more than mortal, had not the common humanity occasionally cropped out in human weakness, as for instance the blemish on his delightful reminiscences, the fact that he could never refrain from putting Liszt in the prominent foreground. His acquaintance with men and events during half a century embraced all that was most brilliant and interesting of his times.

It was on the occasion of a musicale at her own house that Liszt's personal charm attracted the Princess Wittgenstein. She herself was an accomplished woman and a passionate lover of music, and she was romantic and democratic ; the rôle of solitary aristocrat was too dull for her ; she liked to mix her company, and secure talent and intellect from whatever social grade it might be found ; her salon was open to all that lent beauty or success to the age. I have just been looking over several of her little notes ; she was an inveterate writer of them, as her friends can testify. The small characteristic handwriting is not easy to decipher, especially when she is not writing in English. Her taste in note paper was most original ; the note under my hand is on an écu card, folding in the middle, and representing on the outside a lady's kid glove, the edge scalloped on a border of darker brown.

Her French, German, and Italian are perfect, but her English is not idiomatic. I cannot refrain from quoting an extract or two, trusting to the indulgence of the accomplished friend of the princess to whom the letters were written, and who gave me one as souvenir of the aged lady.

"I am glad you found out how sincerely I like the last novel of Crawford's. I am no more young, have read much, and spoken of literature with the first *connoisseurs-littrati* of my time, so I must be pardoned if I always see near the greatest beauties some little faults which generally come at the end of a novel, when the author is fatigued and wants to be rid of his subject. But it was not so with Dr. Claudius, the end being exquisitely fine, especially the scene on horseback between the young widow and the old duke. How often I told it over and over, as one of the most pretty that ever occur in a romance ! . . . I will send you my last pages on Buddhism. You know authors are silly folks ; they always think that their last lines are the best. Well, I belong, as you see, to the set."

The poor princess suffered greatly during the last months of her life, but she struggled with increasing weakness, sitting up in her chair until nearly the last. The conditions that surrounded her death-bed were, to us, the saddest in the world ; for the love and care that attend a relative in life are utterly cut off by the Roman customs so soon as, and even before, the last breath is drawn. Indifferent hands prepare the final offices, and bear the body to a desolate grave. The princess died a few weeks before the *solenne esequie* to the memory of her old friend, and it was on a raw, chill Friday in March, late in the afternoon, that the funeral procession crossed the Piazza del Popolo, bearing her bier to rest overnight in the church of S. Maria del Popolo. A pall of gray clouds hung over the now deserted square, as two by two, with muffled tread, the *frati* moved stealthily along, past the great obelisk, looking like a solitary phantom sentinel rising from the nebulous foam of the fountain at its base.

The monks about the bier, carried upon the shoulders of the *becchini*, held lighted torches ; following them came the mourning-coaches of the nobility and friends. As the train filed into the church, I put on my jacket and hat, and, taking a maid,

crossed the square to see the bier deposited in S. Maria. It was lowered carelessly to the pavement, and the frati knelt around it, chanting a hoarse dirge. The altar was dimly visible, and a sculptured figure loomed spectral against the blackness of a chapel; for all was ebon night without the circle of the smoking, flaring torches, that threw an unearthly light upon the red, black, purple, and brown cowls, and faces sinister and harpy in the distorting yellow glow. The beccini, in their ghoul-like *cappe*, on the mysterious outer darkness, made one think with a shudder of the demons said to haunt this spot, once the tomb of Nero. At the conclusion of the chant, the monks seemed to melt into the shadows, the pall was removed, and the leaden casket, a solitary torch at head and feet, was left to the curious gaze of the rabble that followed.

"Princesse de Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, Dame de Palais de S. M. l'Impératrice d'Autriche-Hongrie," her husband and children, announced the death by card, and invited their friends to be present at the funeral services; and at nine o'clock the following morning we assisted at the final ceremony. The day dawned as brilliant and beautiful as though the sun had set in cloudless splendor,—dawned

"to music and to bloom,
And all the mighty ravishment of spring."

As we drove across the piazza, animate now with folk, color, and the laughter of children, and warm and mellow in overflowing sunshine, death and sorrow seemed no part of this renovating spirit of life bursting into verdure all about us. Inside the church were glow and color, also, each window a coruscating gem, the glittering altar paled by the effulgent daylight. On the outskirts, groups came and went: there too were life and movement.

It appeared as if all the Roman nobility had assembled to honor what was mortal of the princess, lying in that casket small enough for a child; covered now with a cloth of gold, consecrated candles at head and feet, and against and surrounding it pure white lilies, flowers of every hue, and wreaths of immortelles and pine. Cardinal Hohenlohe, an impressive figure, sat within the altar rail. The music was fine and solemn.

Poor princess! Yours has been a long and varied life. You have tasted of life's

splendor, and drunk the cup of its sorrow and its sin, to learn the lesson of human experience, that "all is vanity."

—I was in town the other evening, walking by myself and at my usual rapid pace, and ruminating, in all likelihood, on the military affairs of the Scythians, when, at a lonely street corner not adorned by a gas-lamp, I suddenly felt a delicate stir in my upper pocket. There is a sort of mechanical intelligence in a well-drilled and well-treated body, which can act, in an emergency, without orders from headquarters. My mind, certainly, was a thousand years away, and is, at best, drowsy and indifferent. It had, besides, no experience, nor even hearsay, which would have directed it what to do at this thrilling little crisis. Before it was aware what had happened, and in the beat of a swallow's wing, my fingers had brushed the flying thief, my eyes saw him, and my legs (retired race horses, but still great at a spurt) flew madly after him. I protest that from the first, though I knew he had under his wicked thumb the hard-earned wealth of a notoriously poor poet (let the double-faced phrase, which I did not mean to write, stand there, under my hand, to all posterity!), yet I never felt one yearning towards it, nor conceived the hope of revenge. No! I was fired by the exquisite dramatic situation; I felt my blood up, like a charger

"that sees
The battle over distances;"

I was in for the chase in the keen winter air, with the moon just up over the city roofs, as rapturously as if I were a young dog again. My able bandit, clearly viewed the instant of his assault, was a tiger-lily of the genus "tough:" short, pallid, sullen, with coat-collar up and hat-brim down, and a general air of mute and violent executive ability. My business in devoting this chapter to reminiscences of my only enemy is to relate frankly what were my contemporaneous sensations. As I wheeled about, neatly losing the chance of confronting him, and favored with a hasty survey, in the dark, of his strategic mouth and chin, the one sentiment in me, if translated into English, would have uttered itself in this wise: "After years of dullness and decorum, O soul, here is some one come to play with thee; here is Fun sent of the immortal gods!"

The divine emissary, it was evident, had studied his ground, and awaited no activity on the part of the preoccupied victim in a hostile and unfamiliar neighborhood. He suffered a shock when, remembering my ancient prowess in the fields of E—, I took up a gallop within an inch of his nimble heels. Silently, as he ran, he lifted his right arm. We were now in the blackness of an empty lot across the road, among coal-sheds and broken tins, with the far lights of the thoroughfare full in our faces. Quick as kobolds summoned up from earth, air, and nowhere, four fellows, about twenty years old, swarmed at my side, as like the first, in every detail, as foresight and art could make them; and these, darting, dodging, criss-crossing, quadrilling, and incessantly interchanging as they advanced, covering the expert one's flight, shot separately down a labyrinth of narrow alleys, leaving me confused and checkmated, after a brief and unequal game, but overcome — nay, transported — with admiration and unholy sympathy! It was the deffest, cleverest, prettiest trick imaginable.

It was near Christmas; and brought to bay, and still alone, I conjured up a vision of a roaring cellar fire, and the snow whistling at the bulkhead, as the elect press in, with great slapping of hands and stamping of shoes, to a superfine night-long and month-long bowl of grog, MY grog, dealt out by Master Villon, with an ironic toast to the generous founder! I might have followed the trail, — I was neither breathless nor shy; but it struck me, somehow, that the sweet symmetry of the thing ought not to be spoiled; that I was serving a new use and approximating a new experience; that it would be a stroke of genius, in short, almost equal to the king pickpocket's own, to make love to the inevitable! Whereupon, bolstered against an aged fence, I laughed the laugh of Dr. Johnson, "heard, in the silence of the night, from Fleet Ditch to Temple Bar." I thought of the good greenbacks won by my siren singing in the Hodgepodge Monthly; I thought of my family, who would harbor in their memories the inexplicable date when the munificent church mouse waxed stingy; I thought even of the commandment broken and of the social pact defied. Reader, I gave my collapsed pocket a friendly dig, and laughed again. I went home, a shorn lamb, conscious of

my exalted financial standing; for had I not been robbed? All the way I walked with Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who came to mind promptly as my corporal blessings departed. He intoned no requiem for the lost, but poured a known philosophy, in which I had now taken my degree, into my liberal ear: —

"Why shouldst thou vex thyself, that never willingly vexed anybody?"

"A man has but two concerns in life: to be honorable in what he does, and resigned under what happens to him."

"If any misconduct himself towards thee, what is that to thee? The deed is his, and the mood which led him to it is his; and therefore let him look to it."

"Welcome everything that happens as necessary and familiar."

Marry, a glow of honest self-satisfaction is cheaply traded for a wad of current specie and an inkling into the ways of a bold and thirsty world. Methinks *j'y suis arrivé*; I have attained a courteous composure proof against mortal hurricanes. Life is no longer a rude and trivial comedy with the Beautifully Bulldozed, who feels it within him to warn to his own catastrophe, and to cry, if needful, "Pray, madam, don't mention it!" to an apologizing lady in a gig, who drives over him and kills him, and does so, moreover, in the most bungling manner in the world.

— He whose lucky star may
The Valley of the Doones.
chance to guide him, in his
summer wanderings, through the
rocky fastnesses of north Devonshire into the valley of the Doones has no disillusionment of the fancy to fear, howsoever dear a lover he may be of the noble romance that has given the valley its far-spread fame. If he will but make haste to visit this glen beloved of the muse, he may have, in addition to all the delights that nature, in her fairest mood, can give, the minor but intensely personal delight of feeling himself a pioneer in pleasurable discovery. The tramp of the tourist, it is true, is beginning to penetrate further and further into the deep-hearted valleys and through the moors of lovely Devon. But as yet its dull thud has not frightened away from the remote stronghold of the bandits of yore the sense of loneliness and aloofness that is the climax of pleasure to the sentimental traveler everywhere, and is here es-

sential, if one is to feel the inmost spirit of the scene over which Blackmore has cast the vivid spell of his imagination.

If fortune should happen to be in the mood to be prodigal of her favors, she will bring the traveler who is quick of eye and feeling to the mouth of the valley, through the medium of a nondescript one-horse vehicle, of liberal capacity and uncertain age, but of very certain stiffness in springs and hardness in cushions, on a day when clouds and silvery showers have been struggling with sunshine, and at the moment when the latter has begun to predominate in a radiant triumph of blue sky. On such a day, the clouds will have rolled themselves up into large fleecy masses that hang low over the crests of the encompassing hills, as low as only the clouds in an English sky can hang without falling in moisture over an already moist land. Every blade of grass, every tall bracken, every feathery spray of fern, will have its burden of shining drops, and all the low, dense undergrowth of the valley will be alive and alight as with the sparkle of diamonds.

Into the valley which it once required all the nerve and prowess of "girt Jan Ridd" to penetrate, you may now venture freely and alone. If, however, your Devon Jehu has deposited you at the nearest of the cottages that cluster in a group at the margin of the valley, you will probably have the offer of a guide and his services. A genial temper, or even a wish to be better acquainted with the local character, will make it hard to say him nay. By way of overture, as you set out under his care, it may perhaps be worth while to ask him, deferentially, how long he has lived in these parts. "Eight years" — or rather, "nine," by the revolving of the year, will be the answer next season's traveler may receive. Then, with due circumspection, another question — "How old are you?" — may be put. "Nine years old," the guide will say, with decision in his tone, as he thrusts his fists deeper into the pockets of his abbreviated trousers, and trudges manfully on before. You have but to follow this mature resident of Exmoor a few hundred yards, and then, passing through a rude gateway, you will find yourself at the wide-open end of the loveliest of the valleys that honeycomb the vast moorland.

The pathway, rough and uneven, and in

places hardly better than a sheep track, lies by the side of the stream that flows through the valley into the Syn, and thence into the sea at Synmouth. Low trees form a bower over the path, but the leafy roof is not dense enough to shut out the view of the wall of rock that towers, rugged and impenetrable, overhead. On the other side of the stream, to the left, no overarching growth fringes the foot of the hillside. From the stream's edge below to the clouds above, it rises in a vast, unbroken slope. Its glory, however, is not in its height, nor yet in its extent. Like an infinitely unfolded tapestry, hung in myriad folds aloft the stony wall, there spreads a magnificent growth of heather and of gorse. The purple of the one and the glowing gold of the other are mingled in harmonious splendor of hue. "The scent of the gorse on the moors drove me wild," said Lorna, on her return from London to her own Exmoor. And to the sojourner among the scenes that gave to Lorna her habitation and her name, the gorse shining out from the reddish purple of the heather, and lighting up its melancholy to brilliant radiance, is a sight that can never be forgotten.

Stiff pikes of that same heather catch at the clothes of the traveler, as the path up the valley gradually becomes steeper and narrower. The tall bracken rises above his ankles, — or over the fetlocks of his "pony," if he has been tempted by one of the sedate animals offered at the homestead of the embryo yeoman, whose short legs are still carrying him sturdily onward. The water rushes more noisily and precipitously over its now wilder bed. The embowering foliage disappears from overhead, and the cliffs, with their rich tapestry interspersed with huge gray boulders, close in on either side. On the left, a single wind-swept tree crowns the summit of the ridge. There is something pathetic in its gnarled and lonely persistence on that solitary height. More than once the eye will revert to it. It seems to speak to one with the deep intimate insistence that belongs to the mysterious voices of nature.

The solitude, however, is not quite so absolute as it at first seemed to be. As the eye becomes accustomed to the spaciousness and ruggedness of its environment, it discovers some details that before had

escaped it. Faces are to be seen peeping from behind the gray boulders, and above the clumps of gorse and heather on the hill-side. Strange, clear, yellowish eyes peer, half timidly, half curiously, at the peaceable invaders of this domain of ancient outlawry. They are not eyes and faces of pixies, such as peopled the solitude to the fancy of the Doones, but of honest sheep, grazing industriously in the upper sheep walks of the valley. Their low woolly brows and smooth long cheeks have a singularly sympathetic expression. They seem to be wandering at their own sweet will on these rocky declivities, but they have nevertheless a distinctly human guardian near at hand. Although it would be an infinite pity not to prolong the time by loitering to double that length, an hour's strenuous walking will bring one to his cottage at the head of the vale, the spot where once the fierce, lawless Doones built their habitations.

The shepherd is now the sole dweller in this lonely stronghold. His house is hard by the ruins of the "huts," as the country people may be heard to call them, now there is none so poor to do reverence to the Doones. The shepherd will point out the formless heaps of stone that mark their sites. There is not much in these meagre, overgrown remains to linger over. Their half-legendary antiquarian interest will, it is more than likely, soon give place to the human interest of the rosy-cheeked children who have come out of the cottage shyly to stare at the strangers. The shepherd, beside his flocks and herds, has charge of another rural tribe. Hives of bees are here to add to his cares, and to his revenues. A shilling is the price he asks for one of the small clear panes of honey that has been extracted from the rich bells of the heather. You will acknowledge that it is not a dearly spent shilling, when you come to test the fragrance and the flavor of the honey. Add to the feast the Devonshire cream that is awaiting you on your return to the foot of the valley, and you will have a combination as delicious as it is unique.

But while a Devonshire Phyllis is yet preparing this feast, and you are still wending your way downward, you will be sure to fall into a train of reflection, the outcome whereof will be that you will once more

pay your individual tribute to the might and majesty of genius. For, lovely as this enchanting valley is when seen in its length and breadth, it yet needed the power of a creative imagination to describe so vividly and circumstantially the scenes of a tale of two hundred years ago that they seem to have historical and topographical reality. Lorna's bower, together with the dreadful pool and the eyrie-like egress, may be searched for in vain. So, too, the impregnable Doone-gate, and the "slide," or waterfall, that came so near costing Lorna's lover his life. These and other features owe their definite form to the novelist's inventive faculty. So powerful is this faculty that when you come finally to drink your tea and spread your bread with clotted cream, at the tiny hostelry, Lorna and John, their friends and foes, their joys and sorrows, will seem for the moment more real than the actual facts of life. One more glimpse of the places that knew them is still in store for you, when, an hour or so later, on your way back to the inn at Synton, or Symouth, you stop to see little Oare Church, the scene of their troubled nuptials.

A Budding Novelist. — In a country rectory, in the interior of New York State, lives a small youth of ten years, who is possibly destined to illuminate the literary world.

His latest and most ambitious attempt at literature is a novel in three volumes. Its title is *Bloomfield; or, Love's Labor Lost*. He explained the title by telling us that the hero, Roger Lindsay, is in love with the heroine, Jane Peabody, who does not return his affection. Therefore, by gifts, he tries to win her love. He is apparently successful at first, but finally she marries another man, and his labor is lost. Here is the preface, verbatim:—

"This book is not intended as a hit on any one. However, there are a great many people such as Mr. Lindsay, Foolish, Vain, and capable of committing any Atrocity, to make ends meet.

"Miss Peabody is not intended for a Representation of the Middle classes: she is only intended as a foolish, simple, headstrong girl; a little too given to love-affairs, and decidedly too loving to her suitors. It is to be hoped it will be very interesting and satisfactory to its readers, and very comprehensive to all."

Possibly it may be more "satisfactory and comprehensive to all" if an extract from the opening chapter is given :—

"I must explain that Miss Jane Peabody was wholly indifferent to Roger Lindsay, but loved William Marston. Roger knew this, but hoped to win her over to him, by presents, kindness, and attention.

[The profound knowledge of human nature that our budding novelist displays makes one turn pale. Where will he end?]

"Miss Peabody was sitting in her house at 12.45, at noon, wondering at her lover's prolonged absence. Suddenly the doorbell rang loudly, and it was soon followed by a maid, who appeared at the door, and said in a pleasant voice, —

"'Roger Lindsay, ma'am.'

"'Show him in,' was the reply, given in an indifferent one.

"Roger Lindsay lost no time in complying with the request, and politely advanced, with the remark, —

"'I've brought you a present, Miss Peabody.'

"'Oh, you have, have you? Won't you stay to dinner?' was the answer.

"'I believe I will, thank you,' said Roger, waiting for the burst of praise which would follow the opening of the package.

"To his surprise, however, the only remark which followed the revealing was, —

"'Oh, only a lace handkerchief!' saying which, she politely blew her nose on it, and put it in her pocket, and asked him to sit down to dinner, which was announced just then.

"Roger was vexed. He had paid \$6.50 for a lace handkerchief only for this! Perhaps love might do; so, during dinner, he politely inquired, —

"'Will you marry me?'

"'I am engaged to Mr. William Marston,' was Miss Peabody's reply.

"'Look out,' said Roger. 'I can show you papers that that man marries you for Money. He has been in jail once, and in prison three times. You had better not marry him,' and he thought with glee of the forged papers that were to prove William Marston's ruin.

"'Where are the papers?' said Jane.

"'Home,' was the reply.

"'I would like to see them,' said Jane.

"'If you will wait a moment, I will bring them.'

"'Hurry up.'

"'Yes, I will.'

"Roger hurried away, and soon returned. He was believed, and from that day rose in the esteem of Miss Peabody.

"Five years passed slowly by. [This is the author's hiatus, not mine.] Roger, by constant attention, had won over Miss Peabody, who consented to marry him if her former lover did not turn up. Roger did not think he would, for no one knew of his whereabouts, or the reason of his absence; and the wedding was to be in two months.

"Roger had spent, in presents, about \$300.75 on Miss Peabody.

"But here an incident occurred that proved Roger Lindsay's RUIN. William Marston came home, and" —

But it is too harrowing a tale to allow of our following the fortunes of this interesting trio further. Let us call it a novel after Mr. James, and the reader may make his own ending.

Are we educating the Future American Novelist?